



MISS MABEL LOVE AND HER SISTER

From Photo by THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

The Love Family on the Stage

LIFE STORY OF MABEL LOVE.

WRITTEN BY P. H. MACENERY. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

ROBERT LLOYD, addressing his poem "The Actor" to his *confrère* and friend, Bonnel Thornton, in referring to the difficulty or rather impossibility of teaching the player's art, writes :—

Acting, dear Thornton, its perfection draws
From no observance of mechanic laws ;
No settled maxims of a favourite stage,
No rules delivered down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary skill.

Of the doctrines preached to "Dear Thornton," I was very forcibly reminded quite recently when I reflected, not only on the distinguished precocity of Mabel Love, illustrated in her stage exploits as a little girl, a decade since, but also in the fact that she was sent forth from the tutorship of her mother—herself a

very charming young actress during her short career, for she was but eighteen when she left the stage for good, on the occasion of her marriage. Miss Love (Miss Mabel Love's mother), or as she was afterwards better known, Miss Kate Love, a beautiful girl of fourteen summers, made her first appearance under the management of Miss Herbert, at the St. James's Theatre, her part being Melina, in a new drama "A Story of Procida"; Mr. (now Sir) Henry Irving on this occasion (in November, 1867) played Charles Mowbray, the leading rôle, Miss Ada Cavendish also appearing in the same cast. These were days of hard work, many parts following in rapid succession, such as Maria in "The School for Scandal"; Miss Herbert appearing as Lady Teazle, William Farren as Sir Peter

Teazle, Mrs. Frank Matthews and Arthur Sterling being also in the cast. During her brief stage life, Mabel Love's mother appeared successfully and with distinction in many other parts, *inter alia* Francesca Donati in "The Woman in Red"; also at the St. James's Theatre with Madame Celeste as the star, it being the farewell performance of the latter; as Anna Meek in H.T. Craven's "The Needful"; as Lina in the late T. W. Robertson's "Dreams"; at the Gaiety as Adalyisa in "Linda of Chamouni," and as Donna Laura in "Donna Diana." The evidence of Mabel Love's "hereditary skill" is however of a still older but not less tenable character. Her maternal grandfather, Mr. William Edward Love, was in his time a very famous entertainer. He was a very versatile character—a polyphonist and ventriloquist of world-wide repute—who besides writing most of his own plays, etc., acted in them in London, at one time for over three thousand nights, with uninterrupted success, and then travelled nearly all over the world, giving his entertainments in several different languages. Miss Love possesses many interesting memorials of her grandfather, including a volume entitled: "Programme of the entertainment preceded by memoirs of Mr. Love, the Dramatic Polyphonist; Remarks on Single-handed entertainments and modern innovations; Anecdotes of eminent Bygone Professors; an explanation of the Phenomena of Polyphony, etc., being Mr. Love's improvement in point of distance, power, number of voices and variety of expression on the Art of the Ventriloquist, in which the errors of writers on the subject and the impositions practised on the public by pretended teachers and lecturers on the talent, are clearly pointed out." The volume is written by George Smith, from whom we learn many interesting anecdotes of Miss Love's grandfather, whose powers as a ventriloquist were evidenced and recognised ere he had yet reached his teens. Many of his school-pranks are recorded, including that incident, trifling as it was, which gave his mind its first bias towards the study of the amusing accomplishment in which he in after

years attained such very considerable proficiency. On one occasion, Love and his school-fellows plotted an invasion of an orchard owned by their teacher. "Our future Polyphonist," Mr. Smith writes, "led the van, as was generally the case in similar expeditions, and consequently got his pockets filled before his comrades who were keeping a good look-out to prevent a surprise. It was now his turn to take the post of sentry. He accordingly stationed himself at the top of the ladder, but instead of doing the duty of faithful sentinel—finding his own end served—he, by a sudden and unpremeditated effort, imitated in the most exact manner, the voice of the enraged preceptor below; which artifice completely succeeded in deceiving the conscience-stricken delinquents above. A retreat was sounded! Their well-filled hats were immediately emptied upon the heap from which the contents had been taken; and the window of the loft, which stood invitingly open, afforded the scamperers the means of egress, from which they jumped upon a friendly haystack and into the yard: whilst our juvenile Polyphonist, exulting in the success of this his first vocal experiment, descended at his leisure by the less speedy but safer way of the ladder."

Another incident, which occurred a few days later, still further demonstrated the bent of Love's genius. Whilst amusing his school *confrères* near the well which supplied the house with water, he on a sudden caused them to believe that some unfortunate being had fallen in. "The stifled cries and groans of one in jeopardy were heard. The by-standers on devising some benevolent and hasty scheme for the extrication of the unfortunate, were more than a little astonished on being told in a sepulchral voice—which came from nobody knew who, or where—to go home and attend to their own affairs, and not trouble their heads with what did not concern them." Love afterwards became the foremost polyphonist in Europe, the extraordinary combination of physical energy, dramatic illusion, vocal skill and mental activity, evinced by him in the rendering of many celebrated colloquies being the

subject of remark in many scientific works and philosophical treatises published not only in England, but in Germany, France and Italy.

With Mabel Love's grandfather and mother attaining such success in early life and her own youthful and brilliant career before us, we have incontestable proof of the truth of the assertion that consummate art in acting is the outcome, not of experience or acquired knowledge and attitude, but of *inherent talent*—though I believe the assertion, amongst some, will raise a supercilious smile.

We know that it is the player's province to represent the passions of the art of acting. Aaron Hill, who laboured to reduce that art to as simple a system as possible, has enumerated these as ten in number. The occasions are very rare where any one actor or actress has been successful in rendering any more than a few of these well-defined passions, throughout the run of an ordinary stage life. Some of the passions come out in bold relief in comedy, some in pantomime, in tragedy, drama and burlesque; and as is well known the most successful and illustrious figures on our stage have signalised themselves solely by the representation of one, or at most, two of these passions, and by solely confining their labours to one branch of the profession. Indeed few actors and fewer actresses have distinguished themselves in more than one branch. Mabel Love is a signal exception. She has figured in almost every phase of stage life save tragedy; in comedy, in burlesque, pantomime, in grand opera (at Covent Garden), in drama and high comedy, and possibly has represented more of

these passions than any other artiste of her years. Hers is indeed a remarkable record of shining versatility, enhanced and magnified in our minds when we regard the youthfulness of the performer. Some shrewd critics would say, that if she had taken any one of these parts only, and bestowed her undivided



MABEL LOVE, AGED THREE, RESTING ON HER MOTHER'S SHOULDER

From Photo by DENENLAIN & BLAKE

attention on it, that she would ere now have attained a very high pitch of fame in her chosen branch. But Miss Love herself does not view the matter in the same pessimistic or despondent light. She is rather inclined to feel thankful for and proud of the variety and diversity of her parts, considering that the vast

range over which she has roamed has been productive of intrinsic instruction and experience, which is likely to prove very useful for the future. We have illimitable evidence to justify the wisdom of "the rolling stone gathering no moss" theory. Ellen Terry, so far back as 1858, nailed her colours to the Shakespearean mast of drama, and her lealty and tenacity to it have been winning her golden laurels and the highest acclamations ever since. Her sustained attachment to the burlesque boards established Lydia Thompson's character as the burlesque queen of the age. No one could imagine the rare and radiant Ada Rehan creating such sensations as she has in her *Rosalind* and as *Katherine* in "The Taming of the Shrew" in a part in burlesque or pantomime. With these facts present to our minds, we can have very little reluctance or hesitation in conceding the view that the actress who, in her comparatively brief career, so far, has been perennially invading "fresh fields and pastures new" and signalling herself in each and all, who has won very enviable notices from our eminent critics in such diverse parts as the *Rose*, of "Alice in Wonderland," the *Elf Sunbeam*, in the pantomime of "Jack and the Bean Stalk," *Princess Allfair*, *Maid Marion*, *Red Riding-hood*, *Cinderella*; the *Ingénue* in "The other Fellow," *Winifred*, in "Mama," la *Comtesse*, in "A Marriage of Convenience," *Constance*, in the "Musketeers," and so on *ad infinitum*, is a personality of more than ordinary resource and talent.

Students of theatrical topics know that in the requirements of early training for the stage, different authorities have given very different and very irreconcilable opinions. The author of a valuable work, the "Thespian Preceptor," published early in the century, and specially designed to serve candidates for the sock and buskin, holds that "an appropriate education," is the first essential of the aspirant. Lloyd seems to differ from this, and asserts that

The players' province they but vainly try
Who want these powers—Deportment,
Voice and Eye.

I have already dimly referred to Miss

Love's early training and education, and dealing with Lloyd's versified dictum, London theatre-goers will readily call to mind that she is at least gifted in a rare degree with the first, and third of these powers, a conviction they have often boisterously recorded at the Strand, Criterion, Lyric, etc., while her most recent success as *Constance* in "The Musketeers," leaves no room for doubt as to the pliability of her voice. So far Miss Love could have fully satisfied the author of "The Actor." Unfortunately we have too many figures on the British stage who cannot satisfy the disciples of the "Thespian Preceptor's" theory on having received an appropriate training and thorough early education. Mabel Love has been more fortunate; for though during her childhood she received invaluable tuition from her mother, as soon as she went on the stage professionally, she was placed by the latter in the excellent hands of Miss Carlotta Le Clerq, with whom she remained for two or three years, studying the lighter Shakespearean rôles, comedy parts, and many recitations. At the same time, she studied and practised her dancing with Mr. John d'Auban, probably the greatest dancing master of our time.

She made her *début* as a child in the original production of "Alice in Wonderland," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, at Christmas 1886-1887, playing the part of the *Rose*, and understudying *Alice*. Some people imagine that Miss Love made her *début* as a Gaiety girl, and rose from the chorus. This is not so, though the well-known *danseuse* will now very sensibly tell you that, even if she did, she should not be ashamed of it. But she has only appeared in one piece at the Gaiety in her life, namely, when she was in between ages, as she expresses it, that is to say, when she had outgrown children's parts, but could not make herself look old enough to be grown up, if she tried ever so hard. This was in "Faust up-to-date," and she played the pretty part of the brave little *Vivandière*.

After the Prince of Wales's followed an engagement with Miss Kate Vaughan to play one of the Triplet children in "Masks and Faces" at the Opera

Comique. In this production, Miss Gwynne (Mrs. George Edwardes) appeared as Mabel Vane, Mr. Forbes Robertson as Charles Pomander, Mr. Lewis Waller as Ernest Vane, and Mr. James Fernandez as Triplet. Miss Love created a very favourable impression here, but not nearly as abiding as in her next part, playing the Elf Sunbeam in the pantomime of "Jack and the Bean Stalk," at the Covent Garden Theatre. This was at Christmas 1887-1888, and in the ensuing autumn, she comes still more prominently into view, when she appeared at the Gaiety in "Faust up-to-date." This ran for about a year. I pass over without comment her appearance at the Prince's, Manchester, in the Christmas of 1889-90, in order to at once introduce that part by which she literally sprang with a bound into the public favour. This was in the spring of 1890, when she played Polly in "The Harbour Lights," with the late Mr. William Terriss. Here she introduced her first dance—a country dance. Some would say that she then entered too seriously into her display of the terpsichorean art, but the enthusiastic receptions accorded to her by intelligent and discerning audiences discount the view of this limited minority. Certain it is that that air of abandon which acts like a magnet to the British temperament was in evidence in the execution of her dancing. The results, so far as Miss Love herself was directly concerned, were unmistakably flattering, for after an immediate engagement of a year to dance in "La Cigale," at the Lyric Theatre, we find her in the Christmas of 1891-1892, engaged by Sir Augustus Harris as principal dancer at Drury Lane, in the pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty," and as understudy for the principal girl, whose part she had an opportunity of playing during the run. As a result she received a congratulatory letter from the late Sir Augustus Harris, of which we give a facsimile reproduction. Immediately after, she was re-engaged by him to play principal girl at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, for the following Christmas, and during the ensuing summer, appeared as principal dancer in several of his Grand Operas at Covent



MABEL LOVE AT THE AGE OF NINE

From Photo by GOODMAN, Margate

Garden. In 1893, Miss Love had attained quite a famous name as an incomparable dancer, and during the year recorded a display of energy which is scarcely rivalled. Having toured in the spring with Mr. Arthur Roberts in "A Modern Don Quixote," the piece was afterwards reproduced very successfully at the Strand Theatre. Here each of Miss Love's three solo dances was rapturously encored nightly. Finishing this engagement on a Saturday evening, she appeared the following Monday as principal dancer in "La Mascotte," at the Criterion Theatre, gaining always a double encore for her brilliant "Tarentella." It is superfluous to go through the Litany of successes which immediately followed, but there are a few in a big list which are worthy of note, one being a short comedy engagement, in which she took up a part vacated by Miss Ellaline Terriss in "The Other Fellow." We also pass over her appearance at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, and her

THE LUDGATE

THE UNION CLUB.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

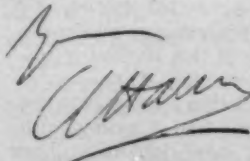
20 Jan 1892

My dear Miss Love

I am told you
went on for Alfain & did
splendidly at a short notice
too.

I am very pleased
& congratulate you.

Yours



fulfilment of a three months' engagement to dance in Paris. In the autumn of 1895, she went to America with Mr. George Edwardes' "His Excellency" Company. Although originally engaged for one month, such was the measure of favour with which the American public regarded her, that Mr. Edwardes found it necessary to re-engage her for five additional months. Ten days after her return to England, with characteristic buoyancy and energy she was again at work as Phoebe, the heroine in "Lord Tom Noddy," on tour, appearing in the same part when it was produced at the Garrick, London, in the autumn of 1896.

In the chief cities of the United Kingdom, excluding London, Miss Love has achieved many singular and enviable triumphs. One of these was on the

occasion of her appearance at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, in 1897, in Mr. Sydney Grundy's "A Marriage of Convenience." The Irish capital is proverbial for its clever and brilliant journalists, and not less so for its able and discerning theatrical critics. These critics and journalists very often strike discordant and divergent notes, and hence it is with satisfaction that one turns to the judgment of these authorities on Miss Love's *début* there in comedy. The *Freeman's Journal* (whose well-known critic, Mr. J. B. Hall, recently scored a remarkable journalistic triumph in his assertion of the right of the Press to be, if necessary, critical and analytic on theatrical topics) describes the warm welcome accorded to this young actress on the Dublin stage, in what one might call her appearance in true comedy. We are assured

from this source, that her performance of the part of Comtesse de Caudale was the most pleasing to the audience. The *Daily Independent*, in asserting the evidence of marked ability in Miss Love's new rôle, writes:

"She has a charming sense of comedy, and with a little more experience will make as good a name in drama as she has in already earned in quite a different class of entertainment." The staid and sober Hibernian brother of the "Thunderer," the *Irish Times*, having pronounced the performance one of the best that has ever been seen in the Gaiety, goes on to say that "Miss Mabel Love, who undertakes the rôle of the heroine, achieves a success that should flatter a very much more ambitious actress. Could she succeed in controlling her voice, she should, in the highest class of comedy, win the applause of the city which witnessed the first efforts of the immortal Peg Woffington. Those who had known Miss Love merely as a very graceful *danseuse*, must have been agreeably surprised at the engaging talent for classical comedy which she last night developed. In company with Mr. Lewis Waller and Miss Florence West, she contrived one of those performances that made the literary student once again in love with the play, and the theatre-goer once again in love with the theatre." The verdict, unanimous and eulogistic, of this trio in "Dublin's Fair City" is significant, and is not by any means to be diminished because of the extraordinary aberration, and hopeless disagreement of those thinkers and writers quite recently, on the matter of a would-be Irish Literary Theatre.


In Edinburgh her acting of "The Comtesse" also attracted attention, as may be inferred from the following excerpt from the *Scotsman*:—"The two leading rôles were delightfully played by Miss Mabel Love and Mr. Lewis Waller. Mr. Grundy did Miss Love the compliment of specially selecting her for the rôle of 'Comtesse de Caudal,' and the lady did credit to her part. This style of

comedy, with its grand airs and elaborate posturings, suits her admirably. . . . She was charming in the rôle. Dowered with many personal attractions, possessed of a carefully-attuned voice, and graceful in action, Miss Love looked, in her handsome French gowns, the youthful 'Comtesse' to perfection."

In Miss Love's studio the visitor receives many evidences of the *camaraderie* and cordial feelings which unite the members of this profession. We see photographs of all the leading actors and actresses of the day presented to Miss Love with kindly and warm inscriptions. Mrs. Tree's portrait is given "To dear Mabel Love from Maud Beerbohm Tree." Mr. Arthur Bourchier sends his portrait "To Madame le Comtesse from M. le Comte." Mr. Horace Sedger sends his photo "with all appreciation." Violet Vanbrugh "with all good wishes." Another portrait of interest is presented "with best wishes to our sweet little Vivandière from Ellaline Terriss," and is dated December 25th, 1895. Last, but not least, in Miss Love's study, one cannot avoid noticing in prominent relief, a portrait of Ellen Terry, with an affectionate inscription written in her own handwriting and signed by the Lyceum Queen in New York, in 1895. In private life and in her home near Victoria station, you meet the genuine young woman of the world—a bright, ready, and sparkling conversationalist; speaking well-balanced antithetical prose, witty and pleasant, without affectation or adornment. There, in her attractive and cosy studio, you obtain some dim and partial conception of the source of Mabel Love's immense popularity, and of that exquisite talent which you feel should never decay; of the reason why in the declining eighties the advent of the young and charming actress, gifted with a true, if as yet immature talent, was hailed as a God-send, both to the theatre and the public, who received her with marked favour, and stimulated by their applause her persevering efforts to deserve it.

The Romance of Canvas-Jobbing

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED E. KNIGHT.

HE literary hack who works for publishers is a familiar character; but, perhaps, the artistic hack who works for picture-dealers is not so well known. The dealers' hack may be either a young artist with little money, or an old artist with little brains, or an artist of indifferent age, with a regrettable past. He sometimes lives in rooms over the dealer's shop, but more often occupies lodgings in one or another of the shabby off-streets of the Euston and Hampstead Roads. He smokes, drinks, reads French novels and the *Petit Rivre*, seldom marries, and is usually five or six weeks in arrears with rent. A Bohemian of the Bohemians, his occupation is colloquially known as "canvas-jobbing."

The nature of a canvas-jobber's work is multifarious. Copying old pictures, improving new ones, painting in and painting out on canvases of all ages and descriptions, and occasionally producing original work of the superior "pot-boiler" class. He is paid "by the piece"—sometimes liberally paid. For adding a tear-drop to the sad eyes of a Madonna he may get half-a-crown; for painting a medal or other decoration on an officer's uniform in an ancestral portrait, five shillings; for lessening the dimensions of a lady's mouth (a delicate task), as much as seven-and-sixpence. Should the picture be a landscape, the facile brush may be required to supply a cow or cottage, a tree or rustic figure; if a marine picture, a boat, buoy, or anchor may be needed; if an architectural scene, some masses of shadow to give breadth and unity to

the whole. For touching in details of this description the prices of necessity vary, both the quantity and quality of the work having to be taken into account. I have known a dealer pay as much as twenty-five pounds to an experienced hack for putting a small group of cows into the foreground of a Dutch landscape. But then the artist spent nearly three weeks upon the group, and the picture afterwards fetched 630 guineas as an original Cuyp.

Although canvas-jobbers, on the whole, lead unobtrusive lives, they occasionally become the depositaries of some strange secrets. For there are art-dealers and art-dealers, and all of that ilk are not the paragons of perfection which a trusting public suppose them to be. It is no secret, indeed, that some of these gentlemen have seen the inside of Black Maria, and have known what it is to live in compulsory retirement for months together at the nation's expense. The artists who work for them are well aware of these facts—nay, occasionally become partakers in their evil deeds, though in a purblind fashion, and without criminality of intent.

Here is a case in point. An English peer (whose name, for obvious reasons, is withheld) had in his possession a very fine Rubens, painted on panel, which he took to an art-dealer's to be restored. He had heard of the tricks played upon the owners of valuable paintings by unscrupulous restorers, and particularly of their artfulness in faking up what are known as "changelings" (i.e., skilful copies of the originals, which are foisted upon the unsuspecting owners



A CANVAS-JOBBER

in lieu of their own works); so, to render the perpetration of such a fraud impossible, the nobleman affixed a number of seals to the back of the panel before sending it away.

On the very day that the dealer received the picture he handed it over—not to a restorer, but—to a canvas-jobber, whom he kept on the premises—a clever, boozy fellow, and one of the best copyists in the country.

"Can you let me have a perfect copy of this in five weeks from to-day?" asked the dealer. He was a stooped, old-fashioned little man, who affected the costume of a bygone generation.

The artist, who had a briarwood pipe between his teeth, answered off-handedly, "For how much?"

"Twenty-five pounds."

"No; I couldn't."

"Guineas, then?"

"Nor guineas."

"For how much could you do it?"

"Forty pounds—and cheap at that."

The dealer hesitated. "You shall have the job," he then said.

Within five weeks the copy was finished, and the artist was rioting on the proceeds of his labour. In another week the nobleman was showing what he called his "renovated Rubens" to a friend, and expatiating with enthusiasm on the skill with which the restorer had done his work. "Not a seal was broken," he added; for his friend had been present when the precautionary measures were taken.

The following summer a wealthy American, on a visit to this country, spent a week at the nobleman's mansion. "Ah," said he, as he was being shown through the picture gallery, "I see you have a copy of my Rubens. Fine copy, too."

"Pardon me—not a copy," returned his lordship with smiling courtesy. "The picture has been in the possession of my family for two centuries."

The American was startled. "Strange," he said; "my Rubens is undoubtedly old, too, for I was careful to get an expert's opinion before purchasing. Besides, I have the pedigree. M——, who sold me the picture——"

"M—— sold you the picture, did he?" repeated his lordship. "It was he who had my picture to restore last autumn."

The American became thoughtful. Facts were leaking out. "Seems pretty clear that one of us has been fooled," he said. "Three thousand pounds was the price I paid for my Rubens. This must be looked into." After weighing the matter for a few moments, he added: "Guess we shall have to find out, first of all, which of us has got the copy."

His lordship explained that he had sealed the back of his picture, and that the seals were unbroken when the picture was returned to him.

The American did not give such weight to this fact as his friend had expected. He remembered the very definite pronouncement of the expert, on whose judgment he placed great reliance. Then an idea occurred to him. "Your Rubens is a panel painting, my lord?" he said, interrogatively.

"Certainly."

"Is the panel a thick or a thin one?"

"A fairly thick one, I should say."

Would you care to examine it out of the frame?"

"That's a suggestion! I should."

The picture was removed from the frame, and the American examined it closely—not at the back, but along the edges. Presently he gave a satisfied whistle. "You've got some smart ones this side of the Atlantic," he said, admiringly. "Look at that!"

His lordship looked, and instantly reddened to the roots of his hair. He had been victimised after all. Spite of

whole, he may be said to have got off very lightly.

Not infrequently, the canvas-jobber is called upon to act in the capacity of critical adviser to his patron, who, though a dealer in pictures, may yet have but a poor knowledge of art. It has been said that a life passed among paintings does not necessarily make a critic, else might the policeman in the National Gallery assert himself; and the remark is as true of the art-dealer as of the critic.



A CLEVER BOOZY FELLOW

his precautionary measures the picture was a copy. The panel had been sawn through in transverse section, and the sealed back had been affixed to the canvas-jobber's replica. To perfect the deception the copy had been made on a specially thin panel.

And the upshot of this singular fraud was this: The American returned the original Rubens to his noble friend, who presented him in turn with the copy. The fraudulent dealer refunded the three thousand pounds, and, on condition that the affair was hushed up, presented a further five hundred pounds to a well-known charity, a proceeding which greatly mystified his brother-dealers when they heard of it. On the

One of the cleverest canvas-jobbers I ever met was frequently consulted in this way. The poor fellow helped to build up many a fortune for others while he was ruining his own; for the brandy devil got hold of him, and he drank himself into his grave. On one occasion he came to me in high feather, fluttering a banker's cheque in his hand. "That's a good morning's work," he said. The cheque was for a hundred guineas.

His story was this: A dealer had come to him with a picture for which the owner wanted five pounds. It was the portrait of a lady, and as the face was pretty and there was an R in the corner of the canvas, the dealer had

jumped to the conclusion that the lady was Lady Hamilton, and the painter Romney.

H—— looked at the picture, and quickly perceived that it was a fine example of a greater than the Lancashire portraitist—in fact, a genuine Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"Now H——," said the dealer, "wot d'you think? That's a Romney right enough—ain't it?"

H—— tossed the picture on to a chair as a thing of naught. "No," he said, with a contemptuous shrug, "it's not a Romney."

The dealer's jaw fell. "'Ow d'you know that?" he enquired.

"By looking at the signature—that's how. Romney never signed that canvas. And the portrait is no more a Lady Hamilton than you are."

"It's a good job I haven't bought the picture," said the dealer, after ruminating a little, and he wiped his forehead. "Look 'ere, H——," he went on, "I've got to catch a train at Baker Street. There's the man's address, and there's 'alf a dollar for the moon you put into that 'arvest picture. He lives close by where you go to dinner, and if you'll hand it back to 'im, I'll ——"

Well, he made some sort of vague promise of favours to come, so H—— pocketed the price of the harvest moon, and borrowing a fiver from a brother-jobber, went straight to the owner and bought the picture for himself. Then he flew off with it in a cab to the Hay-market, and sold it that same morning to Graves or Colnaghi, or one of the big art publishers—I don't remember which—for one hundred guineas.

He afterwards informed the dealer of the good fortune he had had, and the man almost went mad with rage. "My reason for letting out the secret was this," H—— explained, "The fellow's a consummate cad. When doing a deal for a picture he beats the poor devil down in his price till he gets it for the value of the dirt behind the wedges, and then, after making five hundred per cent. on the picture, he goes back to the original owner and narrates the facts. Here's a thing that happened only last year. A tradesman in C——, on the verge of bankruptcy, had in his possession a large

and vigorously painted water-colour by Cattermole. He got hold of it through his wife, who comes of a good family, and, I believe, is distantly related to the artist. Well, our Shylock got scent of the picture, and also of the man's embarrassed circumstances; and what did he do but go to the shop and badger the poor wretch till he secured the treasure for two guineas! A week or so later he sold it for two hundred and seventy guineas! Then, true to his infernal practice, he went straight back to the tradesman.

"'About that pictur' of yours, mister," he said. "Wot d'you think I've made out of it?"

"'God knows!' said the man desperately. 'I don't want to hear.'

"'Two-'undred-and-seventy guineas!'

"The man reeled as though he had been stabbed. 'Say that again,' he said in a shivering voice.



"'THAT'S A ROMNEY RIGHT ENOUGH, AIN'T IT?'"

"'Two-'undred-and-seventy guineas,' said the dealer, his fat face creasing into smiles.

"'Have you come to offer me a share of the profits?' the man asked, a trifle huskily.

"'To offer you a share of the profits! You *are* funny! No; I on'y looked in to tell you. Thought you'd be interested. Change in the weather, ain't there? Well—good arternoon.'

"The fellow was about to leave the shop when the tradesman called him back. 'Just wait while I go round to the back for a minute,' he said, and stepped back into the shop parlour.

"The dealer waited, and soon enough the poor fellow returned. 'Here's what you've done for me,' he said simply, and putting a revolver to his mouth, shot himself dead."



NORTHUMBRIAN TYPE



SEMITIC TYPE

TYPICAL HEADS OF SMALL DEALERS.





WRITTEN BY REGINALD BACCHUS AND RANGER GULL.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. WALLIS MILLS



HE crack and grumble of the band had blared into silence, for it was very late, and the circus in the main tent was over.

A few cowboys and bartenders still lingered talking to the officials of the show; but men were going about with battered brass extinguishers on the end of long thin poles, painted red and white—like barbers' poles—extinguishing the kerosene lamps, which hung from the copper brailing-pins above.

In the menagerie tent, a huge erection of brown Pulamite sack-canvas which opened out of the central building, stood the forge, with its glowing braziers and litter of pincers, the red light playing upon the long aluminium hammers that American circus smiths use. Round about the warmth, although it was very hot, stood several of the staff, drinking rye whisky from a bottle which stood upon the fore-peak of an anvil. The tent resounded with savage vibrations from the lion cages. The fretting of mangy wolves and jackals, restless in the pain of their captivity, mingled

with the trumpet-rumble of the elephants who stood among the straw at the end of the place. Their brown figures rocked to and fro unceasingly.

Close to the group of men, a brown bear, with little pig-like eyes, paced regularly round its small and dirty cage, and the soft sound of its pads could be distinctly heard amid all the tumult of the prisoners, who year by year yelped away their miserable lives.

The travelling circus and show of George Zachary, who in his day had been a "bruiser" of repute, held first place in the Western States of America. Zachary himself, a ponderous, evil-minded old fellow, was still popular with all the rascaldom of the West, from Seattle city to the Golden Gate. His circus and menagerie, with its magnificent animals, its clever riders and beast-tamers, its unrivalled collection of living travesties of the human form, was the great annual pleasure of half a hundred boom cities. His performers were known by name to every one; his own personality, as he drove about in his buggy, with its silver-plated wheels, was herald of greater joys than the advent of a rich candidate for the State Legislature, and many a young rancher in these maidless wilds felt his heart



"A PONDEROUS, EVIL-MINDED OLD FELLOW"

expand with excitement when he thought of the pretty circus girls who followed in the great Zachary's train.

The show had just arrived in Heron, a large agricultural centre, not far from Spanish Peaks. For three days the cumbrous wagons and caravans had poured into the town, and disappeared inside the high enclosure of brarah-wood which had been built for them. Three days before, the watchers had caught the first sight of the elephants coming far away through the plains of roil grass. An army of rough saddle-coloured men had been busy building the central rotunda, and painting it in great streaks of white and crimson, which shrivelled

and blistered in the fierce sun. All the next day the anxious people of the town had seen the huge tents rise up above the fence, had heard the muffled noise of strange beasts, and noted with growing excitement the hum and rattle of the workmen, the busy activity of the encampment, and all the stir and movement of a great company. Then old Zachary, in his precious buggy, drawn by two grey St. Paul stallions, had driven about the town, and shown himself in the liquor saloons, his fat hands blazing with rings. He had told of some new attractions since last year—a pretty girl, who did flying trapeze acts, a Bean-faced Man with no ears, and a yellow creature from Penang of unmentionable deformity.

Intense interest was excited in the town, and on that evening the show had been crowded with people, a hot sweltering mass, who pushed and shouted and sang, till the animals had been excited to frenzy by the heat and clamour, and the whole staff of the show, from Zachary in his office to the stable-lads and negro grooms, were utterly tired out.

Now the long day's work was over, and they were all preparing to rest, and almost every one was seeking sleep but the little group around the forge. The bandsmen were putting away their instruments in the box seats on which they sat; the circus horses were being rubbed down in the stables; and inside the menagerie tent the engineer was raking out the fire of the engine attached to the automatic organ, which all day long mingled its mechanical music with the complaints of the animals.

The men who were standing round the forge were the heads of the various departments. There was the keeper of the elephants and camels, the keeper of the caged beasts, the stud groom, the smith, who was also the veterinary surgeon, the transport-master, the band-master, and the head clerk and business man, whose duty it was to make all the advertising arrangements. They were all lean, hard-featured men, with long hair and sombrero hats. All of them carried small nickel-plated revolvers in their belts, and their speech was the speech of the bar and gambling-saloon.

One might have imagined the knot of men to be bandits plotting in the dim red light of the forge, where bars of iron were being kept at a white heat in case of a disturbance among the animals. The whole scene was Rembrandtesque, if one may say that a painter can create an atmosphere, and the shadowy animals all round added to it something incalculably grotesque. The men were waiting for Zachary and his son, who should give them their orders for the next day.

Presently the father and the son came towards the forge from the ring. George Zachary, the elder, was a large, fattish man, with shrewd, black eyes, and features which had been beaten out of shape in many wild fights. His son Maxwell was a florid young man full of blood, and with a sticky, purple complexion. He had dull grey eyes, reddish under the rims, and they were set very deeply in his head. He was a cruel-visaged creature and his voice was like the bellowing of a brazen bull.

The two men came slowly up the tent talking together. When they reached the group of subordinates and began to give them their orders, there could be no doubt that they had a thorough grip of their work, and were men cut out to organise and command. The old man made his points quietly and quickly, emphasising them with many admonitory wags of his forefinger. There were directions as to forage, the supply of meat for the carnivora, the hours of performances, the advisability of a procession of clowns and camels through the town, all the technical details of a vast and cumbrous organisation. The old man, a veritable Napoleon of the ring, seemed on excellent terms with his men, as he stood helping out his memory by a scrap of paper in his hand.

Whenever he made a joke or flung a ribald witticism among them, his son Maxwell gave a sudden bark of laughter, and rattled the money in his pockets.

This young man, one saw, had no emotions but the elemental desires and fears of the simple animal. Some characteristics from many of the animals about him seemed to have passed into him. There was something relentless

and cruel in his aspect. It is exceedingly difficult to judge such a man. To say that his training and environment inevitably predestined him to cruelty, would be to deny that man is above his servants, the beasts, and can ever conquer his lower self. Yet, on the other hand, many of this man's brutalities were committed through ignorance and an utter lack of that half-memory which we call imagination. The soft clay of his brain was moulded by the lusts and impulses of the moment into the shape his passions desired. It is certain that, whatever the mainspring of his actions, Maxwell was a vulgar-minded rascal with an astonishing and almost physical delight in sheer devilish cruelty. No Spanish village boy burning live sparrows in an earthen pot was so callous a wretch as he, and this man, with the red of the sun-strength on his cheeks, had a morose delight in the pain of others, the shameful lust of a Nero, without the excuse of Nero's madness.

The old man, his father, was a hard and sensual rogue, without a care for any one but himself, and as greedy and unsavoury a rascal as ever shamed white hairs, but he was not an unnecessarily cruel man. The rough showmen were intelligences without pity, and hardened to suffering, but they did not take the pain of others as a sweet morsel in the mouth, a gleeful spectacle to gloat upon. In all that crowd of cosmopolitan black-guardism no one was so bad as the younger Zachary. It was visible in his eyes and hands, for this roughly-moulded, ungraceful man had fingers of great length, white fingers with corded knots, which gave them a certain resemblance to the claws of a preying beast.

He stood by his father for some minutes, waiting till all the directions had been given to the men, and then, turning, the two went out across the yard into a wooden bungalow, which had been run up for their accommodation, and in a room of which supper awaited them.

"The takings were forty dollars more than last time we opened," said Zachary, as they sat to the meal. "We shall have a fat month. All the sheep boys are in this town with their wages, and every holy boy of the lot 'll come

round each night. I've fixed up the 'Sentinel' with a box and lush free for the staff and their women, when they come in, and the boss is doing an article on the freaks. I saw a proof to-day in Olancho's saloon—all about the 'Whatisit,' and the Malay, and the Bean-faced Man. It'll wake the married women up, they like those blamed freaks, frightens them, and is as good as a dram. Oh, now I think of it, send a nigger to wash that 'Whatisit'; it's impossible to keep the little hog clean. I don't care what it's like in its cage at night, but I am not going to have it showing on the platform like it's been lately—enough to make you sick; nasty little brute."

"I will," said Maxwell, "first thing to-morrow; and that reminds me about that blasted dwarf; he said when we were leaving Denver, that the first chance he'd got he'd claim his freedom and be off. It doesn't matter here, because they'd laugh at him, but there's lots of places where there would be a big row if people knew."

Zachary swore violently, and banged the table with his fist, the diamonds on his fingers sending out rapid scintillations of light which seemed as if they had been struck out of the wood by the impact of the blow. "Frighten the swine out of his life," he shouted; "half-kill him if you like. I bought that dwarf from Dr. Cunliffe for two hundred dollars—he used to use him to wash out his bottles—and he's the best dwarf in the States. I wouldn't lose him for double the money; he's one of our big draws. I could get twenty dwarfs as small as he is, but his head is double the size of an ordinary man's, and the little cuss makes the women laugh till they cry from it. Punish him till he daren't open his mouth."

"I'll settle him, I'll put him to sleep in the 'Whatisit's' cage, that'll keep his mouth shut. I thrashed him with a tent peg all along the curve of his spine the other day, and I'll do it again. That's the worst of him, he got some education and that from the doctor, and he isn't loony like the rest of them. The 'Whatisit' can't do anything but slobber; and the Bean-faced Man is an idiot who doesn't care about anything as

long as you give him plenty of meat and don't kick him. Then the others haven't got the spunk to say a word, seems to take it out of them being freaks like. It's only the dwarf that bothers. I believe he gets talking to the others as well. I won't let them be together after the show any more."

"That is the best way, we don't want any damned trade-unionism among our freaks. I should frighten that dwarf as soon as possible or we shall have some swab-mouthed parson coming in and asking him if he's happy and that."

"I'll see to it to-night later; I'm going to see Lotty for an hour first. She's staying at the hotel opposite."

The elder man frowned and drummed his fingers impatiently upon a plate. "I tell you it's no good," he said, "no good at all. You don't want a wife messing round and spoiling your fun. You wouldn't be worth half what you are now to me if you were married. However I'm not the man to say, 'Do this,' or 'Don't do this,' to you. You must slide on your own rail; I only give you advice, and it's your own fault if you don't take it—you must make your own little hell for yourself, I don't care. But I tell you this for certain, Lotty won't marry you if you keep on till the Resurrection day. That girl isn't going to be tied down to a travelling showman. She costs me a hundred dollars a week, and she'll get that anywhere. She's a holy star, and she knows it. She's not going to stop in the West, she'll be in New York in the winter, the boss turn in the city. You've asked her once already. It's all very well, my lad, but I've got no illusions about myself or about you neither. We can't cut no ice, we're good enough to run a big show and make our chips, but we aren't much prettier to look at than a buck nigger, and a big full-blooded girl like that, training every day of her life, 'll marry a straight man of steel and velvet who 'll love her like she wants to be loved. Teeth of a Jew! D'ye think I've spent fifty years on the road all over the world not to know a man or woman when I see them. There's classes and classes, my boy. There's the 'Whatisit' with the blood of a frog and the brains of a maggot, and there's

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a big straight English cow-boy with a little moustache and hair bleached yellow by the sun. What chance have you? Not a damn chance and that's true. Now look here, Max, you don't want a wife. You can buy plenty of love if you care about such, you stay quiet and run along with me and keep the buggy straight."

At the end of his oration, which he had delivered with all the glibness of the showman, making his points by a sudden snapping of the word to be emphasised, Zachary leant back and regarded his son with a satisfied smile. The young man listened carefully, nothing perturbed, and seemed to be weighing his father's words. He knew that his father had seen men and things, and knew affairs, and the mere accidents of everyday life had taught him an ungrudging respect for the old man's *savoir vivre*. When some dishonest trick was to be played, who was more fertile in resource than his father? When men were to be bullied or cajoled, who could storm or wheedle so well as he? At his side he had learnt all his own cunning, for he had had no other guide.

"It's like this, boss," he said, "just this. I mean to have that girl if I can get her. She wouldn't hear of anything but marriage. You may or may not be right about marriage being a bad egg; that I put away. I think you're right about a girl like that liking a handsome fellow better than me. Well, I'll ask her once more, to-night, and if she won't have me, well, she may go and rot. I'll not trouble her more. But some one 'll have to suffer and I lay to that."

"Right-on, Max," said the old man, "see Lotty again if you like, and do your best. She won't have you, but still try again. I wish you luck; let's have a bottle on it."

He picked up a long tandem horn which rested on a shelf by his chair, and blew a sounding blast that echoed on the night air and made all the dogs in the yard give tongue. It was his humour to summon his servants in this way, he liked the pomp and circumstance of it. A black boy came running at the sound.

"Bring a bottle of wine," he cried,

and when the champagne came, the two men drank merrily together in the little room. "Boys's better than girls," said the old man to himself, as Maxwell went out into the night.

Waking the sleepy negro watchman, Maxwell passed out of the heavy gates into the main street of the town. The night was brilliant as a diamond, and still as a place under the sea. The air was fresh, and full of a sweet pungency from the plains of grass and wheat. The hotel where he was going was some hundred yards away down the street, and as he approached, the musical twanging of a banjo came through the lighted windows, the genial "rumptum-tum" promising merriment within. From where he stood at the top of the long street he could see the prairie rolling far away in blue-green waves under the moon. Behind, on the lower slopes of the hill, clustered the wood and stone houses of the town. There were few sounds save the banjo, or the occasional grunting of a sleepless elephant in the enclosure behind. As in all Western cities, on either side of the road were long rows of trees. To nearly every tree a horse was tethered. The saloons and hotels are open all night in Western America, and the cow-boys and fruit farmers ride into the towns after their day's work is done, and stable their horses in this primitive fashion. Sometimes they sleep beside them. Maxwell walked slowly towards the inn, revolving dimly what he should say to the girl. His sorry brain resented the necessity for the appeal which it was trying to formulate. The very nature of the man revolted against any lordship but his own will. To ask, to be suppliant, was an unpleasant thing; in fact this vulgar rascal had even a touch of pride, an emotion which perhaps dignified his sordidness. It would, he thought, be so infinitely more satisfactory to catch hold of Lotty and tell her that she had got to marry him, and then make her sit on his knee and minister to his entertainment. So he came uneasily up to the verandah of the inn.

Lotty was sitting at the head of a table, with her arm round another girl. In a lounge chair, sat a beautiful young

man with a banjo. He was a boy of some two-and-twenty years, with a brown clear-cut face and blue eyes, and Lotty and her friend were laughing at some anecdote he was telling them. Maxwell went into the room just as the young man rose to go. He noticed that the stranger, as he stood by Lotty making a farewell, was a handsome fellow, not unlike the type that old Zachary's words had conjured up. Certainly the man and woman made a pair to be admired by any one who could appreciate a fine animal. Lotty was straight as a stalk of wheat, and as supple as an osier. Her gymnastic training kept her eyes clear, her skin cool, and her hair glossy. She wore a long, clinging tea-gown, which showed the noble curves of her figure, and in which, for all its lace and drapery, she looked more like a boy than a girl. A hardy, bold, and self-reliant creature you saw her to be, with a bitter tongue. A shrewish, but a clean-minded woman. When the youth had gone, and they could hear his spurs clanking down the street and the noise of his awakened horse, Lotty turned to the other girl, a circus-rider who lived with her, and sent her to bed, saying that she would follow immediately. Then she turned to Maxwell and stood looking at him for a moment.

"I've been wanting a bit of talk with you," she said; "there's several things you've got to have out with me, you bloody-minded cur." Her strong hand opened and shut with gathering excitement, her head was bent forward and shook a little on its poise, her voice was quiet, but it had dropped a full octave in tone, and sounded like the distant tolling of a bell. Maxwell saw at once that he was to have no chance that night, but he resolved to see the thing out. He said nothing at all, but sat down in the chair just vacated by the young man with the banjo. He was in a state of considerable nervous tension at the sudden onslaught, but his mind was perfectly clear. He scowled nervously at her.

"I'm going to talk to you," said the girl quietly. "I'm going to tell you what I thought of you, and what I think of you now. I'll show you, you low

devil, what a decent girl thinks of you. You've asked me to marry you twice, and you've come here to ask me again to-night. I would rather marry the lowest nigger in the show than you. Oh, fool and coward, you that dare lift your eyes to me, who am but a circus girl. Oh, coward! May God stab your black heart and let you die; you're too bad a man for me. I know all your wickedness and I'll see you in gaol yet for it. I know more than you may think I know, more than any one knows, saving the wretched creatures you have tortured. I've been among the freaks, and heard with my own ears what you do at night when you want amusement. Do ye never hear that tatooed Indian girl crying? I'll pray that the sound may run in your ears all your life long. You, a strong man with all the brain of a man, went to that little dumb thing, the 'Whatisit'—and kicked it to make it say something. You did, and said things to the dwarf that I hardly like to think of. Oh, and there's much more that I won't trouble to tell you about. When the fur dropped off the Thibetan cat and it couldn't be shown any more, how did you kill it. You know what you did, and curse you for a cruel hound. Sit down, don't come near me; I'm as strong as you, and I'll kill you if you touch me. Now listen here; you know what I think of you, and what every girl in the show thinks of you. You can't boss me like you do the men, who are afraid to say a word, and this is what I'm going to do. As long as I'm connected with this show of yours, if I hear that you have so much as laid a finger on any of those poor creatures in the Museum, I'll go straight to the Sheriff and have you quodded before you can chew a fig. And more than that, I'll set a boy on to you, a *man* mind you, not a fat lump of wickedness like you, who'll break every separate bone you've got. Now you have heard me, and I'll waste no more time on you. If you have never heard before what a girl thinks of such a man as you, you have heard to-night. But remember, what I say I'll do, I *will* do with no fail; and if you ever dare speak another word to me beyond business matters, I'll strike you in the face."

She hissed the last words at him, trembling with hatred, and then with a swirl of skirts left the room.

The man sat motionless, hardly realising the full meaning of the words he had heard. Bit by bit they percolated his consciousness, and he under-

minutes, and to answer inquiries about his show. The scene was eminently picturesque, and Zachary paused for a few minutes to join a circle of men who were playing draw poker. A master of the game himself, he took the real pleasure of the expert in



"I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU TOUCH ME!"

stood. He showed no trace of passion in his face, though his eye seemed a little inflamed, but walked slowly into the bar saloon, and called for whisky. The room was full of men playing poker and euchre, and he had perforce to stop among them for some few

minutes, and to answer inquiries about his show. The scene was eminently picturesque, and Zachary paused for a few minutes to join a circle of men who were playing draw poker. A master of the game himself, he took the real pleasure of the expert in

almost to a card, he turned with a satisfied air to the long, roughly-constructed wooden counter. Some men were throwing dice for drinks, and they recognised Zachary with a respectful salute. Two Chinamen in a corner were haggling over the sale of long, tapering-bladed knives with a young rancher from Wilson settlement; and a tall, vigorous cowboy, with a touch of Indian blood in the masterful curve of his nose, that contrasted strangely with his fair, drooping moustache, was testing the quality of the steel by whittling heavily at the birchwood stick that he carried.

Olancho's saloon was the favourite resort of Heron city, and the white-coated bar tenders were hard pressed to keep up with the demand for cocktails which they mixed and slung, with unerring accuracy, to the shouting crowd of customers. For a few minutes the excitement of the environment drove other thoughts from Maxwell's brain, but when he was in the long, empty street again, the girl's scornful words came back and stung him into frenzy. Never in his life had such biting words been said to him before, and they lashed him like a steel whip. He was not a man to be much influenced by invective—his life had injured him to that—but this invective was different. It was the contempt, the burning contempt, that hurt so much; and even in his rage he longed for the girl who had so angered him, for as she had spoken all her heart she had looked doubly desirable. He kept forcing himself to remember how beautiful she had looked, and in the remembrance he began to forget the force and point of her utterance. Then once more he felt the lash of her scorn, and it was the more unbearable because in his heart of hearts he knew how right she was, and he knew how dark and foul his cruelty had been. Her indictment was heavy enough, but he knew that she did not know everything—his foulest cruelties were hidden even from her. The Indian girl had not told Lotty all she could have told; and one wretched creature, who could not speak, had a heavier record against his torturer than any one could know.

What did it matter, he thought, about the freaks? They were not like other people. He revolved the whole circumstances in his mind, walking savagely up and down in front of the circus gates, an ugly, vulgar sight in the moonlight. Going through the circumstances as dispassionately as he was able, he came to the conclusion that his doings had been told to the girl by some one who had volunteered much of the information, and he was sure in himself that the informant must have been the dwarf of the show. Maxwell hated this little creature with the huge head and bitter leer. It had before now said some unpleasant things to him, things which made him wince; it had stirred up many of the other freaks to resent their captivity and ill-treatment. Maxwell, joying in the sense of power, had kept these poor creatures in a strict imprisonment. He had constituted himself their gaoler and their king, making their wants and happiness dependent on his will. They had all been powerless in his cruel hands. The only protests had come from the dwarf, whose malformation had not sapped his energy and brain. As Maxwell raged in the street, he felt a mad desire to be revenged on the girl.

She should suffer bitterly, he was determined. Yet, as he thought, he could not devise any way in which to harm her. To spread lying reports about her character occurred to him at first, but he knew, on considering the plan, that nothing he could say would hurt her. Physical punishment was impossible; it seemed that he was entirely impotent. It came to him after a time that the girl's informant was at least in his power, and with the thought came the remembrance of his father's words at supper. Here, at any rate, he could work his vengeance. The piteous little atom of humanity who had betrayed him should suffer, and not only he but all the Children of Pain who were his creatures. His mouth tightened, and his eyes contracted with the lust of cruelty, as he knocked at the gate of the enclosure. He passed through the yard, and, opening a side door with a key, entered the central

rotunda, and walked across the tan of the ring.

The only light in the big building came from the moonbeams which struggled in from the windows near the roof. The place was quite silent and ghostly, and the silence was intensified by the fact that his footsteps made

which were grouped the caravans in which the freaks lived. At twelve at night each of them, by Maxwell's order, was shut in its dwelling till morning. Each freak had a caravan to itself, except the "Whatisit," who lay in a straw-covered cage, like a dog. During exhibition hours the wretched



"OLANCHO'S SALOON WAS THE FAVOURITE RESORT OF HERON CITY"

no sound on the soft floor. He walked swiftly, making for the museum, which opened out of the menagerie. There would be no one about at this hour, and he was determined to vent his temper to the full upon the dwarf and his companions.

The museum was a large tent, round

travesties of mankind showed themselves on platforms in front of their respective dwellings, and the middle of the tent was simply a large open space where the spectators stood. Over each caravan was a gaudily-daubed representation of its inmate.

Maxwell came into the menagerie,

where, in the centre, the forge still glowed dully. The stagnant air of the place was full of the smell of the beasts. In the dark he could hear the fierce grinding of teeth upon a bone, and as he crossed to the entrance of the museum, the hummock of an elephant's shoulder showed, a dim, black mass. As he pulled aside the curtain of the museum, he came close to the cage of a great monkey, and he heard it laughing to itself over some memory.

He came into the tent, round which stood the silent caravans. The dwarf's house was at the end, and as he approached it he saw, with an evil satisfaction, that a light came from under the door, showing that his victim was still awake. He was walking swiftly forwards, when, within but a few yards of the steps of the caravan, something caught quickly at his ankles, and he fell heavily face downwards. He was motionless from the shock for a few seconds; and then, as he was pressing on his bruised wrists to raise his body-weight, he was struck down again flat by the sudden impact of some heavy weight in the small of his back. With his mouth full of sawdust and earth, and his lips cut through and bleeding, he swore savagely in fear. His immediate thought as he felt something spring upon him, was that one of the animals had escaped, and was attacking him, but the next thing that happened undeceived him. Two hands gripped his ankles, and rapidly bound them round with wire; a hard boss of wood was slipped into his mouth, and a handkerchief tied on it; and then he was turned upon his back, and saw shadowy figures about him. Somebody struck a match, and he saw a candle being lit in the bend of a fearful shadow, all velvet black. The light was raised, and he saw it was held by the Bean-faced Man. As the shadows played on the awful face, whose features were but tiny excrescences, and which was moulded into a great curve like a bean, he heard a deep and sudden laugh, like the sound of a stone dropped into a well. A white face that opened and shut its mouth like a fish floated round him, and hands were busy binding his wrists in a web of

cutting wire. He was dragged some little distance by some one behind him whom he could not see, and then was lifted on to a chair, and bound in a sitting posture upon it. When he was fixed tight and still, a little figure ran round in front of him, and in the orange flicker of the candle he saw it was the dwarf, but half clothed in sleeping garments, through which the malformations of his body showed in all their terrible appeal. There was a grey glaze on his large, intelligent face. The air made by the figures which moved round Maxwell sent hot waves that beat upon his cheeks; and there was a scent of ammonia and blood—the true menagerie smell that the showman knows and loves. The dwarf gave a tiny shrill cry, and the doors of the caravans opened, and grey ghostly figures appeared creeping down the steps. It was exactly as if Maxwell were a fly in the centre of a huge web, and from all sides the spiders were creeping towards him. Soon he was surrounded by monstrous faces, all quivering and unstable in the light of the candle. He caught sight of them coming and going—the white man who opened and shut his mouth continually, the great cranium of the dwarf, the lantern-eyed man, a new importation from a surgical school, whose eyes were as large as eggs; they were all around him. The dwarf was the leading figure, and under his guidance the creatures were arranged round the chair in a semi-circle.

A great stillness fell upon them. The only creature who moved was the "Whatisit," who was dancing up and down in a passion of pleasure at the sight of Maxwell so powerless. The little thing lolled out its tongue, and spluttered with triumph at its protector.

It behaved in exactly the same way in which one sometimes sees a tiny child behave when it is pleased, skipping about in a very ecstasy of joy. Then the dwarf stepped into the middle of the circle and spoke.

"My friends," he said, "our hour has come at last. This man has made our lives hell for months. Unhappy as each one of us must for ever be, we have tasted the bitterness of death at



"SURROUNDED BY MONSTROUS FACES, ALL QUIVERING IN THE UNSTABLE LIGHT"

his hands. Because his body is straight and strong, he has had the power to torture us whom God has made in joke. Now it is our turn, and he has fallen into our trap. Is there any one among us who does not feel that he must suffer the penalty we have agreed upon?"

There was no sound in the group except the hysterical sobbing of the fat lady, who was a weak and tender-hearted creature, but even from her large heart came no protest, for she knew that the punishment must be. She was only sorry and frightened.

"No one disagrees," said the dwarf. "Listen, Maxwell Zachary, you devil of hell! You have been judged and found guilty, and this shall be your

punishment: You shall be made even as we are. You shall be carved, and burnt into a freak; and if you die from it, 'twill be no great thing, and there will be one less bloody-minded villain on earth."

The muffled figure on the chair was quite still. They took it up at the dwarf's order, and carried it into the menagerie, placing it close to the glowing forge. They were a grotesque procession. In front, like some frenzied sacrificial priest, the "Whatisit" danced backwards, and panting behind came the fat woman, her vast bulk heaving with pity. "The Lord He knows! the Lord He knows!" she said continually.

The entrance of so large a concourse of people disturbed the animals. A lion growled angrily, and the monkeys chattered in surprise. Maxwell could not move, though but a canvas wall kept him from safety and freedom. He thought all the time of Lotty.

The dwarf pushed some iron bars into the fire, and opened a case of knives.

He was a grotesque caricature of

the surgeon with whom he had lived. He stood by the anvil, which was shoulder-high to him, and looked at the still figure in the chair.

When the work began, a great silence fell upon the place, the captive animals made no single sound, the Children of Pain were absolutely still, the quick, professional movements of the dwarf alone broke the stillness—a monster making a monster.



Some Great French Painters of the Day

WRITTEN BY A. DE BURGH. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.

PERHAPS never before has the annual "Salon," which is the equivalent in Paris of our "Academy," afforded such a splendid show of paintings and sculpture as this year; and one of the reasons of this was, no doubt, the fact that both the real or original Salon (*Société des Artistes Français*) and the newer society styling itself "*La Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts*" have held their annual exhibition under one roof.

It was the great painter of military scenes, the late M. Meissonier, whose pictures demanded enormous prices, and who fell out with his artist comrades on some unimportant matters, who started the independent annual exhibition of the latter society; this was at the time when the Salon had established its headquarters in the Glass Palace in the Champs-Élysées. The new society held its exhibitions in some rooms at the Place Vendôme. The old Palais de l'Industrie, in the Champs-Élysées, the former home of the Salon, has been pulled down, and both societies have taken up their quarters at the building of large dimensions in which they were housed this year.

The great Palais des Machines, in the Champ de Mars, erected during the last Paris Exhibition (1889), and consisting principally of iron and glass, lends itself particularly well to an exposition of art works, and the enormous centre-nave in which the statuary is exhibited, planted as it is with trees and shrubs, forms a magnificent promenade for the visitors.

When entering through the high portals of the palace, the impression one received was a magnificent one indeed.

The eye met one long crystal-covered stretch of garden with splendid shrubberies, gravelled paths, picturesque fountains, flower beds of highly scented plants stretching out carpet-like on the grassy lawns. Most artistically grouped in these grounds were the sculptured art works of those who have selected France as their place of labour. From the colossal statue of some great man in marble or in clay down to the tiny figure of a Cupid, the sculptors have placed here their most treasured works, to be admired and criticised by the public.

On both sides of this enormous nave were situated halls large and small, containing the selected year's work of French painters.

It is not our intention to give a detailed description of the present French "Academy" exhibition; we could not very easily draw comparisons between the London and Paris collections of paintings and sculptured works of art. Comparisons are always odious, and exhaustive reviews of the thousands of works of art have appeared in various journals; but it cannot prove otherwise than interesting to bring before our readers some of the great masters amongst our neighbours, whose names are so familiar to us, and whose works are as much admired here as they are in their own country.

To this may be added the fact that the great majority of our own painters and sculptors have been pupils of the great artists whom we honour so much, and have for years visited the studios of the French masters and have been influenced by their tuition and their example. The union between French and British painters and sculptors is

closer than that between any other nations, and French and English art are mutually highly appreciated.

The great Sarah Bernhardt, in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* a short time ago, gave it as her opinion that Shakespeare did not belong to England alone, but to the universe; and the same holds good of all who possess great genius. Certainly genius has neither age nor country of its own.

have become the property of Englishmen. Some of the artists have been frequent visitors to our shores, and have been most welcome guests at English homes, from the Royal palace downwards.

But it has always been the same with English painters visiting France, and no men ever received higher honour than the late noble President of the Academy, Lord Leighton, or Sir John Millais, and



BENJAMIN-CONSTANT

From Photo by REUTLINGER

Any one who should be called upon to name the greatest of living French painters would find himself in a very difficult position, and the purport of this paper is simply to give short sketches of those renowned wielders of the brush who are, at least, by name as well known in our country as they are in their own. Many of their works have found a temporary or permanent resting place in our galleries, public and private, and many

all the other great men whose pictures became known and were admired and extolled as much in France as in our own country.

When coming to the sketches of the great painters whom we have selected for this paper, we feel that we are giving a few drops out of the ocean. The number of those of whom we would wish to speak is legion; and what we can say of those of whom we do speak

seems commonplace—entirely inadequate. We can give short biographies, tell where the great men were born and educated, whose pupils they were, what they painted, what honours were heaped upon them; but their genius, their divine conceptions, their marvellous execution, all these are indescribable.

Benjamin-Constant, who, very recently, was on a visit to London and was received by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, was born in 1845, and comes from an old family which was ennobled in the fifteenth century. He studied first at Toulouse, at the School of Fine Arts, where he obtained the principal prize, and was sent to Paris to continue his studies under Cabanel. He exhibited, in 1869, his two paintings, "Hamlet" and "Too Late."

Afterwards, he travelled through Spain and Morocco, and was for a time attached to the Embassy of Charles Tissot to the latter country. It is well known that Eastern scenery, the clear atmosphere, the deep-blue skies, the gorgeous colours seen everywhere, etc., are of unspeakable value to the impressionable onlooker, and Benjamin-Constant became an enthusiast for Oriental subjects, and his best-known pictures treat of Moorish scenes.

After his return to Paris, he devoted his time and thought principally to paintings full of the brilliant colours of the East, and his renown increased apace; no man ever could give more thoroughly the rich and still soft colouring of mountain or sea as they appear to the eye in the Southern latitudes, and his grouping of gorgeous colours was unique. He endowed his Oriental pictures with most extraordinary life and reality.

In his later years, he devoted himself more to portrait painting, and succeeded in this branch of his art as well as he did in every other. He received the ribbon of the Legion of Honour when only thirty-two

years old, is a member of the Institute, and stands to-day at the head of his profession. He exhibited this year a collection of portraits in Bond Street; at the Salon he had only one portrait, that of Madame J. Von Derwies.

Carolus-Duran, whose name is a household word amongst all who take interest in painting, was born in 1837 at Lille. When only twenty-four years of age, his extraordinary talent was recognised by many who saw his clever sketches, and not a few became convinced even then that young Carolus-Duran was a genius. It was in consequence of this that he was sent to Paris at the expense of his department, and soon afterwards moved to Rome, where he entered for six months the Convent of St. Francis, at Subiaco, and lived a quiet life in contemplation and meditation. For some time it was his intention to become a member of the



C. DURAN

From Photo by REUTLINGER

brotherhood of the monastery; his religious inclinations induced him to prefer the life of a monk to that to be spent in the world; the gay city of Paris had then no charm for him. However, six months seemed to satisfy his desire to be immured, and he left the convent never to return. During his sojourn there, he painted "The Evening Prayer," which was in the Salon of 1865, and "L'Assassine," also a portrait of M. Edward Reynart (Salon 1866).

He then went to Spain, in order to study the Spanish masters. In 1872, he received the Légion d'Honneur, and was made an officer of the order in 1878. As portrait painter, he has few equals. M. Carolus-Duran is also a frequent visitor to England, and a short time ago spent some weeks at Warwick Castle as the guest of Lord and Lady Warwick.

Carolus-Duran has a most elegant appearance, and a face of delicate lines. His eyes are an especially remarkable feature, they are soft, but show deep thought and enthusiasm.

There is, perhaps, no studio in Paris more frequented by English and American art students than that of the great painter who excels in both genre and portrait painting. He always takes the most kindly interest in his pupils, and there exists a great bond of friendship between our own great master, Sargeant, R.A., and his former teacher, Carolus-Duran.

Another of the great portrait painters of this century is Léon Bonnat, born at Bayonne in 1833. He began his studies at Madrid under Frederigo Madrazo. Hence he came to Paris and entered the studio of Léon Cogniet. In 1858, he went to Italy, where he continued his studies for some years. He exhibited his first picture, "The Good Samaritan," in the Salon of 1859. He was made an officer of the Legion of Honour in 1874, and has devoted his later years principally to portrait painting.

Léon Bonnat is a member of the



BONNAT

From Photo by REUTLINGER

Institute, and one of the most brilliant painters of the day, but also renowned as a splendid conversationalist and wit.

He is a thorough society man, and enjoys a splendid constitution. In spite of his sixty-six years, he may be found, in the early hours of the morning, participating in some social function, or be seen at the opera or theatres, or at some private parties. He is a most welcome guest in the best houses of Paris, and his company is much sought after. Like M. Carolus-Duran, he has established a school of painting much appreciated by English and American students.

One of the oldest of the great masters of France is Adolph William Bouguereau, member of the Institute, who was born at La Rochelle in 1825. He began his studies at Bordeaux. He exhibited, in 1855, his "Triumph of the Martyr," which is now at the Luxembourg. He painted the interior of the Chapel of

St. Louis and of La Sainte-Chapelle, and decorated the Church of Saint Augustin (1867).

La Sainte-Chapelle is one of the finest specimens of the Gothic style in Europe, and the interior is strictly in keeping with the exterior. The artist has succeeded in giving the decorations and paintings great originality and beauty, and has bestowed upon the whole a look of quiet and solemnity hardly found in

officer of the Légion d'Honneur since 1876.

Jean Léon Gérôme is Bouguereau's senior by one year, and was born at Vesoul (Haute-Saône). He also is a member of the Institute. He studied in Paris under Paul Delaroche, and when his master moved to Italy he followed him thither. After his return hence, he entered the studio of Gleyse.

His first great picture, which won him



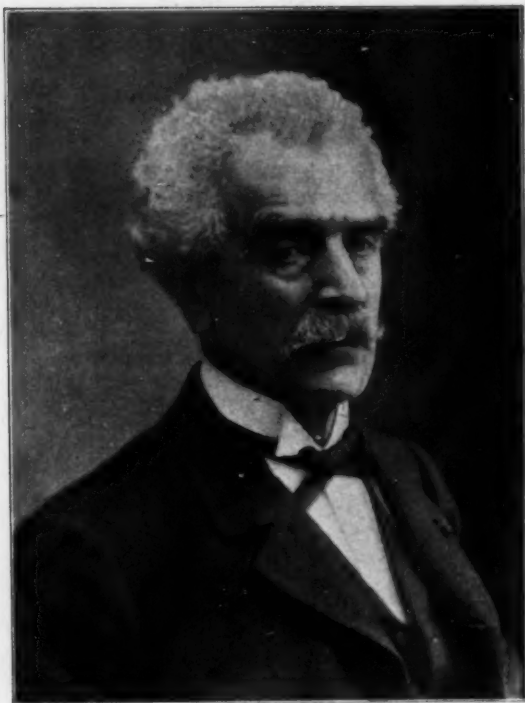
BOUGUEREAU

From Photo by VIERREVELIT & FILS, Paris

any other place of prayer. The chapel is in the Palais de Justice, and forms one of the best-known sights of the French capital.

The decorations and paintings of the Church of Saint Augustin are also magnificent specimens of Bouguereau's genius. One of his most celebrated pictures is "Cain and Abel." He exhibits this year at the Paris Salon and the London Academy. He has been an

the medal in 1847, was "Jeunes Grecs faisant battre des coqs." He travelled in 1854 with his friend Got, of the Comédie Française, in Russia, Turkey, and up the Danube, visited Egypt, and in 1857 he exhibited his well-known picture, "The Duel after the Masked Ball." He became Professor of the "Beaux-Arts" in Paris, perhaps the most renowned and successful school in the world, the Mecca of all those blessed with talent



JEAN LEON GEROME

From Photo by NADAY, Paris

or genius for the fine arts. The "Beaux-Arts" is situated in the Quartier Latin of Paris, so well described and made familiar to us by the late George du Maurier, and many others who have been fortunate enough to spend some time in that delightful district of freedom from conventionality and the fetters of a social code.

In 1864 Gérôme again went to the Orient, visiting Palestine, Egypt and Syria, sojourned some time at Jerusalem, saw the Dead Sea, and ascended Mount Sinai. After his return home, he became very prolific, and not a few of his paintings have found their way to England and America, where they are highly prized.

Gérôme has had many honours conferred upon him. He was elected a member of the Institute in 1865, became a Commander of the Legion of Honour in 1878, and received a number of

medals and foreign decorations. Among his best-known pictures are those depicting scenes of Ancient Rome, "The Gladiators," "Cleopatra and Cæsar," "Martyrs thrown to wild beasts," as well as some important scenes from the life of the Great Napoleon, as, for instance, the great paintings representing "Bonaparte in Egypt" and "Bonaparte in Cairo."

His work is extremely popular, and in this respect an exception from the general rule, as the highest art is mostly appreciated by only a few; for Gérôme has a most wonderful power of blending gorgeous colours agreeably to the eye, and he gives life to the exciting and sensational scenes he depicts on his canvas. However great may be the number of human beings he brings before us on a single picture, every face is a study in itself, and bears the impress of the passion consequent upon the situation in which he or she is placed. In his execution Gérôme is most conscientious in regard

to every detail, and his pictures must be priceless to the historian.

Much might be added to these short sketches to show the kindness of these great masters. They know neither jealousy nor rivalry, and in their good works they are most generous, always ready to help a brother artist who is struggling in vain against the fates.

In conclusion, it is, of course, not necessary to say that the names we have here mentioned, and the artists whose portraits we give, are only a few of the many who have won fame and renown in their country and in the world; we have especially selected the five comprised in our paper because they are best known in our islands. France is so prolific in great painters and sculptors that even a mere list of those who deserve mentioning would fill the pages of this magazine. The hundreds of fine productions which annually cover the walls

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of the exhibition speak more powerfully than our pen could do; therefore the reader must fully understand that the present article is not named the "Great French Painters of the day," but "Some Great French Painters"; and although we have not the space to even attempt to enter further into this subject, it is impossible to close this article without at least mentioning some of the illustrious names of modern French painters who have been shining stars on the firmament of art, and have won to the utmost degree the admiration of the world, and especially of our own country. Is not Boulanger known wherever the highest art is appreciated, on account of his Moorish pictures and his painted poems of ancient Rome? Who has not seen and admired, on the ceiling of one of the grand rooms in the Louvre of Paris, Cabanel's immortal "Triumph of Flora"? Again, there is Berne-Bellecour, who was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and whose pictures of Brittany have such charm. After the great war of 1870, he turned his attention to battle-scenes and military episodes, and excelled also in his new departure. Alexander II., Czar of Russia, paid personal homage to this great artist. Can we pass such names as Rosa Bonheur, Antoine Guillemet, Henri Gervex, Bertrand, Albert Aublet, Gueldry, Ernest Delahaye, Gustave Courtois, or Puvis de Chavannes, without experiencing a thrill of pleasure and reverence!

When mentioning French painters,

we have also to reckon with the large number of foreigners who have adopted France as their country. England, Scotland, America, Germany, Sweden and Norway, and many other States have sent large contingents to swell the long list of great men and women wielders of the brush; the renown of Gustave de Jonghe, Bruck-Lajos, Blaise Bukovac, Basile Cheremetew, Grimelund, De Wylie, is as great as that of their confrères who were born on French soil.

Paris has for many years been the great centre of art, and no other town in the world can rival her in that speciality. The fact is now universally acknowledged, and no artist considers his studies complete without having spent some time amongst the studios and galleries of Paris. What Mecca is to the "faithful," Paris is to those who possess genius and talent, and are devotees of the fine art of painting. Paris well deserves to-day the name of "Capital of Art," for here is the nursery of all that is artistic and beautiful, and here are the headquarters of the "Grande Armée de l'Art." How much we profit by our proximity to the French capital may be seen by the products of our own great painters, and it is a noteworthy fact that we find yearly more and more French exhibits at the London Academy, and our best artists love to send some of their finest work to the Salon in Paris. So it should be. Genius is rare indeed, and no nation can monopolise it—it belongs to the world at large!





LA TORTOJADA

From Photo by PROFESSOR STEBBING, Paris

La Tortojada

AN INTERVIEW AND APPRECIATION

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

PERHAPS it is only fitting that the great, bright, domed playhouse in Leicester Square should be the accepted London home of Spanish dance. Certainly, of late it has become so, for while we go to the Empire or to the Palace to hear the music-hall singers who rush from Paris in all the glory of a suddenly won fame, hasting, lest it fade, to set the hall-mark of London appreciation upon it, we turn naturally to the Alhambra when our eyes would be charmed by the

beautiful women and the sense-compelling dances of the sun-gripped southern peoples.

Otero we have worshipped there, Otero, that maddeningly beautiful thing, so set about with jewels that the eye begged for a little respite from the glittering gems. Otero of the dark, flashing eyes and the raven hair. Then another, Guerrero; own sister to Otero by her looks, a dark beauty also, less bejewelled, but equally good to look upon; and now La Tortojada has come back, a brown-tressed, fair-complexioned

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Spanish woman with a softer beauty, but as a queen of the dance, the greatest of the three.

C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas La Guerrero, jested a critic, sacrificing truth to a joke; for in truth La Tortojada, though her beauty is almost unadorned of jewels, though idiots have not shot themselves for her, though the paragraphists of two Continents have not been busy with her name, is the handsomest female thing that has graced the Alhambra stage for many a day past, and her dances are the real dances of Spain, not hybrid measures, half French, half American, and mainly designed for the glorious exhibition of extravagant costumes.

It is not the easiest thing in the world to have speech of some of these jewelled dancing queens. The lips that may with impunity snub a grand duke, cannot always be bothered to be gracious to a mere common writer; but when I have been to see La Tortojada, in her little plain dressing-room, at the Alhambra, she has had as many smiles for me as if I had been owner of half a county and a rent-roll as long as the Alhambra salary list. La Tortojada is a great beauty, and it is impossible for her to be wholly unconscious of it, but she does not make her beauty an excuse for an overbearing self-conceit.

La Tortojada is very glad to be back in London. I suppose there are no foreign artistes who visit London and do not tell an interviewer that the English audiences are the best in the world, but I feel certain that La Tortojada is speaking from her heart when she says so. "They are so sincere," she says—she speaks no English, and her French is the French of the Southern people, with here and there an unexpected Parisianism—"so delightfully sincere, and you know that when they applaud one night, there will be applause, too, the next night. In Europe, now, it is so different. In Petersburg, say; in Vienna; in Paris, one night they rage; they are all mad with love for you; it is hard for you to leave the stage at all, and outside the theatre they shout again, pull the horses from the carriage, and run it themselves, all mad, raving mad—to the hotel. The next night you

wait for the tumult; there is no tumult; quiet applause, that is all, and the life is all gone out of you, for you do not know what these people will do next. And that, Monsieur, is why I like, when I look out across the footlights, to see the serious English people."

La Tortojada has danced in America, too, and she is inclined to place the American understanding of dancing on a very high level. "They are not to be taken in by trickery," she said, and she recalled to my mind an incident, the incident of the fair-faced lady from Paris, about whom men and photographers raved, but about whose dancing it were best to be silent. However, the Americans were not silent, and the lady returned to Paris—to practise new steps.

La Tortojada has always danced. At the back of her remembrance there is a child in an idle city by a summer sea, dancing to the sun and the indolent waves; but it was not in her own country that she came before the public. She grew older, and more, and more, and more beautiful, and it was once in Vienna that a music-hall audience had first sight of her.

"Had she been taught?"

"Of course, a little; but it has been nature that has been my great master. Always there has been something in me to make me dance, and always as I have gained in experience I have gained in my dancing. Where do I dance best? I think here: there is no orchestra in the world that I love so much. There, listen——"

The music of the band came up to us, telling almost by itself the story of the ballet. "Some orchestras are best for some things, some for others, this, I think, is the best for the dance that there is."

La Tortojada came to London and danced a good deal at private parties. George Edwardes saw her, and advised a public appearance. It was at the Empire first that she made a trial of London affections, but it was not till she came back to the Alhambra comparatively recently, that she established her position as a dancer second to none.

In the meantime she went all over

Europe and America; New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and as far west as Chicago have known her. In future years she hopes to visit San Francisco, and later South America. There is no great city in Europe that she has not been to, and in Berlin, Buda-Pesth, or Moscow, she is equally a favourite.

She has not danced always alone. In America, at first, she made one of a quartette, with two men and another

The mention of Mabel Love brought us to the consideration of English dancers. Point blank I asked her what she thought of them. La Tortojada appeared puzzled.

"I do not think I have seen any," she said; "remember them to me then, their names?"

It was my turn to be puzzled. For the life of me I could only remember one name, and the conviction began to be



LA TORTOJADA

From Photo by PROFESSOR STEBBING, Paris

woman, and at times, as the majority of her compatriots she has had a male dancer to give added point to her own movements. In America, too, she appeared in a musical play, the "Little Christopher Columbus," that first introduced May Yohé to England. She played the part of the dancing girl Pepita, the part given to Mabel Love in London, but of course without words, for she has not had time to learn the English language.

unpleasantly forced in upon me that there *was* only one English dancer. "Katie Seymour," I hazarded.

"Ah, yes, *la petite mignonne*, she is dainty, is she not? I don't think I know any others. Your Mabel Love, she is a dancer, is she not? I never see her dance, but she is very beautiful—I have seen only her photographs."

I led the conversation away from

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English dancers, and talked to her of her own methods.

"Practise? Of course I must practise. One may be a heaven-sent dancer, Monsieur, but one *must* practise."

"But these great dancers who are always at Monte Carlo, at Ostend. One reads that they are on the *plage* in the morning, at the Casino in the afternoon, dining here, supping there, changing costumes five times a day; when, I ask you, do they practise?"

"These *great* dancers?" repeated La Tortojada, "ah, yes, you mean"—but I will not give the names—you think them, then, great dancers; I—I think them only very beautiful women. Of course they do not practise, nor do they really dance; for to dance you *must* practise; I know it: that is all."

La Tortojada has had many adventures, and holds the pronounced vagaries of the American climate in respectful memory. The tremendous train journeys were rather a terror to her, but over the comfort of the travelling she waxed enthusiastic. "Only to think," she said, "if one had such trains in Europe; fancy, Paris to Petersburg in an American train; it would be heaven, instead of—". Yes, and your English trains, they are good; not those that come from the boat to London, oh no, but to Liverpool, to the American ships, superb." All over Europe La Tortojada has had adventures too, but she prefers to laugh at the remembrance of them rather than speak of them. "All men everywhere are sometimes very foolish;" thus, tritely enough, she sums up her experience.

She likes living in London, but she must be right in the centre, no suburbs for her, however pretty; she cannot bear to think that she is away from the centre of gaiety.

"They say to me that just now it is empty; that everybody has gone away; *ma foi!* then, when they come back where do they all live, and who are all these that are left behind; who are they that have come to the theatre to-night?" And in truth, though it was August, the Alhambra was filled. I

explained that the *best* people had all gone.

"Ah well, then," with a shrug of incomparable shoulders, "some that stay behind are very nice."

La Tortojada is, at present, doing four dances at the Alhambra, and dancing alone; her male performer is discarded. Firstly it is the entrance of the Toreador into the arena, the swaggering favourite of the people, gaily dressed, superciliously conscious of the purring admiration of the crowds all about him. You can see it all; the *va-et-vient* of the bull-ring, the attendants making ready, the horses sniffing apprehensively, and the crowd, their excitement at over fever-heat to shout much, staring down on the swart, keen-eyed bull-fighter; the women hunched forward, betraying their admiration in every glance. Next, a little simple dance of the people, cheeky almost, and you can fancy the men sitting about the inn doors, clapping hands in time and laughing as the dancing girl flings a passing jest at them. Then the fight in the arena and the death of the bull. The music becomes wild, surges tumultuously, the movements of the dancer on the stage are telling the whole story. The people are all shouting, snarling down from the tiered seats, the women, nostrils dilated, beat their fists upon the barricades, the crowd are all athirst for blood, and in the arena the rapid business of death is going on, all pictured by the dancing of this incomparable Tortojada.

It is splendid, and it has wrought the blood up within us till we do not care greatly for the ballet that follows directly afterwards. Rather go and drink, and dream of beautiful women.

Next year La Tortojada is to be one of the many great artistes who will delight the Parisians during the Exhibition year. During April, May, and June, she is to dance at the Olympia Music Hall. She is looking forward to the Exhibition with an almost childish glee. "They tell me it will be the gayest thing in all the world," she says.

R. B.

NOVEMBER SONG



You could sing in the sparkling spring
And on to the summer's ember :
But how will you keep your heart on flight
Across the season of chill and blight—
November ?

Ne'er a rose in the garden glows,
The blue is fading above you,
Your friends, the swallows, have southward flown. . .
Oh ! is it enough that I wait alone
To love you ?

All the time of the summer's prime
Love lit your eyes, I remember.
But there were so many delights those days—
And what shall I do if your heart obeys
November ?

Turn to me lest your eyes should see
The pitiless grey above you,
And tell me, dear, though the road is rough,
That life is good and my heart enough
To love you.

J. J. BELL.

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A TALE OF THE PARIS COMMUNE



By the Rev. W. Wood, D.D.

WRITTEN BY THE REV. WILLIAM WOOD, D.D., Hon. Canon of Christ Church

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK WRIGHT

S EVEN-and-twenty years ago !
Yet how well I remember it
all ! A week such as that is
burnt into one's memory.
We seemed to live a life-
time in it.

This was what happened :

We had taken our places round the table in our humble lodgings in the Rue Gaspard, where, at that time, many fellow-workmen of my father's had their quarters. My father had just been helped to his soup. My mother was pouring out for the rest, and Marie was breaking some bread into the bowl for poor old granny—now almost blind—when a violent explosion seemed to shake Paris to its foundations. The walls quivered and the windows rattled as if a dozen drums were being beaten in the narrow street. A sudden silence followed. All the little sounds of human life, which strike upon the ear without awaking consciousness, ceased down below. We looked at one another inquiringly. My father held his spoon halfway to his lips; my mother's face assumed a terrified expression; but, before a word could be spoken, a second and a third roar rent the air.

"Sacred name of God!" exclaimed my father, setting down his spoon. "That means mischief. Run, Alphonse, run and see what you can learn!"

I did not need a second order. Snatching up my *berret*, I ran down the staircase two steps at a time, and soon found myself in the street. People were coming out of their houses, and looking up into the sky as if they expected to see some explanation there. I knew enough, however, to be sure it was no ordinary shell from the Versailles troops at Neuilly, or from the heavy mortars at Mont Valérien, which had burst in our quarter. Some persons were running towards the Arc de l'Etoile, and I followed them. Crossing the Avenue des Ternes, I soon reached the great arch commemorative of the Grande Armée. Here a crowd, mostly of working people, was assembled; little *gamins* were perched on some scaffold-poles near the Rond Point, others clinging to the projections of the arch to get a better view; while a score or two of dusty and ragged National Guards were tramping up from the direction of Sablonville. From the high ground on which we stood it was now possible to gain some idea of the catastrophe which had occurred. A distant cannonade, like a thunderstorm a long way off, made itself heard from Neuilly, but all eyes were turned in the other direction, towards the river and the Quai de Passy. A cloud of smoke still hung over the place, lighted up on its under side by a tall column of flame, rising

like a geyser from the ground. While we gazed, a fresh detonation occurred, sharper and of a different character from those before. It was plain that a magazine had been exploded, followed by that of a cartridge depôt, but whether by a shot from the enemy, or by treachery, who could tell? My first impulse was to try to get to the scene of the explosion, but after running for a hundred yards or so down the Avenue d'Iéna, I reflected that it was of little use to satisfy my curiosity further, and that meantime there might be cause for anxiety at home.

I found, indeed, on regaining the Rue Gaspard, that such was the case. As I drew near the house, I could see my cousin Marie's pretty face as she leant eagerly out of the window, and waved her kerchief in recognition. My father seemed disturbed beyond his wont—I could not tell why; my mother said nothing, but I thought she looked paler than usual, as she placed before me my portion of the family repast, which, with a woman's forethought, she had kept for me on the little cooking-stove.

My news, such as it was, was soon told. "It's but a question of time," my father muttered; and added, in a lower key, "who could expect it otherwise?"

But I had better take the opportunity of giving some account of our family party. First, for the chief breadwinner: Clément Picard, at that time a man of about five-and-forty, was a mason by trade, and a man of considerable intelligence. He worked as a young man at Marseilles, where his family had settled, and there formed a friendship with a fellow-workman, an Italian named Annibale Strozzi. Like most of their fellow-*ouvriers*, they had imbibed strong democratic prejudices, Strozzi's Southern blood lending vehemence to their common sentiments. Here my father met and fell in love with my mother, Jeannette Delmont; and on the same day that they were married, his friend Annibale was united to Picard's sister Marie. The two men would have been well satisfied with the civil marriage only, but the brides were good Catholics, and insisted on having the Church's blessing. My cousin,

Marie Strozzi, who bore her mother's name, was the sole issue of the one alliance, her father dying of lung disease a year or two after her birth. She lost her mother also a few years later, and the little girl was then taken charge of by my mother, who loved her as her own child. I was the eldest born of the other marriage, so that Marie and myself were almost of the same age, not more than a few weeks dividing us.

It is hard for me to describe her, or draw her picture. Love's palette bears colours of celestial dye, and the reader would not believe in all that my heart prompts me to write. Enough to say that with the graceful figure and bright temperament of France, she united the deep and ardent Southern nature which she had derived from her father. My father's mother, Marguerite, completed our party. But there was a touching memorial of a loving and much-loved little brother whom I had lost. Poor Achille! He had been a cripple from his birth, which took place the same year that we removed to Paris, and had died of the privations we had endured during the siege by the Germans six months ago. But his little invalid chair was still the most cherished part of our furniture, always dusted and polished by my mother, who could not bear that it should be put out of sight, and kept it in the accustomed place by the window, as if she could still see the poor child with his little wistful face turned towards the casement.

But I must say a few words more about my father. During the terrible siege which we had undergone from the German armies, his courage and confidence had never seemed to fail. His faith in Republican principles was too intense to permit him to doubt that France, relieved from the incubus of the second Empire and its pseudo-Bonapartism, would rally against the foreigner, and repeat the glorious achievements of 1797. Great, indeed, was his humiliation when famine at length made surrender inevitable on the part of the Committee of National Defence. He had risked his life freely as a volunteer during the terrible winter of 1870, and had received personal in-

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juries, once from a musket ball through the leg, and once from a fragment of stone, broken by an exploding shell. Besides this, he had seen our little Achille—whom in happier days he used to carry on his shoulder when we walked out on Sundays to the Bois, pine away under the privations which were trying enough to stronger frames; and at last he had followed the tiny coffin, no bigger than a violin-case, to its last resting-place in the Cimetière at Montmartre. But when news came of the surrender of Metz, and the articles of capitulation had been signed at Versailles, he felt that his beloved Paris must bow her head to the storm, and he joined, however unwillingly, in the vote which, by an enormous majority, expressed confidence in the Government, and, therefore, acquiescence in its acts. This was in January.

I think if the more enthusiastic spirits who raised the red flag of the Commune had not so soon given damning evidence of both cruelty and incompetence, he might even then have been carried away by his sympathies. But the brutal murder of General Lecomte and Clément Thomas (the latter a personal friend and once his superior officer), filled him with the worst anticipations.

Then ensued the usual rapid deterioration of men's minds when unhinged by panic, the sudden appearance of revolutionary outcasts from every part of the continent as leaders of the populace, the blind confidence, the unreasoning jealousies, the cruel suspicions, the revenge on traitors or supposed traitors, the closure of the churches, and suppression of religious ceremonies; last, the seizure of the hostages, and their committal to the prison of Mazas. Acts like these, to say nothing of such childish freaks as the destruction of the column of the Place Vendôme and the razing of M. Thiers' house, had completely turned the current of my father's politics.

The time had been when he would have regarded, if not with approval, yet with indifference, any legal decrees which the Republic chose to carry out against the clergy. Had they not identified themselves too much with the

reaction of the Second Empire, a *régime* of tawdry shows and gross corruption? But of late his religious feelings, as well as his political, had been undergoing a change.

Hating oppression and illegality as a part of tyranny, he found the very same intolerance in a more brutal form exercised by irresponsible persons, many of them foreigners, on his fellow-citizens. My mother's strong instincts of piety also told upon him. He had not resisted her desire to bring up her children in the practice of religion. Marie and myself had attended the "Little" and the "Great Catechism" at the church of our parish, and the Curé had been allowed to make friends with the little cripple, and to bring him pictures of the Good Shepherd and the Holy Mother.

Such visits, however, were tolerated rather than approved of. But when poor little Achille was taken from us, and we followed his body to church before its removal to the cemetery, my father, who with difficulty had been persuaded to accompany the sad procession, was, I think, even more moved than my mother on finding the sacred building closed by order of the Commune, and a placard posted up on the barricaded door, stigmatising all clergy as bandits, and decreeing their imprisonment for their crimes against the Republic. The usual prayers had been bespoke for the innocent soul of the child, but we were prohibited from offering them. "At least, they cannot hinder us at the grave," sobbed my mother, while my father's face assumed an expression I had never seen on it before, as, muttering something under his breath, he set off with us to Montmartre.

I have said enough to explain my father's sentiments. Let me return to my narrative.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. None of us had left the house since my return. A silence seemed to have fallen upon us, ominous of coming evil. At length, my father rose from his seat in the corner of the room, and took down his workman's cap from a shelf above him.

"Clément! tell me, Clément! thou art not going out?" exclaimed my mother. "Suppose —"

"Suppose what?" he answered—I thought, somewhat brutally. But I perceived that he was greatly moved.

"I know not what," said my mother; "but I have a presentiment of evil—I know not why."

"Bah! women have women's fears. There is no more danger, to my mind, than such as surrounds us every day."

"Clément, my son!" exclaimed his mother, as she rocked her body slowly backwards and forwards. "Listen to thy wife. Be persuaded."

But my father's determination always grew with opposition.

"Come, come! a truce to this folly!" he cried out. "*Sacr-é-é!* Would you make a poltroon of me! Alphonse and I are going for a walk, that's all! I want to see what new treat M. Assy and his friends are providing for us, and whether Courbet has found some fresh monument of despotism to destroy since he felled the Vendôme column."

I sprang up, and embraced my mother. "Say no more," I whispered to her. "You know my father's way. I will go with him. Do not fear danger. He is more guarded than you think, when among strangers."

My mother pressed me to her heart. Marie's hand and mine met—I scarce knew how—as I left the room.

The sun shone brightly as we walked down the street. My father strode on rapidly. From time to time we heard the cannon in the distance, and it seemed to me as if the sound were advancing. But it was hard to believe that Paris, the beautiful Paris we saw before us, could be the scene of such horrors as we knew, still less of such as we knew not then, but which were surely approaching. The city lay basking in the bright May sun. Under the delicate green leaves of the Champs Elysées the birds were twittering and singing. Laburnums and lilacs and wisterias decked the parterres, or made the houses gay with their delicate flowers. Nature seemed to know nothing of Man's sorrows—Man to have learnt nothing from Nature's sweetness. We crossed the Place de la Concorde, and walked up by the Tuileries. An enterprising omnibus driver was actually plying on the Rue de Rivoli, and we

took our seats as far as the Place de la Bastille. There were few passengers, and those scarcely spoke a word. My father looked up at the column surmounted by its Victory, and a stern smile crossed his face. Here and there groups of *ouvriers* were collected, intermixed with women. A company of Federalists, with blankets strapped on their backs, and loaves stuck on their bayonets, and pipes in their mouths, came tramping past, and an orderly clattered by on a cab-horse. "*La fin est proche,*" muttered my father.

We were nearer to it than he knew.

We had made our way some distance up the Rue de Charonne, where an old friend of my father's kept a tobacconist's shop, and were wondering why the street was so deserted, when we heard the beat of a drum close at hand, and the tramp of soldiers, together with the confused noise of a crowd approaching from a side street.

"Stand by!" said my father, pushing me into the doorway of a little wine-shop. "Let us see what this is."

The crowd begins to stream round the corner. First a party of lads keeping step to the drum, but turning round from time to time to watch the procession behind, then two or three drummers and a sapper in his leather apron, then Federalist soldiers of the line flanking a score or two of prisoners. A rear-guard followed, mixed up with a crowd of men and women, the latter in rags, with red kerchiefs on their heads or red nightcaps, most of them armed with sticks, and a few bearing muskets.

What could it be? A few men had come out of the wine-shop, and one answered with a grin, "Oh, it's only the hostages; they're taking them from Mazas to La Roquette." And another added significantly, "There's a safer place even than that, eh? What say'st thou, Gustave?"

The hostages! I looked again. Most of them were priests. Their cassocks ragged and dusty, their chins dark and unshaven, some of them without hats or wearing the common *casquette* of a workman, they moved along amidst derisive cries and menaces, especially from the women.

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Just as they came opposite to us I exclaimed, "Father, father! there is M. Durand!"

It was indeed our venerable *curé*, my mother's friend and confessor, my own catechiser, little Achille's benefactor. I ran towards him, calling him by name. The good man turned, and I asked his blessing. No sooner had I done so than one of the viragos who were marching with the troops struck me over the head with her bludgeon, and felled me to the ground. Dizzy with the blow, I struggled to my feet and saw my father striking with his fists right and left among half-a-dozen of the bystanders. But he was soon overpowered. The escort had halted, and the officer in command ordered his hands to be tied behind him, and that he should be conducted with the rest to La Roquette. Shouts of applause greeted the words. "*Recidivist! Refractaire! Kill him!*" yelled the bystanders. "O spare him, spare him!" I cried, turning to the commanding officer. "It was for my sake —" I

could say no more. M. Durand thrust himself forward. "*Grâce, grâce!*" he cried. "*Maigre* for your *grâce!*" shouted a woman, and struck him on the face. I rushed at the fury, but found myself in a moment seized and a prisoner by my father.

"How now?" exclaimed a young man in a colonel's uniform, and wearing a large red sash round his waist. "An attempt at rescue of these bandits, eh?"

A space was cleared around us at his voice, and I looked up at the speaker.

He was a young man, barely thirty years of age, with long black beard and moustache and heavy eyebrows—evidently a person in authority.

The officer in command of the escort briefly explained.

"Eh bien! eh bien!" he exclaimed, fixing a *pince-nez* on his nose; and, turning to me with a derisive smile, he tapped me on the cheek, and added, "Papa shall be shot to-morrow, and thou shalt come and see it."



"'HOW NOW?' EXCLAIMED A YOUNG MAN IN A COLONEL'S UNIFORM"

My blood ran cold with horror.

One of the prisoners pressed towards us. I recognised him at once. The pale, dark face, the noble brow, the white hair, the calm, unflinching gaze, such as I had seen him sometimes in the pulpit at Notre Dame, were sufficient, even without the pectoral cross, which had still been left him, to point out Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris.

"In the name of Him who died for us," he commenced, "listen to me, my children!"

"Silence, citizen Darboy!" interrupted the young colonel. "You are speaking to men, not children. Bid the drums beat! March on!" he added, turning to the captain.

The sad march re-commenced. My father walked beside me, his hands secured with a rope. It had not been thought necessary to fasten mine.

"Father," I said, in an undertone, "tell me, who is that man in the red sash?"

"Raoul Rigault," was the answer.

CHAPTER II.

Raoul Rigault! I had heard enough of him to know that he was a man steeled against every sentiment of pity. With all the instincts of the informer, and with an insane hatred of religion and all who professed it, he had taken the chief part in the arrest of the clergy and their selection as "hostages." It was of no use to appeal to the chief commissary of police of the Commune.

We had reached the angle of the Rue Montreuil, where a narrow lane intersects it. Some paving-stones were heaped up at this point, the commencement of an unfinished barricade, and two or three dismounted fourgons were thrown on the top. As we approached the spot, the gendarme by my side, who I had fancied had looked on me with pity, touched my elbow, and at the same time stole a glance at my father, who seemed to appreciate his motive. The man then thrust himself somewhat between us, turning his back towards me. In a moment I understood. As the escort and the prisoners climbed over the half-completed barricade, the idle crowd falling back from

want of space, I took a step aside, and crouched down under the overturned carriage by my side. The movement passed unperceived. Each of the party was occupied at the moment in picking his way over the obstacles before him, and in a few minutes the shouting and jeering rabble had either followed the sad procession or dispersed. Thank God, I was free!

My heart thumped violently, and I felt a strange choking sensation as I looked down the street. A woman's head leaned out of the window of a house before me, but it was turned in the other direction after the sound of the drum. Choosing a narrow by-street which seemed to lead towards the river, I walked rapidly, and soon found myself on the quay. How I got home that evening I scarcely know. Enough to say, I was thoroughly dead beat with fatigue and anxiety of mind when I dragged myself up the staircase in the Rue Gaspard.

It was a terrible tale I had to tell, but my mother bore it bravely. Poor old granny wept a little from time to time, as she sat in the corner, but my mother seemed so rejoiced at having recovered one of her dear ones, that she entertained, or professed to entertain, good hopes of the other. In this Marie encouraged her.

"Surely, Maman," she urged (she always called her "Maman"), "surely they would not think of injuring a good Republican like my uncle. He is well known to many of the leaders. They will remember how bravely he fought against the Prussians, what influence he had with his fellow-workmen, how he led them in the great attack on Le Bourget. Will they not Maman?"

And putting her arms round my mother's neck, she kissed her on both cheeks and tapped her on the face till she smiled.

Ah! it was a sad evening. Up to bedtime Marie cheered us all. "They will let him go when they reach La Roquette. There is no process of accusation drawn up against him. He did not really try to rescue the prisoners. He is not of consequence enough to be kept, like the poor archbishop, as a hostage. He will be here soon."



FRANK WRIGHT.

"I WAS FREE"

At length we went to our beds. For my part, I was worn out with all I had undergone, and slept soundly till morning.

But when we met at breakfast and I saw my mother's red and swollen eyelids, sure sign of a night of watching, when I noticed a tear course hastily down Marie's cheek, though she turned to look out of the window that it might not be observed, I resolved to try and hear some tidings of the intentions of the Communist leaders and learn what progress was being made by our besiegers. Marie encouraged me in this resolve, and my mother made no obstacle, only urging me to exercise the greatest care.

"Oh," I exclaimed gaily, "no one will touch a boy of my age, if I interfere with nobody! Trust me!" and I sallied forth.

At the corner of the street a placard

caught my eyes. It was a warning to "good citizens" to be on their guard against "refractories" and "traitors." "Death to all such!" it ended, and was issued in the name of the Commune.

The silence and desolation in the streets surprised me. A roll of musketry sounded near the Palais de l'Industrie. I heard the hiss of a shell overhead from the direction of Montmartre. It seemed to fall somewhere in the Elysées. Then I saw a few groups of people cowering in the angles of the side streets, while several corpses lay here and there under the trees. The measured tramp of a regiment approached. At its head rode the colonel, sword in hand. The more even line of the men, the better style of the uniforms, the direction of their march, astonished me. Good Heavens! it is the besiegers. The Versailles have entered the city!

Still the roar of heavy guns continued and the sharp rattle of the Chassepôts near the quays, showing that Paris was not yet taken.

"At least, they are marching towards La Roquette. I will follow them." There are barricades in the Place de la Concorde which is still fiercely defended. And what do I see beyond? A thick cloud of smoke rises from the Tuileries. The Communists have fired the city. They will die on the awful pyre they have themselves kindled.

I doubted whether I ought to retrace my steps and take the news home. But I would go further and see more of the struggle. I followed a company of soldiers down a side street. At the head was a poor pretence of a barricade which did not detain them a moment. The men marched steadily on, their eyes and rifles turned incessantly towards the windows. A slight curl of smoke came from a casement covered with outside venetian shutters, followed by a sharp report. A lieutenant put his hand to his side and fell. Half-a-dozen men were instantly detached, broke open the door with the butt ends of their muskets, and disappeared into the house. The rest halted. Presently they reappeared, dragging an elderly man, bareheaded, with them. The shutter above was thrust open and a woman's head showed itself. "A curse on you!" she yelled, "pigs of Versailles! Antoine, thou shalt be avenged."

In a moment, a couple of men dashed into the house and brought the woman down. The two were set, side by side, against a blank wall. I turned away; but the rattle of the rifles rang out. The shooting party rejoined their ranks and the column advanced.

Little resistance seemed to be organised in this quarter. Probably the advance of the Versailles troops had taken them by surprise. Indeed, as we were approaching a café near the Boulevard, I saw a man in military uniform dash in, as if alarmed. He was instantly pursued and brought out with insult and derision, for was he not a Communist colonel? I recognised him at once with a fierce thrill of satisfaction. Who could forget that dark face with its sneering, cynical expression. It was the

Prefect of Police, the cruel persecutor and informer, Raoul Rigault.

"Make him a prisoner. Hold him fast," shouted the captain, hurrying up.

But Rigault at least was not wanting in courage. Striking the man nearest him with his clenched fist, he raised his *képi* from his head and shouted, "*Vive la Commune! à bas les Versaillais!*" It was all over in a moment. They thrust him against the closed door of a garden wall. Half-a-dozen shots rang out, and all was over.

I had had enough of horrors for the present. It was time to retrace my steps. Already there had been much anxiety on my behalf, for neighbours had come in and brought news of the fighting in the streets. The Commune was about to destroy the city, it was said. Not only had the Tuileries been fired, but regular gangs of men and women had been organised by Rigault and Ferré, whose office was to pour petroleum into the buildings and fire them. My account of the death of the former was received with much satisfaction, even the gentle Marie muttering, "Thank God!" Every now and then some friend or neighbour came in with fresh news. "The troops had taken Montmartre." "The Communists are strongly entrenched on the Boulevards." "There has been frightful slaughter at the Madeleine," and so on.

It was hard to tell what to believe or what to expect. The day passed at length, and night came on; and what a night! From the roof of our house, to which we had access by a little ladder and trapdoor, we saw the sky over Paris reddened with the blaze of burning buildings. Explosions rent the air now and again. Then darker masses of smoke hid the flames for a time, till they were themselves lighted up by a renewal of the fire.

So the night passed, and day dawned again upon the awful internecine struggle. Rumours of various kinds reached our ears, as usual, and once a terrific explosion, which proved to be that of the powder magazine at the Luxembourg, seemed for a while to absorb all other sounds. Our thoughts still dwelt upon my father and the poor hostages at La Roquette. I wearied my

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brain with devising schemes of how I might do anything on his behalf. "Would the Versailles troops let me pass their cordon? Could I possibly reach La Roquette, or do anything if I got there?" The mind fell back in despair. It seemed hopeless—as hopeless as the frantic efforts of a newly-caged bird to get beyond the bars of its prison.

About twelve o'clock my mother called me into her little bedroom.

"Marie and I," she said, "are about to pray for your dear father. It may please the good God to hear us and give him back to us. And if those wicked men should take the lives of the hostages"—here her voice failed while I could have counted twenty—"let us at least have prayed for courage to meet their end, and for peace to their souls."

All three knelt down and prayed in silence.

I confess I had not much hope that their lives would be spared. The Communists, we were assured, were still holding their own with tenacity in the narrowing circle of the old city, and, unless the prison should be taken by the troops with a sudden rush, it was only too likely that they would be murdered out of revenge. The remembrance of Rigault's death was, in one sense, a consolation. At least, that bloodthirsty villain was out of the way. But I knew there were others, perhaps, quite as remorseless, and possibly Rigault's execution might be made the excuse for such atrocities as I felt sure they were capable of. The September massacres in the time of the great Revolution cast a lurid light on the possibilities of the present desperate struggle.

In the course of the afternoon, wearied with anxiety, and unable to bear the distressful sight of my mother's face, I begged her to allow me to go out and see if I could learn any further news of the fighting, and especially of the fate of the hostages. Marie also entreated that she might accompany me, and, on condition that we would scrupulously avoid any unnecessary risk, my mother assented. We took our way by the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. There were few persons in the streets. Near the Madeleine we stood aghast. The church itself bore few marks of injury,

but terrible signs of bloodshed strewed the place. Several corpses lay where they had fallen; some on a barricade, others in the roadway. Others again had apparently dragged themselves under the portico of the great church, and had there breathed their last. Damaged accoutrements and torn fragments of uniforms were scattered here and there, and horrible dark stains on the pavement bore witness to the death struggle. I seized Marie's arm, and turned her away. "Let us go back," I whispered. "It is too awful."

We turned to retrace our steps. Just then, a workman apparently, bareheaded, but wearing a blouse, came out into the street before us, walking in the same direction. He seemed weary and exhausted, and looked anxiously at the houses on each side as he moved along.

"Marie," I cried, "Marie! Does not he remind you a little—?"

"Oh, Alphonse! it must be he! it is your father!"

We ran hastily towards him.

At the sound of footsteps he turned, and cast a troubled glance behind.

It was indeed he. Oh what joy was ours!

When our first embraces were over, and he had kissed Marie again and again, we pressed him with a thousand questions. But he seemed quite dazed, like a man suddenly awakened from a bad dream.

"Do not ask now," he gasped. "Let us go home!"

"But tell me one thing, father," I entreated. "Just one thing. Monsieur Durand, the Archbishop? What—?"

He turned on me a gaze of horror, like a man who remembers some hideous spectacle.

"Ask me not," he said. "They are in Paradise."

The look, the words struck me. It was not his wont to use such expressions as these. Marie and I stole a glance at one another.

"Oh, father!" I said. "Oh, my God!" and I added, "*Requiescant!*"

"*Requiescant!*" he murmured, with parched and quivering lips.

We said no more.

Who can describe the joy of that re-

turn to the little flat in the Rue Gaspard? Who, the excitement with which I tried to prepare my mother and poor old granny for the joyful realisation of their prayers and hopes? Who, his entrance on Marie's arm into our tiny room? Surely we felt as if in all the world there never had been joy like ours.

By degrees we learnt the whole of

followed instinctively the sad procession. The prisoners were led down the staircase into the courtyard amidst the coarse jests and execrations of the soldiers. A file of men was drawn up in front of the infirmary. Then their names were called. Each answered in turn. The Archbishop advanced and spoke to the soldiers, two of whom fell



FRANK CORBITT.

"IT MUST BE HE! IT IS YOUR FATHER!"

his story. How he had been confined in a cell near that of the Archbishop, and on the following day, when the insurgents had been driven back upon La Roquette, he had heard cries raised of "Death to the hostages! Death to the Versailles banditti!" Each cell was then opened in turn. "Is Citizen Darboy here?" a man enquired. The passage was filled by a crowd of Federalists with rifles on their shoulders. The doors in his corridor were all left open, but only the priests were dragged out. He seemed to be forgotten, and

on their knees and demanded his forgiveness. Then the rifles rang out, again, and again, and again, and all was over. Only six or eight were shot on this occasion. What had happened since he did not know.

"But how had he himself escaped?"

Well, he was standing, half stupefied, by the infirmary door, waiting his turn, when the door was opened behind him, and a woman made a sign to him to enter. In the room he recognised the same man who had taken pity on me, and had helped my escape.

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"Listen to me!" he whispered to my father, "The Versailles are coming nearer. Do you not hear the fight? it is raging in Père la Chaise. Put on this cap of a hospital attendant, and walk straight to the gate. You will most likely get out. Do not fear!"

He did as he was told, and found himself free.

Then came a further difficulty. How was he to pass the cordon of the besieging troops? How get through the circle of fire which ringed round the insurgents in its deadly embrace? He had worked first at a barricade which was being hastily raised in a side street, and presently contrived to get beyond the insurgents' line. Flinging his cap into a corner, lest it should betray him, he advanced bareheaded till he met a company of soldiers. These seized and questioned him, but did not seem to think it worth while to detain him. Thus at length, tired and exhausted, he had reached the Madeleine.

The reader may anticipate the rest of my story. How many more of the so-called hostages were cruelly massacred; how remorselessly the invading troops, as they fought their way through the streets, shot all whom they found with

arms in their hands, including many, both men and women, of the organised gangs of incendiaries; how at length La Roquette was taken and the rest of the prisoners were saved from a cruel death; how, finally, the last insurgents surrendered at discretion amidst the smoking ruins of once beautiful Paris is matter of history.

For ourselves, too, there is not much more to say.

When a few years had passed, and I was earning enough wages to justify the step, there was a very pretty wedding solemnised by M. le Curé at our parish church, in which I bore a not insignificant part. Who was the principal person I need hardly say, or how beautiful my sweet Marie looked as she knelt at the altar for the nuptial blessing. It was a happy day indeed. My father, who had become one of us in his religious observances ever since that awful object lesson in the Rue de la Roquette, was with us in the church; and, afterwards, in the *cabaret* in the Bois, raised his glass of champagne to drink the health of as happy a bride and bridegroom as have ever set themselves to walk the chequered path of life, hand clasped in hand.





LEAVING LONDON BRIDGE.

Impressions of Ostend

WRITTEN BY A HENRIQUES VALENTINE. ILLUSTRATED BY
PHOTOGRAPHS

ONE of the most remarkable features in connection with an average Englishman's holiday—and his holiday is a regular institution with him—is the advance made in recent years in the facilities that have been placed in his way of enlarging the scope of his insular views by a visit to the Continent. A little more than a quarter of a century ago "doing the Continent" meant a luxury that only the wealthy and upper middle classes could enjoy, but modern enterprise, competition, and travelling improvements have been the means of bringing a visit abroad well within the

grasp of the ordinary middle classes. "Doing the Continent" is no more the sole privilege of the rich, for the City clerk, with his hundred a year, the small shopkeeper, or even his assistant, relate their experiences at some near watering place on the French and Belgian littoral, with as much gusto as they used to speak of their excursion to Margate or Yarmouth sands.

Cheap touring trips have been the main factor in bringing the Continent within touch of the masses. What Cook did on an elaborate scale for his prosperous patrons has been followed in a more modest way by other companies, and "follow the man from Cook's" has

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been the by-word that has set the tripper's machinery in motion. But if one were to particularise one factor more influential than another in this respect, without making any invidious distinction, he would assuredly have to individualise the "Marguerite" steamer as the mighty atom which has wrought the change. The cheap trips to Boulogne and Ostend, inaugurated by the Palace Steamship Company, have been a blessing to thousands who had never before left the shores of this tight little isle. Some three or four decades since a voyage to France or Belgium to *hoi polloi* would have been regarded as an unheard of luxury, involving an unpardonable outlay of hard-earned savings, but now they can go to either country by one of the finest Channel steamers afloat, and back to Old England for the modest sum of some thirteen shillings.

It is really wonderful how popular the "Marguerite" is with the masses. Although she is not in marine vernacular a lucky boat, the tripper will cling to her with dogged pluck. Served by her remarkable speed, her size, and her perfection of machinery, the tripper accepts every opportunity of facing the horrors of the deep and seasickness by crossing in his favourite. And what an object lesson it is to be on board of her when she is bound, full of passengers, for gay Ostend! Mind you, they are not all trippers. Every class is well represented. You see the staid and steady Britisher, with his highly respectable daughters, who does the Continent every year; you see the familiar English sharp who "does" the continental in as regular and complete a manner; you see the sporting tourist who intends indulging his speculative instinct during his holiday by having a flutter at the tables; you see your butcher and your butterman, who are tired of the seductive charms of Southend and aspire to something higher; and last and not least, you see the one-day tripper, who will go to Ostend and back in a day, and risk twelve hours of sea-sickness (and he usually gets it, as he is generally a bad sailor) in order to boast that he has been abroad.

What a sight the spacious deck of the

"Marguerite" presents on these occasions! The saloon deck is uninteresting in comparison, but if you want to see all sorts and conditions of men, you must go aft. Sometimes the tripper is more rowdy than at other times, and on the occasion I crossed, I was particularly unlucky, as the boat carried a strong contingent of 'Arries and 'Arriets bound for merry Margate from the neighbourhood of the docks, who were, according to their distinctive phraseology, "out for a beano." The principal and most popular feature of the "beano" function is a continuous quaffing of beer from a two-gallon stone jar, which is emptied and replenished with a perseverance which speaks volumes for the rowdy tripper's stamina. Carrying the jar when it is empty, even on shore, is considered no degradation, but the reverse, and 'Arry proudly shoulders his burden with as much pride and sense of dignity as the soldier would his flag. There is a survival of a very old and honoured custom in the emptying of this jar. Substitute beer for the wine of our forefathers and a two-gallon stone jar for the quaint flagon, and you will see that in these unromantic days the Ceremony of the Loving Cup has not died out—at least, the plebeian interpretation thereof.

These persistent attempts to keep alive the ancestral custom are accompanied by snatches of songs, which are selected, I suppose, because of their utter inappropriateness. The ingenuity of mind exercised in this respect is perfectly diabolical. The most popular air chanted on these occasions is that which ends with the cheering refrain:

Down I go in the angry foam,
With he ship I love.

The effect of such songs upon nervous passengers is easily imagined, and the only rest from the persecution arises when the boat begins to rock and all 'Arry's enthusiasm is lost in a speedy and unheroic attempt to gain the ship's side, when the qualms of the sea tell their inevitable tale.

Such interludes as these are particularly unpleasant to the respectable passengers, but they can hardly be avoided. They are more frequent at week-ends than in the middle of the week; and, what is more fortunate still,

'Arry's destination is more often Margate than Boulogne or Ostend, for when the boat stops at the well-known jetty, the majority of the rowdy division make a rapid landing, especially if the water is a bit rough.

Ostend might be termed a town of mushroom growth. Probably no city in Europe has undergone such a rapid transition in the last few years as the gay Belgian watering resort. English enterprise has had most to do with the development of Ostend, and everywhere you go you see convincing illustrations of this fact. When you arrive at the

which centres itself round the Kursaal, the Digue (the "front"), and the Plage or the sands. This is more especially the case in the streets which abound near the quay, which are particularly patronised by the trippers. In the less fashionable quarters you see shops having a distinctively English exterior. The intelligent foreigner panders to British taste when he caters for "Afternoon Teas" or "Beefsteak, 1s." (*sic*). Even the coinage has an unmistakable ring of Albion, and the shilling in marking the price of articles usurps the place of the "franc 25."



BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.—THE "MARGUERITE" AT THE QUAY-SIDE

quay, amidst a babel of voices and different tongues, broken English is very discernible. The street-arab speaks English, and he will offer to carry your bag, or the cab-driver will ask you where you are staying in very excellent Anglo-Saxon. Arrived at your hotel, you hear English on every side, from the *concierge* to the Flemish *domestique*, who is not as a rule blessed with a superabundance of good looks. The waiters are veritable linguists, and so perfectly do some of them speak our vernacular that it is difficult to believe that you are speaking to a "foreigner."

The town itself is just as English as the more fashionable neighbourhood

Ostend even boasts its A.B.C. Tea Rooms, which, although under English management, have nothing whatever to do with the Aerated Bread Company.

In the Rue Iseghen, a beautiful boulevard containing some most imposing-looking shops, there is an establishment got up on an entirely English and Scotch model, a kind of combination of Redfern and Scott Adie, which rejoices in the name, decorated in large gilt letters above the window, of "Old England," while, almost facing, there is a souvenir of Charles Dickens in the "Old Curiosity Shop," which is naturally stored with bric-à-brac. Even the "Marguerite" is not forgotten, as one of the artistic

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villas, near the quay side, is a convincing illustration of appropriate nomenclature, inasmuch as it bears the name of the "Villa Marguerite."

The villas are to our insular tastes one of the prettiest features in Ostend. Nearly the entire length of the Digue, and in many of the neighbouring side streets, beautifully constructed villas meet the eye, instead of the ugly boarding-houses and "Apartments" which abound in our seaside resorts. It is difficult to say which is the prettier—the interior or the exterior. Many of them are owned by private families who pass their holiday at Ostend and close them for the rest of the year, while

which is heard to the best advantage from the terrace, where you can sit and sip coffee, or something stronger, in sound of the entrancing music and in sight of the restless sea. After the concert there is generally a ball, and then "the tables," whose allurements very few have the courage to resist. To play at the tables, you must be a member of the Kursaal or the "Cercle des Etrangers," but this is only a formal affair. Twenty francs constitutes membership, and you are therefore paying a premium to go in and lose your money. Others of a less speculative turn of mind avoid the gambling clubs and listen to the admirable concerts of the cafés with which



STREET SCENE AT OSTEND

others are rented in the ordinary way. A villa on the front is frightfully expensive, as much as £50 a week being paid at times in the season, but they are not generally patronised by the wealthy English people, who prefer the gaiety and luxurious magnificence of the Hôtels Continental and Splendid to the quiet charm of the villa. In the evening you can see clean through the drawing-rooms of the villa, which open right on to the street, and a pretty picture is presented of the room in its dark mahogany wainscoting, colour being given to it by the lamps which are covered with shades of the most delicate red or yellow silk. The dinner over, the better classes flock to the Kursaal, there to listen to the strains of the magnificent orchestra,

Ostend abounds. These entertainments are free, but are more generally patronised by foreigners (i.e., not English) who sip back to their hearts' content till long past midnight.

One cannot write an account of the gaiety of *le bon Ostend* without a reference to the bathing, which is one of the great delights of the place. Of course, it is mixed in both senses of the word, and almost every nationality is represented at the machines, which are counted by the hundred, before luncheon. Miss Connie Ediss must have had this *ville-sur-mer* in her eye when she sang that to wear a bathing dress of a half-a-yard or less is scarcely thought sufficient for a lady, as many of the daughters of *la belle France* disport themselves in

pretty costumes which would bring a blush to the cheek of dear old Mrs. Grundy. If the dress of the ladies, or rather the lack of it, is striking to an Englishman's notions, that of the French gentlemen is more so, as the most fastidious go down to the machines decked out in their most finished sartorial appurtenances, like the plates in a fashion book, in which yellow kid gloves form a prominent feature. Fancy going down to bathe with lemon-coloured kid gloves! These Frenchmen think they make a great impression, dressed in a manner they call smart. They certainly do, for you turn away from the unmanly-looking set with a feeling akin to contempt.

There are other sights at Ostend which strike the average Englishman as curious and unnecessary, such as the drawing of tradesmen's carts by dogs, which is cruel and unsportsmanlike. It would seem that the average Bel-

gians do not understand a dog's nobler instincts. The way in which the horses are whipped by the cab-drivers, and by the men who let them out for hire on the Plage, is sickening. Sometimes the poor brutes are taken out by "sportsmen" for a ride across country, and they are brought back with the blood streaming down their flanks—a persuasive illustration that the Belgian knows the value of a spur. No argument will convince a Belgian that he is acting cruelly, and the remonstrance will only afford him another proof of the idiosyncrasies of the "mad Englishman."

But, taking away these imperfections, Ostend is an ideal place for a holiday; and, judging from the numerous signs of its development, it is likely in course of time to usurp the position that Monte Carlo has held in the minds of Englishmen and women for so many uninterrupted years.



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The Australian Cricketers and their Performances in England

WRITTEN BY E. ANTHONY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS OF SOME MEMBERS OF THE TEAM.



HE Australians have every reason to be satisfied with themselves and the result of their last visit to England. To take part in thirty-three matches, and to win sixteen as against only three defeats, constitutes a wonderful record, and the character of the victories makes that record all the more remarkable, if it be possible. That the visitors should have won the rubber in the test matches, besides signally defeating the M.C.C., on the two occasions England's premier club was met, needs must have achieved the summit of their ambition. In the light of such deeds of prowess, they can well afford to bequeath us the defeats they sustained at the hands of Essex, Surrey and Kent. On our part, we must be thankful for small mercies, not omitting to congratulate the victorious counties on their hard-earned successes.

Worse than useless is the attempt to draw comparisons between the present Australian team and Murdoch's famous side of 1882—the conditions under which cricket is now played have so changed since those early days. Some bold authorities on the game may be drawn into attempting the impossible, though we as Englishmen should rest satisfied with the dearly-bought knowledge that Darling and his men have for the time being more than established themselves our equals. It will, I think, be generally acknowledged that the Cornstalks owe their high estate rather

to their collective ability than to the phenomenal merits of any individual member of the side. Our visitors never know when they are beaten, a happy conceit which has caused their opponents considerable disappointment on quite a number of occasions. Imagine a team facing a total of 436 in a three days' match, opening their innings in disastrous fashion, yet pulling through by ten wickets. This is the treatment the Australians meted out to Cambridge University. There is no denying the indictment that the colonials have more than once played painfully slow cricket—give me our batting before theirs, any day—but on this memorable afternoon, when it dawned upon them that a victory was just within the bounds of possibility, Jones and Howell hit in such determined fashion that they added over a hundred in less than three-quarters of an hour. The fact of the matter is they draw their eleven from batsmen who can take wickets, and bowlers who can make runs, an amicable arrangement highly conducive to a successful tour.

Looking on the other side of the picture, our leading bowlers are rarely encouraged to pay adequate attention to their batting. Consequently when such men as Young, Bradley, Rhodes and Jack Hearne make runs in an important match, everybody is pleasantly surprised. Again, our fielding does not bear comparison with the smart work of the enemy. Too many comparatively easy catches are missed, whilst less energy, less keenness, seem to be infused into the movements of our men. Exceptions

there are, such as M'Laren, little Quaife, and one or two others; but the painful fact remains that we are beaten—aye, beaten badly—in a department of the game for which there can absolutely be no excuse advanced. As W. S. Gilbert would say, "Here's a state of things, here's a pretty mess!" Seriously it behoves us to remedy matters by the time the Colonials pay us their next visit.

So much has been written in regard to the test matches that really little

mounted by curtailing the number of test matches and setting aside a week to each engagement.

Darling has captained the team with rare judgment and resource, ever rising above the difficulties of the situation, though anxious moments must often have engaged his attention both on the cricket-field and off it. How trying the enforced absence of Hill, Iredale and Worrall from many of the matches. The first-named underwent an operation



M. A. NOBLE

From Photo by PICKERING, Leicester

remains to be added on the subject. Grievous disappointment was naturally caused by the repeated draws which attended the results of these important encounters. *Experientia docet*, so they impress on you at school; and doubtless provision will be made in the future to prevent a repetition of so vexatious a chapter in the annals of cricket. In all probability the difficulty will be sur-

mounted by curtailing the number of test matches and setting aside a week to each engagement. Darling has captained the team with rare judgment and resource, ever rising above the difficulties of the situation, though anxious moments must often have engaged his attention both on the cricket-field and off it. How trying the enforced absence of Hill, Iredale and Worrall from many of the matches. The first-named underwent an operation

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kind dealt out to the Englishmen over in Australia. Such scenes, whether they originate in the old country or Australia, are equally regrettable and annoying. They only emphasise the crass ignorance of a certain section of the onlookers, and should be treated with silent contempt by the players themselves. Darling has set the praiseworthy example of holding a discreet silence in the face of petty provocation, and it is to be hoped that in the future any similar disturbances will not be made the medium of idle excuses and public discussion. The question is one to be thrashed out in committee, not bruited about from the house-tops.

Dealing at some length with the salient features of the tour, the Australians opened their campaign with a match against the South of England at the Crystal Palace, where they enjoyed all the best of a drawn game. Gregory is apparently very quick out of the slips, as against the Southerners he subscribed 124, a fine performance, vividly recalling to mind the fact that the little man was also the first member of the previous Australian team to gain three figures. To complete the coincidence, both innings were played at Sydenham. Another New South Wales batsman also found the combination, Southerners and Sydenham, very much to his liking. I refer to Noble, whose faultless 116 not out, the fore-runner of many a great effort, created a most favourable impression. Indeed, if we except Massie's slashing *début* against the Dark Blues in 1882, no Colonial has ever made a more successful first appearance in this country. Thus early in the tour Jones took the opportunity of demonstrating to the complete satisfaction of our cracks that he had not lost any of his pace, as some of the Australian critics had averred; whilst Noble made the ball to swerve most bewilderingly in its evolutions through the air, and Trumble bowled with all his old-

time precision. Following on the heels of so brilliant a send-off, it fairly staggered one to find the visitors defeated by Essex in the first county fixture of their season. That the wicket was treacherous and the light not of the best cannot be gainsaid. For all that, their downfall must be attributed rather to the destructive bowling of Young, a local trundler of great promise. He made the ball come in in unexpected fashion, and at a pace which completely baffled the batsmen, who, for once in a way, miserably failed to adapt their methods to the surroundings. Young's eleven wickets cost only 74 runs, and the second innings of the Cornstalks produced 73, the low-water-mark for the tour.

Nowise disheartened by their reverse at Leyton, the Australians adopted more resolute tactics against Surrey, although at the Oval the play on both sides was overshadowed by the extraordinary



W. P. HOWELL

From Photo by PICKERING, Leicester



J. WORRELL

From Photo by PICKERING, Leicester

bowling of Howell. His initial appearance in English cricket, he was given a trial with the Surrey total standing at 39 for no wicket, and so effectively did he bowl that the whole side were dismissed for 114, Howell having secured all ten wickets for 28 runs—a wonderful feat, and one that has only once been accomplished in a game between the two countries. The former record was established as far back as September, 1878, when, curious to relate, on the same enclosure, a Surrey player, in the person of Edward Barratt, for the Players of England, captured every wicket of the first Australian team to visit these shores. Another startling piece of bowling, this journey by Trumble, enabled the visitors to claim an easy victory over a strong England eleven. Just when a draw seemed imminent, the Victorian had another try, and met with such striking success that in the course of eight overs he had

sent back six of the side for eight runs, Shrewsbury, Alec. Hearne, Trott, and Lilley among the victims. Considerable importance was attached to the visit of the Colonials to Old Trafford, on May 25th, as on this occasion a slow wicket was their portion. That they came out of the trial with flying colours must be acknowledged, seeing that the Lancastrians were pulverised by an innings and 84 runs. Trumper seized the opportunity to play a beautiful innings of 82, and his inclusion in the team as reserve man must, in the light of subsequent events, be regarded as an inspired move on the part of the Selection Committee. For the County Tyldesley notched more than half the runs in either innings. To F. H. B. Champain, the Oxford captain, fell the distinction of notching the first century against the voyagers, the only three-figure contribution, by the way, scored against them during May. Yet the draw went all against the Dark Blues, Darling paying a welcome return to form, while Noble compiled 86 and 100

not out.

We now come to the opening game in the eventful rubber, the Nottingham test match. It is my belief that had not the Australians been guilty of a grave error of judgment—I refer to their slow cricket on the first day—the draw which ensued would have been converted into a Colonial victory. As it was, England owed her narrow escape from ignominious defeat to Ranjitsinhji, whose not-out 93 bore off the honours of the match. Hill and Noble were mainly responsible for the lead their side held from start to finish.

Decisive victories over the M.C.C. and Cambridge University followed, Hill continuing in rare form, contributing 132 against the Club and 100 against the 'Varsity. The next item, the second match with Yorkshire, was noteworthy for the remarkable success of an Englishman, J. T. Brown playing two superb innings of 84 and 167

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respectively, the Australian attack appearing very poor stuff. Victory, however, was denied the Northerners, who at the close of the game were glad enough to get off with a draw, consistent batting in the second venture of the visitors and a century from Worrall bringing about the result.

To proceed: hardly had the curtain been rung down on the first test match, than there arose a general outcry for younger blood, and apparently the

and it must not be forgotten that his 135 were made when the game was in a very critical state. He may not be an attractive batsman to watch, mainly relying for his runs on the leg side, but few men can boast a sounder defence, and to have averaged sixty runs an innings in the test matches proclaims him as one of the greatest batsmen of the age. Whilst realising this, we grant that an infinitely brighter and more graceful exhibition was afforded by



V. TRUMPER

From Photo by PICKERING, Leicester

Selection Committee were not altogether unmindful of the trend of popular opinion when they made their choice of the eleven to do battle for the old country at Lord's. We are all conversant with the *dénouement*, and heartily join in paying our tribute to Australia on her magnificent triumph. All honour to her. Hill has played many fine innings, notably in the more important fixtures,

Trumper, who carried out his bat for exactly the same number of runs as had been scored by his *confrère*. That he should have obtained his first century in this country in a test match furnishes a unique feat. Far away the most stylish batsman in Australia, judges of the game predict for the Benjamin of the team a brilliant future. Turning to the visitors' attack,

Jones's seven wickets for 88 in England's first innings went a long way towards gaining so substantial a victory. The fastest bowler in the world, all sorts and conditions of wickets seem to come alike to him, and considering his furious pace the wonderful length he keeps is positively astonishing.

In succession, Oxford University Past and Present, Leicestershire, and Derbyshire were unable to extend the visitors. The hunting shire, indeed, looked like presenting the Australians with a new record, as Noble and Jones captured seven of their wickets for 4 runs. However, the total eventually reached 28, Noble's share being seven wickets for 15 runs. Worrall in this match played another dashing three-figure innings, whilst against Derbyshire centuries were as plentiful as blackberries—Noble, Darling, and Trumble to the fore. McLeod's batting had cruelly disappointed his admirers, but he was, off and on, putting in some useful work with the ball, securing eight wickets for 58 against the Oxonians and six for 89 in Derbyshire's second venture.

The Leeds Test Match was in some respects the most sensational of the series, and it was a matter for supreme regret that the fight could not have been waged to the bitter end. On Darling winning the toss, Worrall very wisely adopted forcing tactics, but for a time could get no one to stay with him. Kelly, Gregory, and Noble actually failed to notch a run between them; thus it happened that three good wickets were down for 24. Hill stayed the rot, but at 95 Worrall, who had subscribed 76 of the number, was foolishly run out. It was a thousand pities, as Worrall was playing a great game and deserved better luck. Unlike the majority of hitters, the Victorian hits only when such a policy is justifiable, yet as an attacking batsman he stands out head and shoulders above his companions. Harking back to the play, the Australians

were all out for 172. England's turn now came, and a plucky and invaluable stand by Hayward and Lilley gave the home country a lead of 48 on the first innings. Worrall and Darling set about getting back their own with such confidence that they seemed likely to easily hit off the arrears before the fall of a wicket, when one of those surprises for which cricket is famous occurred. Worrall was caught in the country, and then Jack Hearne promptly disposed of Hill, Noble, and Gregory with successive balls, thus securing the "hat trick," amidst a scene of indescribable enthusiasm and excitement. England at this stage appeared to have the game well in hand, when we were forcibly reminded that there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, for Kelly, Trumper, Trumble, and Laver coming to the rescue, made so determined a resistance that gradually our advantage grew beautifully less, until finally the vanishing point was



F. LAVER

From Photo by PICKERING, Leicester

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reached. What the result would have been had not rain caused the match to be abandoned will ever remain a debatable problem.

Comparatively little interest or importance attaches to the next few games, if we except the handsome victory the Australians gained over an eleven selected from the Midland Counties. I shall therefore hurry on to the memorable test game at Old Trafford. Here it will be remembered that an absolutely faultless innings of 130 by Hayward, backed up by some plucky batting on the part of Lilley, Young, and Bradley, placed England on velvet. Nor is it ever likely to be forgotten how for the best part of two days the Australians not only fought an uphill battle but actually recovered their lost ground. To Noble, of course, belongs the chief credit of the performance. He defied the bowling of Young, Bradley, Hearne, and Co. for upwards of eight hours, his wonderful patience and perseverance being rewarded, in cricket currency, with scores of 80 not out and 89. The pluck and determination he evinced in the accomplishment of such an herculean task were in every respect worthy of the best traditions of the Australians. In fairness to Trumper, Darling, Worrall, and Iredale, I would add that the part they played in the piece was only second to Noble.

Heavy scoring was associated with the draw against W. G. Grace's XI., Iredale playing one of his best innings. At this stage in the tour's proceedings twenty-two matches had been played, and the Australians had only once suffered defeat. The experience was now about to be reversed, Surrey avenging the disaster they sustained earlier in the season. Some excuse was forthcoming for this the visitors' second reverse, for they were necessarily much handicapped by the absence of Hill and Jones, whilst Iredale was unable to bat a second time. Unlike Essex, Surrey owed their success to a grand batting performance, young Hayes contributing a brilliant 131. It seems incredible that on the occasion of such a defeat Trumble should have taken thirteen wickets for 172. The visit to Brighton created quite a sheaf of records. C. B. Fry's 181

was the tallest individual innings scored against the visitors this summer, while the Australians' reply to the Sussex total was in its turn the highest contribution of their tour, viz., 624 for four wickets. Trumper, the hero of the match, covered himself with glory by beating all previous Australian records, Murdoch's 286 not out, made in a similar fixture, having heretofore stood the test of time since 1882. In the course of his huge innings of 300 not out Trumper only gave one chance, and that in the last over he received.

After experiencing all the worst of the first day's play against the M.C.C., the Australians, who never seem so happy as when engaged in an uphill game, ultimately enjoyed the satisfaction of defeating the Club by nine wickets. Much of the credit of the victory belonged to Darling, whose 128 undoubtedly got his team out of a tightish hole. Throughout the whole campaign the Australians, at what is ordinarily regarded as the tail end of the animal, have shown a rapacious appetite when confronted with difficulties, and on the second day against Warwickshire, by resolute hitting, they turned an even game into a one-sided victory, Kelly's pluck meeting its reward in the guise of his first century—the dream of his life.

The tension of the test matches must be followed by a sort of reaction, and it is therefore not altogether surprising to find Kent pop in and snatch a narrow victory from the Cornstalks. The success, coming as it did on the eve of the final test match, was, to say the least of it, encouraging to our countrymen. As all the world knows, the Oval was the venue where England was afforded her last opportunity of getting on terms. Our representatives made no mistake this time, F. S. Jackson and Hayward establishing a first wicket record against the Australians in a big match, their partnership realising 185. The full total of 576, of course, left the opposition nothing to play for except a draw, and right royally did they effect their purpose. Following on, they succeeded in gaining a lead of 30 runs, having still five wickets to go down, Gregory, Worrall, Noble, and McLeod reminding us once

more that on a good wicket three days does not allow time enough to dismiss them twice. McLeod's success with the willow in the only test match in which he played a part must have been especially gratifying to him. Apart from one or two solitary efforts, he has failed to do justice to his batting, shining rather as a very useful medium-pace bowler. Writing of McLeod in the May number of *THE LUDGATE*, I recollect that I volun-

defeated by the hop county, McLeod could point to the same number of victims at a cost of 128 runs.

Laver is an ugly enough bat in all conscience, yet he has assuredly justified his selection, claiming as he can an average of over 30. When his countrymen visited Somerset on the Taunton ground, he astonished the natives by scoring 143; and, with his name added to the list of century makers, all the Australians, save McLeod, Jones,

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E. MCLEOD

From Photo by PICKERING, Leicester

teered the opinion that he would make his mark rather as a bowler than as a batsman. Since then his performances over here have certainly justified me in my estimate of his play. Referring to a couple of his best performances with the ball, at Lord's, McLeod and Jones bowled unchanged throughout the two innings of Middlesex, dividing the wickets between them; whilst, when

Howell, and Johns, had at some time or other made centuries against our bowling, a record that has never been approached. The close of the tour was now rapidly approaching, draws with Somerset, Lancashire, and Mr. Thornton's XI. heralding the final act. Trumble had in the meanwhile gained the distinction of aggregating 1,000 runs, and securing a hundred wickets;

whilst Darling, who had doubtless suffered from the cares of office, was now in simply irresistible form. Once the test matches off his chest, and he settled into his stride, although usually resting content to play a quiet game. Howbeit, in the last few matches he threw caution to the winds, and meted out severe punishment in reproachless style. It was peculiarly appropriate that he should have wound up the

season against the South of England with a brilliant innings of 167, and that his efforts should have been crowned with success. It is also worthy of notice that the Colonial skipper, who, alone of the voyagers, took part in every game, wound up the season top of the batting averages. However, as in the bowling, so in the batting, the honours of the expedition were pretty evenly distributed.



A CIRCLET of DEATH

WRITTEN BY JANET A. McCULLOCH. ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. GILLINGWATER

IT was the first night of a gorgeous spectacular drama; the theatre would be crammed, as the two ladies—Mrs. Bertram and Mrs. O'Hara, waiting for the husband of the former and the announcement of the carriage, and chatting brightly—knew.

"Oh, Elinor, I have broken one of my bracelets, and I haven't another here. Can you lend me one?" The younger lady, Mrs. O'Hara, was the speaker, and she held out a fair white arm.

"What a pity. I'll go and ransack my case, and see," answered Mrs. Bertram.

"Never mind—this will do beautifully, it is so quaint," said the other (she was only a girl, and a very pretty one), lifting something from a small tray of curiosities near her.

It was indeed quaint: a tiny serpent in the form of a ring, its head and tail loosely twisted to make the circle. It seemed to be of stone, darkly mottled, smooth, but unpolished; its eyes appeared to be small emeralds, not over bright. Quaint it might be; but it certainly looked rather a sombre ornament.

"Why, where did you get such a queer thing?" asked Mrs. O'Hara, slipping it over her hand.

"I found it beside Hugh's trunk to-day. I suppose he must have bought

it when we were in Egypt," said Mrs. Bertram. "It fills me with disgust. I loathe serpents, so I think he kept it himself. It is an ugly creature."

Mrs. O'Hara laughed.

"Now, paradoxical as it sounds, its ugliness is its beauty," she declared. "But what a jump from the grand to the commonplace; from the banks of the Nile to the barracks of Maryhill. That's an asp, of course; isn't it? An imitation of those deadly little wretches that lurked among the lilies, their bite certain and swift death. It calls up all sorts of memories of Egypt, of the Pharaohs and Cleopatra. But here is the Colonel; we must hurry."

They hurried down. They were rather late, and they were to have Colonel Bertram's escort only, as Captain O'Hara would follow later.

"Kathleen broke her bracelet, Hugh, so she has one of your queer Egyptian relics instead," were Mrs. Bertram's first words, as they settled down for the somewhat long drive.

"Which one could you convert to such a use, my dear?" asked the fatherly old Colonel, who was very fond of the bright girl-wife of his junior.

In reply, Kathleen O'Hara held up her wrist.

"Where did you get *that*, Elinor?" demanded the Colonel, sharply.

"On the floor in your dressing-room. I suppose it dropped out when you were

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looking for something else. It was beside the box Flynn never touches. I put it in the drawing-room, but forgot to tell you."

Mrs. Bertram was a serene, self-possessed woman, and explained the matter calmly; but had she been able to see her husband's face in the dark corner, she would have been startled. For upon that weather-beaten countenance was an expression she had never in all their married life of thirty years seen there before—*fear*.

The theatre was overflowing—not a seat empty. As she swept the house with her lorgnette, many known faces were discovered by Mrs. Bertram. She did not notice the momentary absence of the Colonel, nor see the note-book-leaf and coin slipped into the hand of an attendant—did not catch the few hurried words whispered.

"Take that to the white-haired man at the end of the second row of stall seats. It is urgent, life or death depends on your quickness," the Colonel had said; but on his entering the box, there was no sign of emotion or flurry whatever, as he seated himself between the ladies.

"Oh, there is Kelly in the stalls," said Kathleen.

"See, Elinor, there's one of the programme boys beside him. He's getting up to leave. Can anything be wrong?"

"Perhaps it may be something at the quarters. You had better go and see, Hugh," said Mrs. Bertram, and her husband instantly went out. But he did not go down; he waited in the corridor.

Kathleen was entranced by the scene on the stage; for a time she was absorbed. But by-and-bye she became conscious of something else; she glanced at her left wrist in pleased surprise. How lovely the Egyptian bracelet was! She had not noticed it closely before. The mottled pattern was vivid red and green, the emerald eyes had a spark of yellow flame in them. As she raised her arm to admire the gems, the girl started, caught her breath with a gasp, her fair face blanched with horror. What awful mystery was this? Was she mad or dreaming? The bracelet had slipped up her arm beyond the

glove, and now lay on the round white flesh, a soft, vivid band of gleaming colour. As she slowly lifted her trembling arm, the yellow-green eyes seemed to sparkle with cruel malignity, the tiny body to writhe and press itself closer around her arm. And oh, horror of horrors! from the lips two slender needle-like fangs darted out and in, quivering and scintillating threateningly, as though they would deal instant death at the slightest touch upon the reptile's body. It was awful, monstrous, to realise that the creature that had been for ages a hard, stone-like, lifeless mummy, had, by the contact of her warm living flesh, revived in all its deadly strength and power. But even as she realised the incredible truth, the brave girl—and Irish girls are braver than most—realised also all that depended upon her actions. Did she move hastily, death swift and sure must be her portion. Did she shriek, as her terror bade her do, a panic would ensue in the crowded house, with what fearful results she was well aware. On the one side was death for her *alone* and helpless; on the other, the death of hundreds, perhaps, not one of whom could have aided her in the smallest. A great dry sob rose in her throat at the thought of her own youth and terrible fate; then she bent her head, and prayed passionately, wildly, that her husband might come in time; that his face might be the last she should see, his voice the last she should hear, ere she passed into the Unknown, from whence this hideous creature had crept forth to destroy her. And, serenely calm, Mrs. Bertram sat near, gazing at the mimic tragedy on the stage, utterly unconscious of the sadder, more horrible tragedy being silently enacted beside her.

To the Colonel, waiting in the corridor outside, the white-haired, cheery-faced man came quickly. He began speaking the moment he came near.

"Well, Colonel, what's up? Anything amiss?" was his salutation; and in answer the other spoke a few sentences in his ear. The florid face of the regimental doctor blanched to death-like pallor.

"Holy Virgin! not that, surely?" he said hoarsely.

The Colonel nodded, but indeed his face revealed enough.

"It is Heaven's truth, Jim. That rascally Arab did not lie. But how horrible to think that a deadly creature could be hypnotised, and its life suspended for thousands of years, not to wake till the warm, living arm of an innocent girl should raise it into vitality and action. These hellish worshippers and priests of Ram and Osiris possessed some fearful secrets of life and death,

old friend, is there no poison or acid, or something, that can kill it off without harming her? For remember, the least irritation, the smallest motion or touch means"—he moistened his dry lips—"death, certain and agonising."

Dr. Kelly shook his head; he could not speak a word of comfort in answer to the frantic appeal. These two were friends and comrades of long standing; the one had been doctor of the crack Irish regiment as long as the other had



"WELL, COLONEL, WHAT'S UP?"

though few in this enlightened nineteenth century can believe it." The Colonel spoke with repressed excitement.

"How could you let her put it on?" demanded Kelly, with a groan of horror.

"I never thought the thing could happen. Not till we came into the theatre did I see it properly. Then I saw—too late to remove it. Jim, Jim,

been its colonel. Now they stood helpless, as they had never done in any emergency all the years they had served together.

"Will it not uncoil, and drop of its own accord? Can we not wait? After awhile it may glide away," suggested the doctor. His friend turned fiercely:

"And let the poor girl die of horror and despair! Oh, Jim, you must do

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something. O'Hara will be here in a little while, and you know *him*." Colonel Bertram actually shook the sturdy Doctor in his mad demand for help for Kathleen.

"Let me think, Hugh. I'll maybe find a way." The doctor passed his hand across his eyes as Colonel Bertram, with a gasp of dismay, said in anguished tones:

"Quick, Jim, with your plan; there's O'Hara coming. For God's sake, man, settle something before he's told!"

But the doctor was mute—his mental faculties paralysed, as those of his friend had been. These two brave men, who had faced death many times in action, were appalled by that awful, silent danger, more terrible than the loudest thunders of battle.

Two young men approached leisurely. One was distinctly a soldier—erect, handsome, dashing. Denis O'Hara was a typical dragoon. His companion—a man tanned by exposure to all sorts of weather, wiry, agile, with not a particle of superfluous flesh—was as unmistakably a traveller—a wanderer in many lands—a sojourner in none. His free-and-easy gait, his very attire, proclaimed the fact. They came up, chatting and laughing together. Captain O'Hara spoke gaily:

"This is my friend and old school chum, Miles—the great Fred Miles, traveller, explorer, mighty hunter of big game from the Himalayas to the Rockies. He turned up as I was turning out, so I brought him along."

Then something in the old men's faces seemed to strike him; his own changed.

"What's wrong, Colonel?" he cried quickly. "Is it—is it Kathleen? Is she ill? Let me pass!"

He was rushing forward, but Colonel Bertram caught his arm firmly.

"Denis, my lad, I must speak to you before you can see her," he gasped. "She's well, but—steady yourself to bear it—she's in deadly peril."

The young soldier gave a hoarse cry. "Where—where is she? What is it? Let me go to her." He was struggling to pass; but all three held him now, he looked so desperate.

"Listen, my dear boy," implored the

Colonel. "More depends upon your coolness than you think; you must not startle her—life and death are wavering in the balance. The least touch, the slightest show of feeling, and death will turn the scales."

Wide-eyed with horror, the young husband heard the tale of his wife's awful position. The danger seemed to freeze his very blood, to turn him to stone with the anguish of it.

"Unless she could stand the agony of red-hot pincers, I can think of nothing to kill the infernal, devil-possessed creature. There is no surety in any other plan," said Dr. Kelly at last; and O'Hara gave a shuddering moan; the Colonel drew his breath deeply. Suddenly the stranger spoke—very quietly.

"Why not shoot the beast?" he asked.

His question sent a thrill through the hearers. O'Hara turned fiercely upon him.

"And kill my darling, too," he cried hoarsely. But the other met his furious glance calmly.

"No, she need not even be grazed," he answered coolly; "and demon or no demon, it's the safest way."

His calmness had its effect upon the listeners.

"Who is to do it? I'm a fair marksman; but, heaven help me! my nerve is gone now," cried poor O'Hara, the great tears rolling down his haggard face.

"I will do it, Denis, if you'll trust me," Miles said quietly. The Colonel and Dr. Kelly gripped each a hand, too much moved to speak, and O'Hara gave one great convulsive sob.

"God bless you, Fred. Trust you? There is no man on earth I can trust as I trust *you*," he said brokenly, and his friend nodded.

"I always carry this," he said, drawing a revolver from his breast pocket. "I can't get over the habit, even in civilised countries. Lucky I don't," he added gravely.

The colonel touched O'Hara.

"I'll go for her, and get her out with Elinor," he said. "I'll break her danger to her; the sight of you would be added torture to the poor child."

Kelly and you see the manager, and arrange where it is to be done; then come back here to guide us. Explain as much as is needed, but not all—for mercy's sake not *all*, only enough. And keep cool, lad—think of her and keep cool, for it's life or death, remember."

Without hesitation he was obeyed. The three men hastened away, and with a prayer in his heart, Colonel Bertram opened the box door.

But the moment he entered he knew there was no need for explanation. His wife lay back in her seat, half-fainting, while Kathleen, her hand resting on the ledge of the box, turned a white, helpless face towards him; she was unable to utter a sound. He bent over her tenderly, speaking calmly.

"My love, we are going to save you," he whispered. "Come with me to Denis; he knows all. Be brave and calm, and don't move your arm."

She rose at once. Her lips quivered, but she made a mute sign of acquiescence. Mrs. Bertram, seeing her husband, hearing his words of encouragement, sat up, her wonderful self-control asserting itself, even in her mortal terror. Her husband addressed her:

"Come, Elinor, we must be brave," he said, and led the way out, just as the hum and stir around announced the falling of the curtain.

But it was not O'Hara who awaited them outside; the manager himself stood there. He hastened to explain.

"It has leaked out that Fred Miles is in the house; some one recognised him. There's a perfect mob round the room where I took him first. We must go to the wings; there's a ten minutes interval. It's best done there—there's space and light. Follow me, please."

He evidently knew what was intended, and was anxious to help. He glanced with a shudder at the reptile, but was careful to show no symptoms of fear or disgust by words.

Soon Kathleen found herself in a great wide space, the centre of a circle of strange faces. She was conscious of nothing save that Denis was not there. She heard the suppressed screams, and hysterical sobs of women, the hoarse exclamations and eager questions of men; but she gave no heed. All her

numbed senses were concentrated upon that fearsome creature, holding her spellbound. For now, excited perhaps by the glare of light, the serpent had raised its head, and was slowly swaying it from side to side, while its body seemed to become more vivid with anger; its fangs played continually, darting out and in, and its glittering eyes grew more menacing. As it turned restlessly, its gaze seemed to encounter hers; she could not withdraw her eyes from it. A mad impulse seized her to lift that smooth, flat, gleaming head, and lay it caressingly against her cheek. Suddenly there came a woman's terrified cry:

"Merciful powers, it is fascinating her! Quick! oh, be quick, or she is lost! See, she moves her arm!"

Kathleen heard neither cry nor words, nor the stir they caused, but she felt a strong, gentle hand upon her cheek, heard a quick, steady voice, a man's voice, say clearly:

"Turn your head, your husband wants to see you," and the gentle hand drew her head round firmly. She raised her eyes to see Denis close beside her, his face pale as death, but his lips trying to smile. He did not offer to touch her, but once her eyes had encountered his, she never withdrew them.

"Stand clear—ready," said the calm voice behind her. There was a rustle of garments, a sharp click of steel, a flash, a loud report, and puff of smoke over her face, and she had fallen sideways into the arms ready to receive her—her husband's.

"She is dead! she is gone!" several excited voices cried, as the actors and actresses crowded round.

"No, no, she's only faint—quick with the brandy," cried Dr. Kelly, now cool and alert.

The spirit revived her, she opened her eyes, but clung to Denis with a faint scream.

"Kill it, kill it!" she cried, recoiling in renewed terror, staring at the floor.

On the spot where she had stood, something like a fragment of variegated whip-cord lay. Head and tail had been blown to atoms, but the reptile's body still writhed and trembled as if with impotent rage. Not for long, however.

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"STAND CLEAR—READY!"

With a fierce oath Colonel Bertram set his heel upon it, grinding it savagely down till nothing remained but a grey powder, like the ashes of a burnt-out cigar.

"Fred, how can I thank you for saving her?" O'Hara said, with quivering lips.

"No thanks to me, Denis, lad; your wife's pluck saved herself," answered Miles, quietly pocketing his revolver, his face aglow with honest admiration.

As Denis, carrying his wife and followed by the others, disappeared, the manager spoke a few words to his Company, in a curiously choked voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen, had that little scene been acted before the audience it would have brought down the house. The man is celebrated the world over for his coolness and pluck, but the girl beat him to-night—*hollow*."

And the audience, waiting for the curtain to rise on the second act, were amazed to hear a ringing cheer from the wings as it went up.

* * * *

"You would not have believed this, I suppose, if you had not been one of the principal actors?" said Colonel Bertram, as the four men sat smoking, after Kathleen, affectionately tended by Mrs. Bertram, had retired.

Fred Miles sent a long curl of smoke upwards.

"Why not?" he asked gravely. I have had some queer experiences before now, have seen some strange things in barbarous and semi-civilised countries—things that if I put them into my books would make the scientific, up-to-date world call me a liar and lunatic to my face. No, I'm not surprised; but where and how did you come across the devilish creature?"

"In a stall in Cairo. I fancied and wanted to buy it, but the old Arab wouldn't sell. He declared it wasn't a stone as I imagined, but a real asp that had been enchanted and put to sleep thousands of years ago. He asserted it would wake into all its old vitality and deadly power when a woman warmed it into life. I laughed, of course, he was hoaxing me I thought,

to get more money. I offered him more, but he wouldn't take it. A while after I was near the stall again, and found a new occupant there. The old man had died suddenly, and his nephew had annexed his stall. The nephew readily sold the 'Asp of Cleopatra,' as the old Arab had called it. My wife hates serpent ornaments, so I kept it myself till to-day, when it fell out as I searched my private stores for something else. The rest you know."

"Ah, well," the creature is settled for all time now, and, thank heaven, once Mrs. O'Hara gets over this awful shock (as she will by and by) there is no likelihood of another scare," said Miles.

"Thank heaven, not from the 'Asp of Cleopatra,' at any rate," said the Colonel, laying aside his meerschaum and rising to say good-night.

"Of course the theatre people knew nothing of the real facts of the case?" observed O'Hara tentatively.

"Nothing; I discovered that their idea was she had been experimenting with a torpid snake, so I left them in that belief," answered the Colonel grimly.

Dr. Kelly laughed silyly.

"You didn't want the newspaper men, the naturalist, the hypnotist, the scientist, and all the other 'ists' down upon you in a body like a swarm of locusts, Eh, Colonel?" he said, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"You've hit it, Kelly—I wanted to cheat the whole confounded lot out of 'copy,' or 'new facts,' or 'startling confirmations,' and all the rest of it," was the old soldier's dry answer. "Good night, you fellows, and forget all about that cursed creature as soon as you can. I'll never say 'snake' I believe, as long as I live."

"Amen to that," said Denis O'Hara, fervently, and the other men nodded with silent understanding.



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Albert Chevalier, Alfred West, Nelson Hardy

WRITTEN BY ISABEL BROOKE-ALDER. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

ALBERT CHEVALIER.

THE re-appearance of Albert Chevalier at Queen's Hall, or anywhere else, for that matter, provided it be within one's own particular radius, is ever a matter for self-congratulation; for to be present during his rendering of some of the songs which he has made world-famous, is to come as near experiencing absolute joy as the mere mortal ever attains. But to speak of him only as a singer is to fail in justice towards his wonderful power of impersonation, which makes each character of his large repertoire to literally live before one's eyes. Not by simply wearing a different set of clothes for each song does Chevalier seek to make his subject really appear before the audience, but by a dozen eminently appropriate gestures, and traits of character so artistically indicated, that when watching him the art of the actor is entirely forgotten in the perfection of his achievement. It is only in comparing the widely different personalities to which he in turn introduces the spectator, that one can have the least chance of gauging his talent. What could be more true to life than his "Old Bachelor," or "A Fallen Star," or the curate who organises "Our Bazaar?" The first and the last are personally known to us; we meet them every other day, and never part with either unreminded by some tone or look of Chevalier's "counterfeit presentment." Then his Coster's various—five distinct types—all so absolutely dissimilar, yet each one correct enough to have taken the imitator's place and be appearing in *propria persona*.

One of the most delightful attributes of Albert Chevalier's performance is the pleasure which he evidently takes in the appreciation of his audience; not, let it be hastily stated, in dread of giving a misimpression, not by any means through having an unduly exalted idea of his own value as an entertainer, but rather through a generosity of disposition which is naturally gratified when others share his satisfaction in what he cannot help knowing is artistically perfect. The spontaneous air of freshness with which he contrives to deliver even his most time-worn songs, is testimony to the great devotion which Chevalier has for his work. See him when and where you will, once dressed and made up for any one of his impersonations, the fascination of doing his very best so completely blots out the possibility of feeling the monotony of constant repetition—even to seventy times seven hundred—that one might imagine *that* his very first appearance in the part; or, rather, to be quite correct, let us say, not the first, but perhaps the sixth or seventh, for, like all sympathetic artists, Chevalier owns to being subject to nervousness, and says that he knows that only after several repetitions of a new creation does he get it near enough to his ideal for contentment.

It is, perhaps, not generally realised that Albert Chevalier was for many years on the stage as an actor before he began to "take the town by storm" as a singer. Coming of a family of actors, the stage seemed the natural destination for a youth with such a talent for imitation. He did well at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, under the Bancrofts, and at the Old Court Theatre with John Clayton, Arthur Cecil, and Mrs. John

Wood; and it was only through an unusually long spell of out-of-work that he took the advice of a friend who said: "Why don't you give the public some of your coster songs? We who hear you in them at the Club know perfectly well that you would be the rage, nothing less, if you would only decide to try your luck in that line."

So forthwith Chevalier "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road," and so triumphant was the process that he was soon requisitioned by half the "Variety" managers in London; but each evening only afforded time for him to sing for five of them consecutively, which in itself was, one would think, quite a sufficiently large percentage for comfortable achievement by one pair of lungs. The friend who had said "You would be the rage," knew his London, for no sooner did the name of Albert Chevalier appear on the programme than the theatre was nightly filled to overflowing, and Chevalier's newest song was so perpetually hummed and whistled by all ranks of the community, that it might well have been mistaken for the National Anthem. Certainly, Chevalier reigned supreme! But then came Frohman, the unescapable Charles Frohman, who is ever on the alert, seeking whom he may entice to quit, even temporarily, the throne of London's favour in exchange

for the benefit of the more wide-spread admiration of Republican America. Chevalier's succession on the other side of the Atlantic, was immediate and emphatic. Some of his songs had already reached the States, and on landing in New York the first tune that greeted his ears was "My Old Dutch." In spite of the kindly welcome which the manager

assured his new importation was waiting him at the hands of his audience, the stranger felt desperately nervous about his first appearance. But needless to say that it and every subsequent appearance during the engagement in New York was a triumph. A tour followed, during which the visit to Montreal was made memorable to Mr. Chevalier by the enthusiasm displayed by the Students at the McGill College, who, before the entertainment began, had fixed wires from the stage to the gallery, where they sat, to provide a means of transport; down the wires they slipped a stream of presents, tokens of their approval, in the shape of

bouquets, boxes of cigars, and a handsome silver-headed walking-stick suitably inscribed. The evening was brought to a jovial close, by a witty speech from Mr. Chevalier, as he stood in the carriage at his hotel door, having been dragged from the theatre by the audience, instead of the customary horses.



ALBERT CHEVALIER AS "A FALLEN STAR"

From Photo by BERTRAM CHEVALIER

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To hear the hero of this, and half a dozen equally gratifying experiences, tell of them, is at once to note how modestly he takes all the homage so lavishly bestowed, turn where he may. It is not, however, a habit of this versatile artist to choose himself and his own achievements as subjects for talk, so if we would learn particulars of the professional side of his life, the right moment must be chosen. He is a delightful companion, brimful of interesting ideas on every topic; an omnivorous reader, with a distinct preference for the classics; nothing gives him such pleasure as serious argument on somewhat abstruse subjects. Impossible to imagine a greater contrast than the two personalities of Albert Chevalier—on the stage revelling in the wild fun of "I've got 'er 'at," and an hour later, sitting at home in his cosy library, smoking the pipe of peace, whilst mildly discoursing to a kindred soul on "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," or trying a new sleight of hand trick, in which he has unusual facility, specially where cards are concerned, the neatness required in their manipulation having great fascination for him. Neatness, by the way, is one of the chief characteristics of Mr. Chevalier. It distinguishes him quite as much in his private life as it does in his public performances; all the attributes of his home in Bayswater give evidence of all-embracing orderliness. The rooms and corridors are full of flowers, yet not a fallen rose-petal, or a withered leaf does he or his charming wife ever allow in sight.

To meet Mr. Chevalier in the street, one would take him for a legal luminary, or, maybe, for a medical practitioner, so sedate of demeanour is he; but hear him speak, and the hope that he is a singer immediately supervenes, for such a melodious tone of voice should surely be utilised for public enchantment. That he is an excellent musician is testified, not only by the admirable manner in which he renders any song that he undertakes, but by the fact that several of the most popular of his songs are his own composition. The words of nearly all of them are from his pen; no mean accomplishment when one realises that they number close on forty,

that each one tells the life-story, or at least the most striking experiences, of the individual who is its *raison d'être*. Albert Chevalier does not monopolise all the music in his family, for his brother, who, for the sake of avoiding confusion, drops his surname professionally, and is known as Charles Ingle, has contributed the setting to many of his lyrics—for instance, the perennial "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road," "Yer Can't 'elp Likin' 'im," and "Our Little Nipper."

ALFRED WEST.

Unapproachable as Albert Chevalier is in his delivery of his songs, it is nevertheless evident that a good deal of the success which he attains with them is due to the masterly manner in which their accompaniments are rendered on the piano by Mr. West. What it means "to play for Chevalier's songs" as he does it, is to be Chevalier's *other self*—nothing less! For, as we all know, Albert the Great, when giving one of his impersonations, is as exempt from the mere mortal's servitude to the ordinary restrictions of time as—well as the South-Western Railway, or as a late Colonial Governor of our acquaintance, who, when reproached in London for being "behind time" in keeping an



ALFRED WEST
From Photo by ALBERT CHEVALIER

appointment, excused himself by saying, "Out with us; I am never late, for *I am Time!*" But be Chevalier's vagaries as unexpected and as disturbing as they may, Mr. West is never taken unawares—a veritable tower of strength to the most accomplished "impersonator" of the day.

For relaxation from Chevalier and all his other musical duties, this talented pianist revels in Beethoven. There is nothing so refreshing to busy folk as abrupt contrasts in occupation! Truly nothing could be less alike—though both "music"—than a Beethoven sonata, and Alfred West's four most popular songs, "Our Court Ball," "E can't take a Roise out of I," "A Fallen Star," and "An Old Bachelor." However, it is probably owing to appreciation of the rustic side of Beethoven that the second on this little list came into being; while the accompaniment to "The Fallen Star" follows purely classical lines. Mr. West's engagement as pianist to Mr. Chevalier has during the last six years taken so much of his time that his achievements as composer have perforce been somewhat limited. He has, nevertheless managed a few serious works, including a string quartet, which is full of grace and charm.

Alfred West is what might be called, in somewhat unmusical phrase, eminently "a home product," as far as training goes; for a few piano lessons as a child from an elder sister, in a quiet corner of the West Country were all the preparation vouchsafed him. Natural talent did the rest. When one remembers that from his eighth year he has been continuously before the public as a concert player, and that the list of his published compositions is a very long one, a strong proof is given that academic training is not indispensable for the attainment of musical distinction. As composer, Mr. West's endowments are of so eminently useful and get-at-able an order, that he is ever ready to provide a suitable setting for any new character sketch which suggests itself to the fertile imagination of his associates; he needs but to have a general idea of the type of music desired, and without more ado it is produced, always appropriate, and always fresh—thoroughly unreminiscent.

As pianist, when accompanying, Mr. West is absolute perfection—sympathetic to a most extraordinary degree; when appearing as soloist, he justly claims a place well in the front rank of those who do not devote their whole time to the acquirement of the bewildering brilliancy of a Paderewski, or a Zwintscher, but are nevertheless admirable executants. His rendering of Chopin is specially noteworthy, and to his own compositions he gives most effective rendering. Probably to do justice to one's own work is the most attractive "labour of love" in existence.

The accompanying photograph of Mr. West was taken by Albert Chevalier—a fact which adds interest to an excellent likeness.

NELSON HARDY.

This ventriloquist, who has of late during several provincial tours and at Queen's Hall been included in the "Chevalier Recitals" programme, is, without any doubt, the cleverest exponent of a very difficult art now before the public. The ease with which he can accomplish a ventriloquial conversation between eight dummies, representing eight absolutely different types of people, is in itself proof positive of his most exceptional talent. His imitation of animals is extraordinarily true to life, and his rendering of the songs with which other artistes have made us familiar is so identical with the original exponents, that with closed eyes one would declare they must be present. Besides his power of assuming the voice of any other man, Nelson Hardy can also reproduce with absolute fidelity the little mannerisms peculiar to each of his models, making them live before us.

An amusing variety to the ordinary mimicry is when he takes his figure "Joey," the clown, upon his knee, and makes it tell one of the serio-comic stories, which it is supposed to have learnt from G. W. Knowles of music-hall fame. The effect is most grotesque, and never fails to appeal to the audience. Mr. Chevalier is also sometimes requisitioned, and "Hodge," the countryman of the ventriloquist's collection of dummies, gives a rendering of his old rustic, singing "E can't take a roise out

of I" with equal perfection. Chevalier himself listens to it, fascinated by the echo-like verisimilitude. Never pettily fault-finding, Chevalier is yet an inexorable critic, meting out to those in whom he takes an interest the same stern counsel of perfection on which he moulds his own endeavours. Quick to realise honest perseverance, he is ever ready with a word of encouragement; and should even a partial success be attained, he is most unstintingly generous in congratulation. The better an artist pleases the public, the more he gains Chevalier's admiration; not that it should be inferred that indiscriminately to "please the public" is his ideal for a performer, in whatever branch of art. Far from it; for, man of the world as he is, Chevalier has had ample opportunity of learning that the public needs to be educated in points of taste, and, as it were, be taught to appreciate the best. Nothing so easy as to gain a laugh by a doubtful allusion, a risky joke; but infinitely difficult to compel approval by mere force of good workmanship.

That Nelson Hardy's fun never by any chance degenerates into vulgarity is one

of the many points in its favour; his comic stories really are humorous, and his topical allusions are entirely free from the appearance of having been dragged in by main force; in fact the time which is allotted on the programme to this talented entertainer is distinctly advantageous to the audience.

To see Nelson Hardy at his very best, one should be present at a children's gathering at a private house; for he simply revels in the delight of the little folks at his mysterious ventriloquial sallies; and, feeling that to their grown-up relatives the real merit of the performance is, at such close quarters, more evident than when a platform edge and a row of footlights divides him from his audience, he gives of his generous store without stint.

It is probably due to the excellent habits of voice production

enforced on him by his master, the late Thomas Helmore, when a choir-boy at Canterbury Cathedral, that Mr. Hardy is able to give several ventriloquial entertainments daily, without suffering any of the throat troubles which to the uninitiated would seem the inevitable result of such exacting work.



NELSON HARDY

From Photo by MORA

Naini Tal:

A LAKE IN THE MOUNTAINS

WRITTEN BY EDITH LAWSON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Of all the hill stations in India, one of the prettiest is little Naini Tal, which has grown up, in spite of appalling difficulties, round the most charming natural lake high up in the heart of the mountains. The geological construction of the surrounding hills is so loose, and the consequent landslips have been so devastating, that, at one time, it was thought impossible to keep the station. But owing to the special charm of the place, to its comparatively ready access from the Central Provinces, and to the innate determination and pluck of the English people, Naini Tal has not only lived, but grown with the most extraordinary rapidity in the last thirty years, and is now, as well as a beautiful, a most flourishing little station.

The railway has been brought to within a distance of thirty miles, at a place called Katgodam, from which the ascent is made in two conveyances; first, a Tonga, as far as the road serves for wheels, afterwards in a "Dandy" or carrying chair.

We left Katgodam on the 3rd of June in broiling sun; the plains were by this season unbearable, and packing had been a purgatory.

It was seven o'clock in the morning, but, already, the heat was intense. Several tongas were drawn up outside the station, and one, which had been ordered for us, was promptly pointed out to us by a number of officious natives, much to the annoyance of Ayah, who, as we were two ladies travelling alone, considered us her especial care.

A tonga is a very weird conveyance, a sort of covered cart without springs, with one seat forward beside the driver and two seats back. The back seats are considered the most advantageous, as "you can more easily jump off if the horses go over the khud." This encouraging advice was given us at starting. There are two horses, and the harness is so peculiarly constructed that, when they change, which they do about every five miles, the driver comes round to the back and tips the entire vehicle up by throwing his weight on the foot-board, the horses are then slipped from under the tonga bar. This is a horizontal bar attached to a perfectly rigid pole by an upright iron, and is fastened by clashing rings to the horses' collars. The bar slips up and down on the iron upright with an incessant jangle, and the noise is appalling, as the horses never walk, always going up hill at a fair trot and down at a mad gallop.

I could not help thinking, sympathetically, of Rudyard Kipling's lines:

For my misty meditation, at the second
changing station,
Suffered sudden dislocation, fled before the
tuneless jar
Of a Wagner obbligate, scherzo, double-hand
staccato,
Played on either pony's saddle by the
clacking tonga bar—
Played with human speech, I fancied, by the
jigging, jolting bar.

The way is perfectly gorgeous; huge trees on either side, with mountains above and a ravine below. The banks carpeted with ferns and tall grasses, like a gigantic reproduction of some of the

old Devonshire coach roads at home, only, unlike home, these woods are crowded with monkeys—not a very large kind, but of an extremely pretty silver colour. The natives shoot them, as they do a good deal of damage to the fruit and crops, and you can buy beautiful silver-grey skins for a trifle. One was brought to me, perfectly cured, and the vendor insinuatingly asked me seven rupees, murmuring, "I say no lie price, Miss Sahib!" Finally, he was

here we found our "dandies" awaiting us, with coolies to carry us and our luggage, up the rugged, stony, mountain path.

As we neared the top of the ascent, we were able to look back on the plains we had left this morning, and we congratulated ourselves on our good fortune, as we saw them stretching for miles below us in a faint blue haze of heat mist. The entrance to Naini Tal is through a rather narrow native street,



EMBROIDERY SHOP IN THE BAZAAR

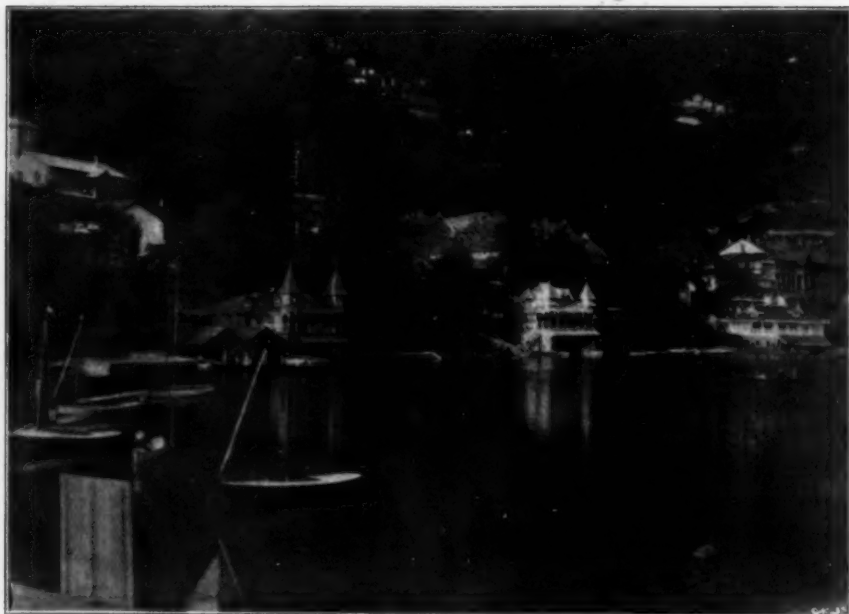
From Photo by E. LAWSON

overjoyed at parting with the skin for two rupees.

The mountain road is excellent, and we were greatly amused at coming upon the substitute for the steam roller employed, in the form of gangs of natives, each furnished with a very primitive sort of pavior's rammer, with which they patiently worked over the whole wide road, bringing it into a state of perfection, if equalled by the steam giant, certainly never excelled. The tonga road ends at a place called the Brewery, about four miles from Naini Tal. And

or "Bazaar." Unsavoury, but very picturesque, it is built almost entirely of wood, one storey high, with verandahs or small balconies running along the front of the houses. The woodwork is turned, and elaborately carved, in rough style, and painted a dark Indian red, a very favourite colour with the native decorator.

The women and children look down upon us from these balconies, the former dressed in full, pleated, light coloured skirts, or, if they are Moham-medan women, in long rucked trousers;



VIEW OF THE LAKE AND BOAT-HOUSES

From Photo by E. LAWSON

but all wearing the *chudda*, of light material and bright colour, wrapped round the head and shoulders.

The children are generally naked, except perhaps for a string of coloured beads round the neck, and very beautiful they are, like little bronze figures gleaming in the sun.

The mothers seem fond of their little ones, and laugh as we notice them, showing rows of beautifully even teeth, but all stained red, with their much-loved betel nut.

The shops on each side are interesting chiefly on account of the native craft they show, especially in rough brass work, models in miniature of many of their primitive cooking utensils, and some skilfully wrought brass and copper boxes, which contain four or five tiny basins and a tray, and are designed for the use of the native women, who use them for storing and mixing a peculiar dainty composed of lime, and betel nut, made into a paste, and spread on fresh green leaves.

This, my ayah assured me, is enough nourishment to support life for days.

Some of the shops show embroideries and cotton and silk fabrics, but a large majority are devoted exclusively to the sale of native food, nuts, fruit, cakes and sweetmeats of all sorts.

The sweetmeat-seller sits in the front of his shop with a pan of steaming sticky compound over a small brazier, solemnly stirring the apparently boiling mixture with his two hands.

At the end of the Bazaar a scene of exquisite loveliness burst upon us, the mountains seem to have rolled away on three sides, forming a huge basin, and there before us lay the Lake. In colour, deepest blue and reseda green, and surrounded by bending willows reflecting their beautiful branches in its perfect transparency. At the upper end of the Lake the boat-houses are built in Swiss style in brown wood, and on looking back we saw the pink of sunset just coming into the sky, and the little white yachts sailing home, and I think I never saw anything more exquisite than that evening.

Naini Tal is a very gay little station,

and boasts a Polo-ground, a fine square by the Lake called "the Flats." Here daily there is a gymkana, or a polo or cricket match, and here everyone flocks as the day gets cooler, and the scene is brilliant with colour, as the ayahs and their little charges in gleaming white, the Jampanni or private Dandy Wallahs all in brightest coloured liveries, the syces with the ponies, and the bright dresses and parasols of the ladies, flank the ground on all sides. After the sport the usual thing is tea at the boat-house and a row on the Lake. The sunsets are always gorgeous; but the pity is, there is no twilight, and after the sun goes down, the croaking of the bull-frogs begins, and you know that in a few minutes darkness will creep on. The hotels, I believe, are all exceptionally good for Indian hotels, but we chose the Grand for its situation close to the Lake. Here every morning some natives would come and spread their wares for sale in the garden or the verandah, the silver Wallah or the silk Wallah, or more interesting, the conjurer or Tamasha Wallah. The first intimation of the approach of the Tamasha Wallah is the steady incessant beating of the tom-tom, which is heard from a great distance, and is about as musical as the noise known in some of the old country villages at home, as "driving the bees," when the neighbours all rush out with pots and pans and beat on them to prevent a swarm from going away.

The Tamasha Wallah's band consists of one man, and how he contrives to make such a stupendous noise is a mystery; he is a very important person, as nothing can be done without his accompaniment. The juggler is scantily clad, a lean muscular man, with a perfectly expressionless face, and a scarlet puggaree. He unrolls a bright red mat, and kneeling upon it, presents a sufficiently attractive picture, with his ac-

companist, dressed in white, squatted on the ground behind him. All the properties are taken out of a surprisingly small coir bag, and spread on the ground; and the performance is really marvellous. The man would achieve the most unexpected feats, such as spinning a succession of circling erections on his teeth, kneeling with his head thrown



TAMASHA WALLAH

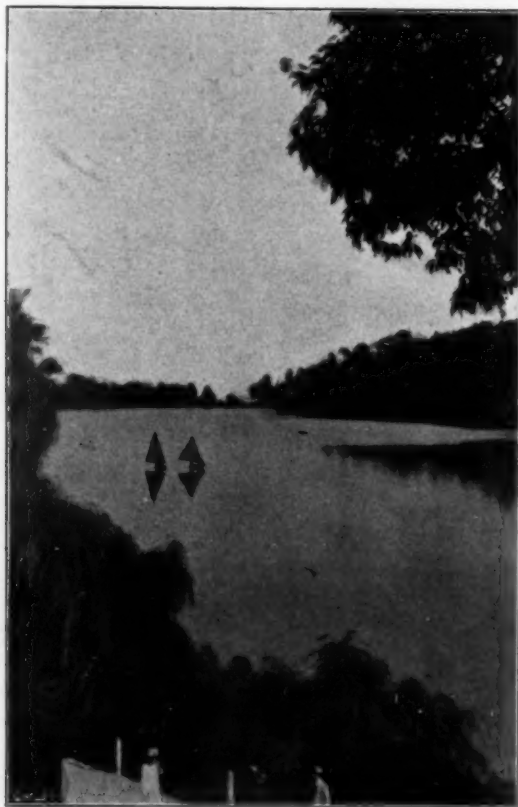
From Photo by E. LAWSON

back, and keeping in this position for such a length of time that one felt his neck must snap; his assistant always watched him with the most apprehensive expression, never ceasing the furious banging on his deafening instrument. Such small things as eating swords and threading needles in his mouth were just tossed off by this mahogany-coloured person, and though he did not put a

sword through a native baby, nor make a mango tree grow out of a handful of sand, I was very glad to have had an opportunity of seeing an Indian juggler. The length of the lake is nearly a mile, and the width in some places almost half. There are five or six private racing yachts, moored under the trees, and the

natives, who have a theory that one of them has to be sacrificed yearly by drowning in the lake, as a tribute to their gods.

The foliage at Naini Tal, is extremely luxuriant, the hills on one side of the lake being densely wooded; it is this that gives the place such an



RACING YACHTS ON THE LAKE

From Photo by E. LAWSON

races are a constant source of interest and excitement. I was able to get an instantaneous photograph of two of the little yachts racing home, from the verandah of our hotel. It is not what is understood as a *safe* lake for boating in any form, as the depth is absolutely unknown, and there have, alas, been many fatalities—though chiefly among

unfailing feeling of freshness and "coolth."

The time of "the rains" was just upon us, and sometimes for days together it poured in torrents from morning till evening almost without intermission; but only until evening, for after five o'clock the sun always came out, and the sandy soil dried and drained

in a very short time, and the air, after the rain, was indescribably sweet and refreshing, and one forgot the bewildering noise that had been going on from midnight, of incessant beating, rushing, pelting of waters on roofing of corrugated iron. The natives like the rains; they have a theory that they wash away fevers, and certainly, by their very force they must wash away a great deal of accumulated filth that the native would never clear for himself; for the Bazaar native has not yet mastered the most rudimentary theories of hygiene.

When we descended to the plains a few weeks later, the change in the vege-

tation was wonderful. In the woods and hedges everything seemed to have grown double the size, every tree-trunk was covered with luxuriant ferns, hanging down in huge festoons like lacework of palest green, every path and stone was overgrown with those rare mosses which we cultivate with utmost care in our greenhouses at home. Flowers bloomed in every bank, tiny pink wild primulas, all-coloured anemones, bluest forget-me-nots, and faint-coloured orchids; these few I knew, among masses, of all shapes and colours, that it would take a botanist to name; truly the country looked a very Paradise.



The Cabinet in Town

WRITTEN BY A. WALLIS MYERS

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. A. SHIELD

ONE wonders how many ambitious young men there are in London to-day who, on passing by the great Houses at Westminster in which our laws are made, have not, in dream of course, imagined themselves full-blown Members of Parliament, with all the ancient privileges appertaining thereto. The Member for Battersea is said to have confided in a younger brother, on a very distant occasion, his ultimate intention—he was at the time in very precarious circumstances—of gaining Parliamentary honours; and there are many other names, at one time hidden in a bushel of mediocrity, one might mention in the same and justly-to-be-commended connection. But airily as the imagination may glide on in the direction of a cushioned seat in St. Stephen's—a mere M.P., among nearly six hundred of equal *status*—it would be safe to say it very seldom rises to the creative heights of the Cabinet—that potent coterie which constitutionally is but an occasional meeting of Ministers, but which *ipso facto* represents a great council of war, governing the destinies of the Empire.

What a mighty personage the man in the street regards a Cabinet Minister; how he envies him his paramount position, the power and glamour with which it is associated, his wealth and his influence! And yet, one ventures to think, did the average mind actually gauge the vast responsibility, extraordinary tact and organising facul-

ties—not to mention the target a Minister of the Crown affords to captious critics—which his high office essentially entails, he would, like the unfortunate father in "*Vice Versâ*," shrink from the change of station. Members of the Cabinet are selected by the Prime Minister, not so much for the brilliant oratorical or intellectual capabilities they may possess, nor on account of their ancestral lineage, but for the ripe experience, well-balanced mind, and ever-ready will-power, so essential for the control of a great department of the State. Thus it is we find men, occupying the highest posts in the service of the Queen, who are, perhaps to the outside world, slow and pedantic and conservative; but who really are the very persons in the right place. Ministers have their faults; and the temptations must be beyond conception; but, ignoring for the moment policies and programmes, they are—in England at any rate—a very well-behaved band of gentlemen.

When in London a Cabinet Minister may be said to spend most of his time at three places—his town house, his Government office, or the House of Commons, where he has also a private room for his own special benefit. At the first-named, which is invariably situated in the hub of social grandeur, the front-bench man is understood to sleep during the Parliamentary session, and here he must also pose as the high political host and *grand parti*—qualifications which are no sinecure, and which are supposed to safeguard more or less



LORD SALISBURY'S HOUSE, 20, ARLINGTON STREET

directly the united front of his party. Lord Salisbury, who resides at 20, Arlington Street, Piccadilly—the neighbour of Lord Zetland and Sir Humphrey De Trafford—is, perhaps, a striking exception to this rule, for the Marquis, quick to hide his private life under a bushel, entertains very little in town; and, save for his “birthday party,” one or two official dinners and receptions, closes the season in a very retiring manner. The stimulus created by political life finds no outlet for him in the gilded West-end drawing-room, or fashionably-packed ball-room. When the Premier can snatch a brief interval away from the cares of State at the Foreign Office, his steps nearly invariably guide him in the direction of Hatfield, where a chemical laboratory and engineer’s shop, fitted up, it is said, entirely by the Conservative leader, claim his undivided attention temporarily, and where the head of the Cecils has planned and directed the lighting by electricity of the old mansion in which Queen Elizabeth was a guest.

In thus wishing to “play by himself,” unfettered by the attention of any of his subordinates, Lord Salisbury may be said to resemble, in one of very few respects, Mr. Gladstone, who, though in official dealings accessible and frank, did not feel bound, merely because a man was in his Government, to cultivate intimacy with him when business was over. Probably, says Sir Wemyss Reid, this habit of aloofness in Mr. Gladstone helps to account for the notable fact that Mr. Gladstone left behind him no school of Gladstonian politicians. Gladstone was given to hospitality, and received his guests with “that honest joy which warms more than dinner or wine.” He carried compliance with the tastes of his guests to the extremest point; suffered tobacco (which he loathed) to be smoked in his dining-room, and even, when the Prince of Wales dined with him, went through the form of putting a cigar between his lips. Lord Salisbury, too, is a non-smoker, though, it must be confessed, his bard-like appearance suggests the “churchwarden” pipe more than it does in the case of any of his colleagues.

Mr. Balfour, the First Lord of the Treasury, and Leader of the House of Commons, resides, with his sister as hostess, in the time-honoured and official No. 10, Downing Street. The London Directory reminds us of the fact that he has Lord Raleigh, D.C.L., for a neighbour on one side, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who in his capacity as Chancellor of the Exchequer officially inhabits No. 11, on the other. As Waterloo is immortally linked with Wellington, so is Downing Street associated with the Cabinet. Personally, when visiting this famous *cul-de-sac* for the express purpose of getting a private view of one or other of Her Majesty’s Ministers, I have usually had to be satisfied with the conventional sight of a policeman, who is posted on the pavement to watch for Fenians and bombs, and who spends most of not a very happy time in glancing up at the ungainly and bleak little houses, wondering why on earth a Government such as ours cannot house its tip-top ministers in more palatial buildings. Really,

Downing Street, but for its historical associations, might be any little side-thoroughfare in a cheap suburb. No wonder Mr. Balfour, who plays golf with that systematic regularity which the city clerk lavishes on Saturday football, is glad to be off to the green swards of St. Andrews or Sandwich.

Mr. Balfour always deserves a holiday. Before he takes his seat in the House at 3.30 the Premier's nephew has accomplished a day's work at the

Stephen's, and Mr. Balfour may frequently be recognised by his thin physique, partially-curved back, and long legs, popping backwards and forwards from one scene of activity to another. It must be a veritable breath from the heavens that the care-worn Cabinet Minister inhales, when he leaves the dingy atmosphere of the Commons behind him, and steps out into the gas-twinkling square of Palace Yard. Even when he is not sitting on the front



MR. BALFOUR'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE,
10, DOWNING STREET

Treasury. He is in his room at an hour in the morning as early as the average City merchant appears at his desk. "Till he goes off," Mr. H. W. Lucy has written, "to the House of Commons, to begin a fresh phase of difficult and delicate work, that will certainly not close before the stroke of twelve, he is grappling with an interminable series of problems, a mistake in dealing with any one being fraught with danger to the Ministry, and possible disaster to the country." It is but a step across the road from Downing Street to St.

bench, heckled by irresponsible questioners, giving forth to the world some great item of policy, or firing off heated shafts in the ferment of debate, the Minister is engaged in his private room at the House, seeing deputations, consulting his colleagues, signing State documents, mollifying a recalcitrant supporter, or giving ten minutes to a "whip." And then, on an off-duty night, a Wednesday or a Saturday, the man whose cares are legion, and whose pay is but £5,000 a year, must entertain lavishly, or must endeavour to drown



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S HOUSE, 40, PRINCE'S GARDENS, W.

his sorrows at the house of some political *grand dame*, in company with the best in Belgravia, or at the drama, the private dinner-table, or the club.

Even at these high social assemblies the Cabinet Minister is about as far from external communication as the reader is from the North Pole. A portly Government messenger, carrying the ominous Russia-leather despatch-box, may, and often does, scent his chief into the realms of pleasure, and demand the latter's immediate attention in the service of the State; or a hurried Cabinet Council may be called and Mr. Chancellor, or Mr. President, or Mr. Secretary, it may be listening to some harmless tittle-tattle in the *salon* of a great lady, must scuttle to the Foreign Office as quickly as disturbed mice do for a hole in the floor. Nor is the irrepressible favour-seeker a less frequent cause of interruption. Is it to be wondered at that the heavily-burdened Minister of the Crown flits away from the ball before supper? because he knows by dire experience that this interval is made the time for those to get near him, for whom, in some weak moment of the past, he promised to keep a place in his memory. Influence goes a long way in the civil or military service, and perhaps the mothers of "promising sons" are not to be blamed

for thus collecting their dues; but, either by strange fate, or because they lack tact for the nonce, they very often choose the wrong time for "bearding the lion."

It is, perhaps, only natural that, because Mr. Chamberlain is a very avid smoker himself, he should seek the after-office society of lovers of the weed. Hence we find the Colonial Secretary, who keeps the ball rolling with great gusto at 40, Prince's Gardens, Prince's Gate, preferring the company of the Duke of Devonshire or Mr. Chaplin, or even Mr. Goschen to that of Lord Salisbury, or either of his nephews. Mr. Chamberlain probably sleeps less than any other member of the Cabinet at a London house; for, whenever he finds it possible, a Midland express train transports him to Highbury, Birmingham: and it is probable that the friend of merchants, and the "Brummagem" idol, finds himself more at home in his own county. Like the Duke of Devonshire, who has a magnificent town residence in Piccadilly—the famous Devonshire House—Mr. Chamberlain is a clubman; and there is a fable about that both Ministers, having unsatisfactorily concluded an argument as to which was the more powerful factor in the Cabinet, hailed a passing growler at the same time, and, emulating the

example of a certain austere couple in history, entered the vehicle by opposite doors.

His Grace of Devonshire, who probably spends more money in the short time he keeps court at Devonshire House—witness the great fancy dress ball—than does any of his colleagues, likes to move about fairly leisurely in town, and does very little walking beyond what is absolutely necessary. He wears such an indifferent air to the world at large, that it would be perfectly safe to say the glamour of his high position, not to speak of his vast wealth, has quite worn off. The Duke lives out his notable life in a manner which suggests the æsthetic youth who cared not if it snowed the whole year round.

Since the lamented death of his beautiful wife, the Home Secretary has gone out very little in town; and it is quite "on the cards" that Lord Salisbury will give him a peerage when the Conservatives go out of power, and permit of his settling down permanently as a landed nobleman in the North and devoting himself to agriculture, to which he is devotedly attached. Sir

Matthew White Ridley has the German Embassy and Lord Ardilaun for neighbours at No. 10, Carlton-House Terrace; he has only to step across a portion of St. James's Park to reach the door of the Home Office, and is practically next door to the Athenæum, of which he is an old member. Now that his son is well married, Sir Matthew, whose eldest and dearly-beloved daughter died suddenly about four years ago, has nothing which a more ambitious man might stay in harness to obtain. He has an old estate in Northumberland, and lately has rented Cassiobury, near Watford, from the Earl of Essex.

Capacious as Mr. Chaplin's London residence is, he has no large family to fill it, and the President of the Local Government Board, a widower for some years, is consequently "found out" a good deal. Big, robust, genial, a good sportsman and a good *raconteur*, Mr. Chaplin may be said to be the most sought-after Cabinet Minister by hostesses who view too much intellect as a trifle boring. But he gives very good dinner-parties at Stafford House, and is none the less "in request" on that account.



DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S HOUSE, PICCADILLY



THE FATE OF THE HISPANIA.

WRITTEN BY DAGNEY MAJOR

ILLUSTRATED BY M. NISBET

"**H**I! You there."
"Sir?"
"Tell Mr. Gurrell I want to see him at once."
In a few moments the third mate was standing beside me on the quarter-deck of my brig, the *Sapphire*.
"What do you make of her?" I asked him, pointing to a hulk that lay rolling heavily, about half a league from our lee bow. For answer, he steadied his glass, looked long and earnestly at the hulk, that now rose on the crest of a wave, now swooped down into the hollow. She was lying so low in the water that I could only catch a glimpse of her bulwarks occasionally. Both masts had gone by the board, and the wreckage, yards, and sails which clung around her, showed she had had a rough time. Gurrell still kept his glass fixed earnestly on the stranger. The seamen and every man down to the ship's cook were on deck, straining every eye to

catch a glimpse of her as she rose and fell. The sight of a deserted ship aroused our curiosity, for we had some time since left the ordinary line to which ships kept, and we had been sailing over a solitary sea for five days.

"Well, what do you make of her?" I said again to the mate.

"She's a-goin' to pieces fast, and has been abandoned by every man on board," answered Gurrell, decidedly.

I had come to the same conclusion myself, for not a sign of any living thing could I discern on deck.

"She may go under any moment," continued the mate; "but what beats me, I can't see any sign of a flag or signal of distress. She's derelict, sir—that's what she is, derelict," he jerked out; "but I believe she's an English-built craft," he added, taking another look.

"Let me have the glass," I suggested, taking it from the mate's hand.

The craft was plunging heavily, and

it was with the utmost difficulty that I could get a good view of her deck at all. Her bowsprit remained intact, but the ropes and cordage were wound round in hopeless confusion. Part of her main hatch had been washed away, and her stern had suffered considerable damage; nor could I discern any name on her. It looked to me as if her bows had been knocked about, but at so great a distance it was impossible to say if this were the case. Half of one mast lay right across the fore deck, whilst her main deck was strewn with timber, torn sails, and unspent cable. How long she had been adrift I could not possibly tell, but it must have been some time, judging from her dilapidated appearance. I shut up the glass with a snap, turned to Gurrell and said, "You had better launch the cutter, and take six hands with you. Examine her from stern to stern, and come back as quickly as possible to report your proceedings."

"Lower the cutter," sang out the mate.

There was a general rush forward. All the men were eager to board the stranger, and volunteered their services with that keen appreciation of something novel which offered to relieve the monotonous experience of the last few days. Six hands were soon chosen, and a few minutes later the little boat was heading towards the deserted ship, with Gurrell in the stern-sheets. We were securely anchored, so I went below for a smoke. When I gained the deck an hour later, it was to see our men rowing back to the ship as if for their lives. The oars dipped rhythmically and swiftly. The little boat was flying through the water, and casting the spray right and left before her. Gurrell was at the tiller, urging the men to pull their utmost. Then I discovered there were only five rowers beside the mate. Something had gone wrong.

"Pipe all hands on deck," I roared to the boatswain, "and stand by."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The men soon tumbled on deck, and six were ready to cast the painter when the cutter came alongside. She was still about a quarter of a mile distant, so I fell to pacing up and down, wondering what had happened. Gurrell,

I knew, was a man I could thoroughly trust, and would not return thus unless a serious calamity had overtaken them. In ten minutes the cutter was alongside, and the mate scrambled on deck, followed by two seamen. A few minutes after, the other two appeared, bearing a ghastly burden. They laid it reverently down on the deck. It was the lifeless body of an able seaman, a great favourite with the men, and marked by me as a steady, trustworthy fellow. There was a gaping wound at the throat, through which the blood slowly oozed. They had wrapped his body in a piece of coarse tarpaulin, which was stretched out stiff and rigidly. The sensation caused by this horrible tragedy was profound. The men stood round with white, scared faces, and looked askance at one another. I have seen men look frightened in my time, but have never seen a face which spoke of horror as did the face of Gurrell.

"In God's name, tell me what's happened," I gasped.

"There's devilry on board that ship, sir," muttered the mate; "she's cursed."

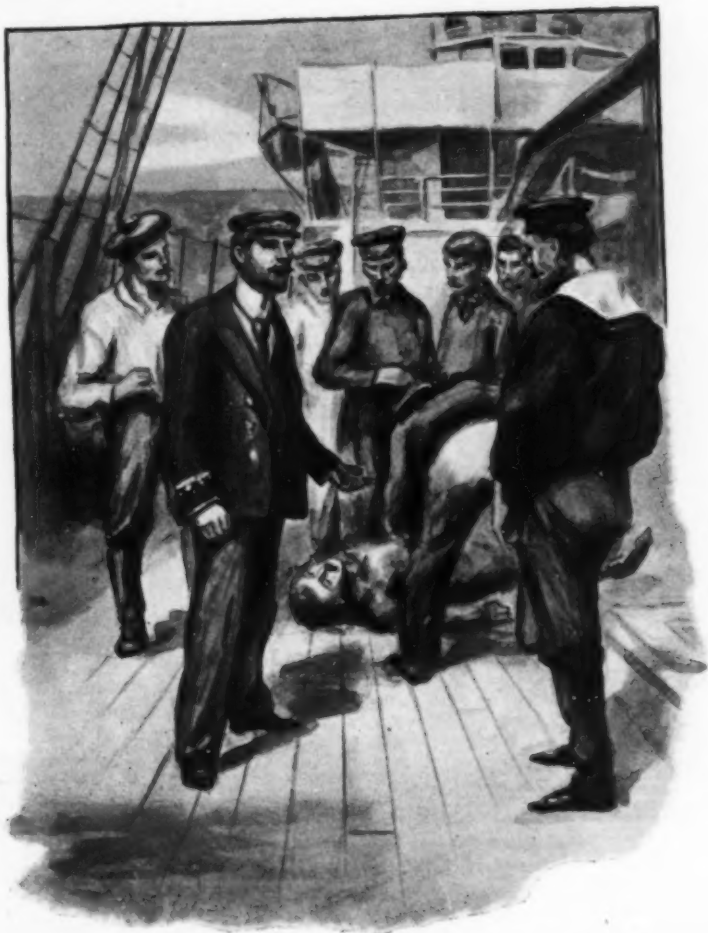
"Aye, aye," assented the men, with a growl, "she's curst, we dursn't go nigh that vessel again—no, not for all the wealth of London."

"We got on board all right," began Gurrell, unsteadily, "and examined the deck. Then we went below. Part of the steps of the companion-way had been hacked down, so we had to jump it. There was a table overturned in the cabin, and the condition of the place generally gave us the impression that it had been subjected to rough usage. 'There's been foul play here,' said Carne to me. ('But who now lies there,' put in the mate, pointing to the lifeless figure lying on the deck). 'Coming aboard this boat, sir, will do us no good,' remarked Carne, after further examination. Then I ordered him to the fore-castle, to investigate there. The remaining five stayed with me. I was about to look for the log, when I heard a cry of terror from the bow, and, hurrying upon deck, saw Carne staggering from the fore-castle with a gaping wound at his throat. Before I could reach him, he had fallen on his face to the deck. He was dead. The men

were so scared that they begged to put off without further delay. This I determined to do, so the cutter was launched with all speed, and we rowed back."

"You did perfectly right, Gurrell," I put in approvingly, "in returning at

took," he began, "and I don't think no good will come of it—but I'm with you, sir." His example was followed by four others, all able and thorough seamen, not wanting in pluck, but in work of this kind the sailor's natural horror of the inexplicable showed itself.



"IN GOD'S NAME, TELL ME WHAT HAS HAPPENED," I GASPED

once; but we cannot let the matter drop now, it is far too serious. I myself will board this boat. Now, who offers their services?"

For a moment the mate hesitated. Then he came and stood by me.

"It's as eerie a job as ever I under-

A few minutes later we had put a good two hundred yards between us and my ship, which I had left in charge of the boatswain. I had given him strict injunctions that if we did not return within three hours, he was to send the pinnace along with four seamen. Now

I own that the moment I trod the deck of the deserted vessel a wave of curious misgiving came over me. I am not a coward, but there seemed to me to be an atmosphere of ill-omen which shrouded me in mental gloom. I quickly pulled myself together, and, led by Gurrell, made my way to the cabin. It was a room about ten feet by eight, carpeted and oak-panelled. The sea water which had entered had done considerable damage to the floor. The table, as the mate had told me, was overturned, and, indeed, most of the furniture had been ill-used. There was a rank smell of salt water and mustiness pervading the atmosphere. The log was what I wanted to find most of all, and immediately set about doing so with a will. I made my way to what I concluded must have been the captain's cabin. The door was bolted from the inside, and I could not make it yield. Calling Gurrell to my side, and three seamen, we seized a large spar from the deck, and going down to the cabin again were about to use it as a ram to burst open the door. "Now then, men, steady there," I ordered. "One!" I shouted, as we swung the beam to and fro. "Two! All together, *three!*" With a crash the door flew open. But what a sight it was that met our startled gaze! There before us sat a grinning skeleton, the withered flesh clinging to the bones like cracked parchment. The clothes hung in shreds and loose folds, and a tattered hat upon the head, as it grinned at us with open jaws, added to the hideousness of all that was left of a human being. So startled were we at this appalling sight that no one spoke for some moments.

"Didn't I say as this cursed boat 'ud bring us no good," whined Gurrell in a high, cracked voice.

"That's about it," growled the men, who were staring rigidly before them as I turned and faced them.

"Call yourselves men?" I shouted angrily, speaking at Gurrell particularly. "Your mothers would show more pluck than you." This taunt had the desired effect, for I saw them wince.

"The Captain's right," put in the mate, "and I'm a dog darned fool for cutting up queer. Now who'll stick to

the Captain?" The rest of the seamen chorussed their assent.

"That's like British seamen," I called out approvingly; "follow me."

The skeleton sat on a chair with both arms stretched upon a table, and in the right hand was clutched a key. The left hand was doubled up. I gently examined it, but to my surprise found no flesh on the fingers at all, it seemed withered up. "Look," I said to Gurrell, "What does this mean—sharks?"

"Sharks! fiddlestick," exclaimed the mate, contemptuously, "a shark wouldn't nibble like that. That means starvation," he added, with conviction.

"What!"

"Starvation," repeated the mate, "pure and simple. Taint the first time I've seen the likes."

"But I don't understand."

"Well, in plain English," went on the mate in an awe-struck tone, "he ate his hand. Went stark, staring mad, heaven help him, and ate his hand. Gospel truth, sir," he continued solemnly, "there's many a poor fellow now lying at the bottom of the sea who has done that afore now."


I shuddered involuntarily, but then continued the search. There was a sextant in the cabin, and other nautical instruments, a few clothes, and an empty bottle or two, but no log. I was about to order the men to carry up the dead body of the captain, for such I concluded he must have been, when my eye again caught sight of the two bottles, one of which was corked. I picked it up and held it to the light. Something white glimmered faint through the green glass. In a moment the bottle was shivered to pieces. I grabbed at a piece of paper which fell out, and the men crowded round in anticipation. The contents I read out aloud, which are word for word from the original, as it lies before me as I write:—

"This is to certify that I, William Gurney, of London, captain of the *Hispania*, will in a few days have been starved to death, being mercilessly locked in my cabin by the mutinous crew, and that my cargo of gold ingots from Adelaide will be divided among my dastardly men. The key in my right hand will open a secret door from

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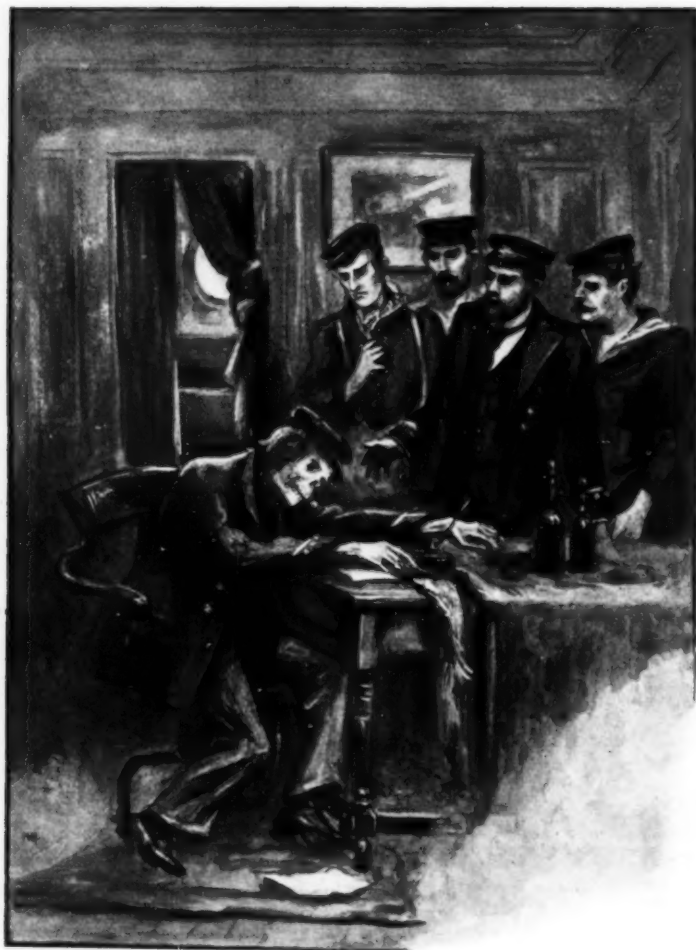
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this cabin to the hold. I have not many more hours to live.

"Signed this sixteenth day of July, 1852, on the *Hispania*; S. lat. 49.6, long. 145.3, by

"CAPTAIN FREDERICK WILLIAM GURNEY."

Here was a revelation indeed. He had been dead only two days. "Well, poor fellow," muttered Gurrell, "he's gone now. Maybe he threw one bottle out at sea, and kept the other in here to explain if he were rescued. The sea has more stories to tell than people think for. I have been a sailor ever since I could walk, and if you will allow me, sir, I think I can throw a little light on the matter."

I readily assented.

"That there man," began the mate, "was captain of this vessel, and was bound for London from Adelaide with a cargo of gold. Maybe he paid off his men when the outward voyage had been completed, the sailors being eager to go to the diggings. On the homeward voyage he had picked a fresh crew, among whom were, no doubt, sailors of the worst order, and, returning from the diggings sick at heart, had embarked on the *Hispania*. You bet they knew what the cargo was. Well, maybe all was plain sailing at first, but one day the sailors cut up nasty, mutinied, if you like, knifed one another, locked the captain in his cabin, and left him to starve, then took as much gold and food in the long boat as she would carry, and made off. She had been struck by a gale just previous to their embarkation, and had lain at the mercy of the wind and sea, a helpless wreck. Two days earlier, sir, and we might have saved the captain," and he looked round at the men, who nodded their approval at his sound common sense.

"All what you say, Gurrell, is quite a probable story, but it may or may not be true. If there be any gold at all, where is it? For my part, I doubt its existence at all."

"It will be down in the lower hold, sir—should be."

"Then, before we look for it, the captain must be buried." I took the key from the right hand, and placed it in

my pocket. We wrapped up the body in a piece of sail, and it was borne on deck. I repeated as much of the Burial Service as I could remember. At a signal the plank was tilted, and the grim parcel despatched into the rolling waters, there to lie until the sea gives up its dead.

"Now," I said, when this solemn service was over, and the men had gathered round for further orders, "you will all follow me to the captain's cabin." I accordingly led the way, and, taking the key, commenced tapping round the walls to see if there was any indication of a trapdoor. Under the bunk was a small piece of carpet nailed to the floor. This I tore away. What was my surprise to see a keyhole let into the planks. I put the key into the lock, which turned quite easily. I opened a trapdoor, which disclosed an aperture just big enough for one man to creep through. All was as dark as pitch below, but there was a ladder which probably led down into the hold.

"Bring me a light," I ordered; "I'm going down."

"Don't you, sir; it's tempting Providence," whispered the mate.

"I tell you I'm going," I replied, quietly; "who is with me?"

Two seamen came forward with a lantern. "We'll go with you, sir."

I took the light and carefully went down the ladder, followed by the men. When I reached the hold, I swung the light aloft so as to get a better view. There was nothing but a few tons of bricks, by way of ballast I supposed. The hold was nearly the whole length of the ship. The three of us examined it from end to end, but at length gave up the search in disgust.

"No gold down here," I said; "the captain was mad when he wrote that on the paper."

We were about to ascend the ladder, when I picked up one of the bricks, resolving to show it to Gurrell, when we heard shouting and a scuffle on deck. I ran up the ladder as fast as I could, and, springing on deck, saw coming towards me at full speed a man, wild and ferocious-looking; madness was plainly written on his face.

"Water!" he gasped; "water!" Then he suddenly turned, and before any of

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(Signed) THOMAS BYTHEWAY.

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us could stop him had plunged desperately into the sea. He never rose again.

"That will explain the death of Carne," cried Gurrell to me. "He came from the fore-castle a few minutes ago, and flew at some of the men, but they overpowered him. The Lord only knows where he's hid himself all the time; but there's no cunning like a mad-man's. He had the strength of five men. Did you find anything in the hold, sir?"

"Bricks, nothing more. See, here is one," and I handed it to him.

The mate took it in his hand. Then he brought out his pocket-knife and began to scrape away the mortar as if for his life. I watched him curiously. Still he scraped on.

"Bricks, yer call it," he said excitedly, "bricks—look there." He pointed out a small hole through which gleamed a bright yellow ore.

"It's gold," I gasped.

"Gold, course it is; the brick's holler." And as he spoke he gave it a sharp tap with his knife handle, and brought out a small ingot of gold.

"We're rich men," I cried out, scarce knowing what I said in my excitement.

"Three cheers for the *Hispania*," the mate proposed heartily, and the men gave them as only British seamen can. Then we set to work with a will. The deck was soon covered with the bricks brought up from the hold. The men worked like niggers. I reckoned the amount of gold which lay below must have been worth something from sixty to one hundred thousand pounds.

"The pinnacle should be coming alongside soon," I said to Gurrell, who was just staggering up from the hold with a huge pile of bricks. He nodded. He was too breathless for words. Even

as I spoke I saw the boat coming towards us.

"Boat ahoy!" I yelled. There was a faint response, and the men bent to their oars with renewed energy. As soon as the men sprang aboard I explained all that had happened.

We immediately set about loading the pinnacle, and this being done, myself and four men returned to my ship, Gurrell remaining in charge of the *Hispania*. All that day the cutter and pinnacle were plying between the *Sapphire* and the deserted vessel. I know that night the men were served out a double quantity of rum and tobacco, and I and Gurrell yarned far into the night over cigars and whisky. All next day we were hard at it again, loading up. When the last batch had been brought over, I myself returned with Gurrell, with three large casks of gunpowder. I had resolved to blow up the ill-fated *Hispania*, for she was a danger to navigation. We lowered the barrels into the hold and went down. With the assistance of the mate I made a long fuse, attached one end to the biggest barrel, connecting the others with it. When I had lit it I reckoned it would take about an hour to reach the gunpowder, thus giving us ample time to get away. A quarter of an hour later saw me and Gurrell standing on the quarter-deck of the *Sapphire*, with every stitch of canvas set, and watching the ill-fated vessel gradually receding from us. It was quite dark when there came a long, low, rumbling sound. Then a myriad sparks flew high into the air, and pieces of flaring timber went hurtling through space. Though we were almost a mile distant, I could hear the hiss of the flames as they licked the water's edge. Then all was darkness again.



THE RIVIERA.

SUMMER, with its bright blue skies and pleasant atmosphere, is past, and in its place has come the cold, damp weather, so trying to the invalid and others, forcing us to button our overcoats and walk more quickly in the vain endeavour to keep warm. It is not every one who can stand an English winter, and those who can't, and whose purses will allow them, begin to think it is time they were seeking more cheerful climes, there to remain until the rigours of our winter are over, and the heat of summer comes again.

The Riviera is one of the most favoured stopping-places for people who cannot remain in England during the winter, and who do not care to go far from home. It is easily reached, and the invalid, when there, can bask in the sunshine and forget all about the weather he is accustomed to in a winter spent at home.

In the Riviera there are many places where the traveller can pleasantly while away the time, until he gets ready to return in the following spring. Mentone, Nice, and Monte Carlo are all well-known places, where the visitor will find plenty to see and do, numbers of his countrymen forming communities amongst themselves, with plenty of reading matter. Good English clubs are to be found in the places mentioned, and amusements to suit all tastes. The principal hotels have weekly dances, where every one is to be seen, and there are good golf links for those who like outdoor amusements.

Monte Carlo, as every one knows, is the great gambling place of Europe. Nothing is done there of any importance except that, and that it is a most paying business for the proprietors can easily be noted from the lavish decorations which are seen everywhere.

At the tables, one of the most curious crowds to be found in Europe nightly assemble; ladies of princely rank rub shoulders with those of no position, and professional gamblers with gentlemen there from curiosity. However, putting the gambling feature aside, it will well repay a visit, being something so different from what one ever has the chance of seeing at home.

Only a short distance away is Nice, quite a large town, with a number of English residents. It is a gay place, and no one living there can have any excuse for being dull. One of the sights of the town is the Carnival, and a very curious one it is to English people. It takes place every year, and a stranger suddenly transplanted into its midst would think he were amongst an assembly of mad people. Masks and fancy costumes are worn by every one, who amuse themselves by throwing flour and sweets at each other, often ending in a general engagement between large parties of men and women, who for some days give themselves over

entirely to fun and amusement. This, with a grand procession in fancy costumes through the town, and a masked ball in the evening, form some of the principal features of the Carnival as it is to be seen in Nice.

Mentone has the mildest winter of any town in that part of the country, and is a very favourite winter resort for invalids.

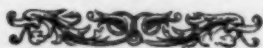
Cannes is a very fashionable place, and its society mainly consists of the wealthy aristocratic classes. It is the headquarters for the Yacht Club.

It is difficult to realise, living in England under the bleak sky of an English winter, that only a short distance away, at the same season of the year, people are daily enjoying the grateful warmth of the sun, and spending a great part of their lives in the open air. But it is so; for, except in the early mornings and evenings, it is always pleasantly warm in the sun anywhere in the Riviera.

A splendid climate for invalids, or for those whose chests are not as strong as they might be, if they could only manage to pass their winters there, their lives might be prolonged indefinitely, and a great deal of suffering eliminated from them. It is not as if any great hardships had to be undergone in getting there; any one, however delicate, can easily manage it. The journey takes less than two days, and can be broken at a number of points, should the traveller not feel inclined to go straight through.

Much the best way of buying one's ticket—it saves one so much time and trouble—is to get it through a reliable travelling agency, such as Henry Gaze & Sons, Limited, whose head offices are at 142, Strand, London, W.C., and branches everywhere. They will provide you with a ticket at less cost than you could obtain it by yourself, to any point over any route, and are always pleased to supply you, free of charge, with any information as to routes, prices, best hotels to stop at, and the thousand and odd matters that a traveller requires to know.

The public generally are greatly indebted to Messrs. Henry Gaze & Sons, whose enterprise makes travelling a positive luxury, relieving them from all trouble.



HOW TO DRESS INEXPENSIVELY.

LADIES who like to dress well, but whose means are limited, will find the Ideal Dress Agency, in Victoria Street, of great assistance in enabling them to present a good appearance for the smallest possible outlay.

The Agency's business is the sale of dresses that have been slightly worn, though still in good condition, that for some reason or other—often death—have had to be discarded by their owners.

A commission is charged by the Agency on whatever sum the dress may realise, and a small selling fee in addition.

Quite a number of handsome costumes can always be found on view at the Agency's premises, and prospective buyers will have to be very fastidious if they cannot find something to suit them. Information as to the past history of the dresses can always be given, which is sometimes very useful, if there is any chance of their being recognised. It is surprising to see what good prices are obtained for some of these dresses; in fact, more than one person has been heard to say that they sold for more than their original cost.



HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS

SUGAR is consumed in such enormous quantities, and has become so common an article of diet, that we only think of it, if we do so at all, as something to sweeten our tea, coffee, and food with.

Few know that different sugars possess varied degrees of sweetness, and that some are more wholesome than others. Cane sugar is better than that made from beets, and, though costing a little more, is in the long run cheaper, as it is sweeter and goes further in the household. When buying sugar, it is just as well to bear these facts in mind, and, if possible, buy only what is manufactured by a reliable firm. The Glebe Sugar Company, of Greenock, Scotland, and St. George's House, Eastcheap, London, can be relied on to furnish their customers with cane sugar of the purest quality.

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Condy's Fluid is well known in every household for its admirable disinfecting qualities. Some of the minor uses to which it can be put are, perhaps, not so well known. One of the principal of these is the staining of floors; it gives them a dark brown colour, approaching black, which, when polished with beeswax and turpentine, looks very well indeed.

A little of the fluid in a footbath makes a splendid wash for the feet, when they are tired from walking on the hard pavements. A small teaspoonful, mixed with water and swallowed, will often relieve an attack of indigestion. Altogether, Condy's Fluid is a most useful article to keep about the house.

## CYCLISTS.

Now that bicycling has become so popular an amusement amongst women, it will not be out of place to remark that a little more attention given to their costumes would greatly improve their appearance on the wheel. Provided with a suitable costume and holding herself properly, a girl when riding will always look well, and that is more than can be said of a great many we meet nowadays. Before buying a costume you should look in at Hart's, in Conduit Street. They have quite a variety, and are the best I have noticed in my wanderings. They give special attention to the cut, but I need not say more, as you should certainly see them before making your purchase.



ENGLAND is essentially a sporting nation, and even amongst those whose means of livelihood are, to say the least of it, precarious, there is a large percentage who, in the words of Gus Elen's popular song, is always ready to stake its "shelling on a 'orse."

In a higher circle, where a man likes to have a little gamble well within his means, without being rich enough to go directly on to the turf, the difficulty, as I understand, is to find a trustworthy agent on whom he may depend, and invest his money with the knowledge that, if he wins, he will receive his winnings.

In this connection may be mentioned the firm of Messrs. Doughton, Lovyck & Co., of Pall Mall, who have been established for many years.

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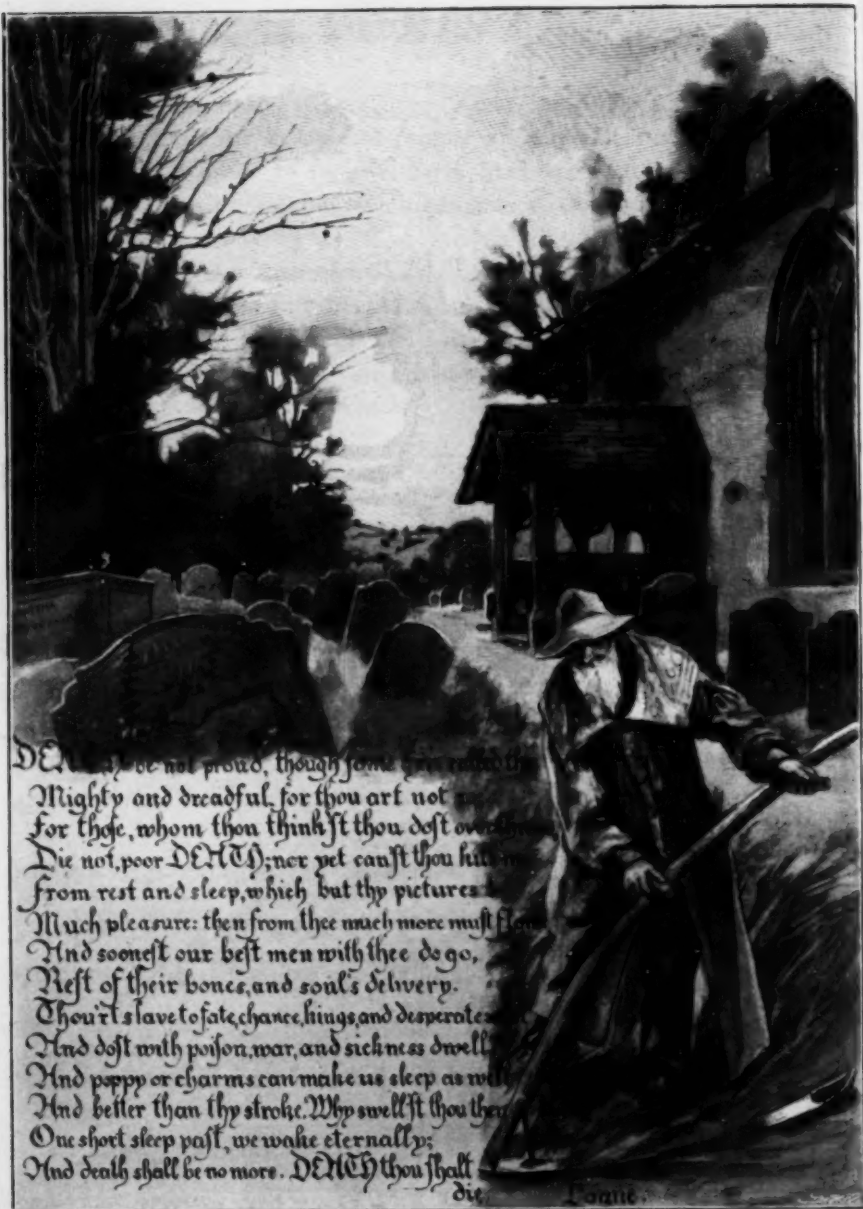
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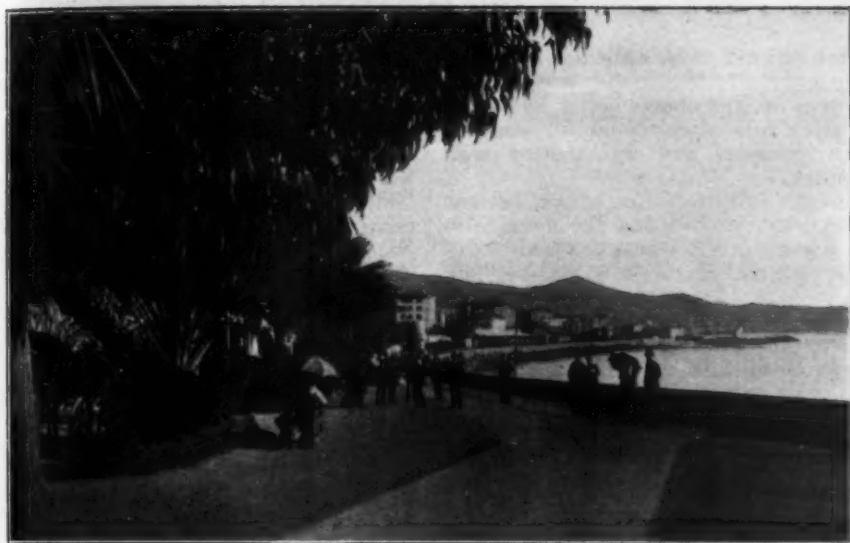
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DEATH



THE CZARINA'S PROMENADE

## *The Most Fashionable City in the World*

PEEPS AT SAN REMO

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

WHERE NOT  
TO GO!

ENGLISH people will not go to the French Riviera this season, and the cause is not far to seek. Through many years they have patronised Nice, Cannes and Mentone; but such outrageous treatment have they received during the past two or three seasons, that they are now determined, in future, to boycott the French side. Last season was an absolute failure in Nice, mostly on account of its Anglophobe press, the hostility of the Niçois towards the English, and the disgraceful insanitary condition of the town. If the truth be told, Nice is to-day in a worse state

VOL. IX., NEW SERIES.—DEC., 1899

regarding water supply and sanitation than any town in England. Previous to writing the present article, I took a journey especially to Nice, to ascertain its state. I found hotel-keepers and owners of villas and apartments as avaricious as usual, demanding most exorbitant prices for very inferior quarters. The roads were up in many of the principal streets, the Promenade des Anglais was in a state of chaos, and the shopkeepers one and all in fear that the season would be worse than last year. In the latter, their fears will, no doubt, be realised. English people will not go to a fever-infected town to spend the winter, and be insulted daily by a

virulent local press, while they can cross the frontier at Ventimille, twenty miles further on, and obtain better and more bracing air, more delightful scenery, live cheaper, and be treated with respect.

Last season, because  
 PEOPLE WHO I had the courage to  
 HISSED OUR expose in THE LUD-  
 QUEEN. GATE magazine, and  
 other journals, the  
 hissing of the Queen by the people of  
 Nice, the French Minister of the  
 Interior thought fit to issue a decree,  
 ordering my expulsion from French  
 territory. That what I said was true  
 was proved by the Mayor of Nice  
 being compelled to call upon the British  
 Ambassador in Paris, and apologise;  
 while my criticisms upon the defective  
 drainage, and the recurring epidemics of  
 typhoid are also proved to be justified  
 by the new system of drainage, now  
 being commenced. This system, how-  
 ever, will not be completed before next  
 year, and as there are still cases of  
 typhoid in Nice to my own knowledge,

English visitors should be warned in  
 time. The anti-English feeling in  
 Nice is as strong to-day as it ever  
 was, and if English people are  
 openly insulted in the streets, as they  
 were last season, it is only their own  
 fault for venturing there. In striking  
 contrast to the tinsel and pasteboard of  
 Nice, with its crowds of the *demi-monde*,  
 its pest of beggars, its infected water  
 supply, and its host of impudent cab-  
 men—whose votes are desired by the  
 Municipality, and who therefore practi-  
 cally rule local affairs—is the quiet and  
 beautiful country lying beyond Venti-  
 mille, a coast unequalled for natural  
 attractions and climate in the whole  
 world—the Italian Riviera.

Until the present,  
 AN UNKNOWN little has been heard in  
 PARADISE. England of the Italian  
 Littoral The pictur-  
 esque beauties of its coast, indented with  
 coves and bays, and its wild mountains  
 and smiling valleys have been left un-  
 explored by the English who go south  
 in search of sunshine. They have been



SIGNOR CONIO'S HOTEL

content to enjoy the glitter and artificiality of Nice or the whirl of Monte Carlo, and have almost entirely neglected the Italian side. Only this year have my compatriots awakened to the fact that there is a Riviera quite as beautiful and far more healthful beyond Ventimille. Italy is generally supposed to be rather behind-hand. She never "booms" her beauties, hence she has been content to let San Remo remain known to a select few. This season, however, San Remo has come forward as the most fashionable town on the whole Riviera. And deservedly so. Its sheltered situation is unique in the whole of Europe, for here the banana grows and ripens, date-palms are seen in all their tropical luxuriance, while the oranges, aloes, and cacti flourish and flower everywhere. San Remo is not by any means artificial. The old sun-bleached town, perched upon its conical hill, is as quaint and picturesque to-day as it was back in the dark days of the Corsairs, while the foreign quarters clustering below it along the sea-shore are imposing without the painful attempt at effect so apparent in the towns run by Messieurs les Anglophobes. Of hotels in San Remo there are many, and the prices are by no means ruinous. The best is the Grand Hôtel des Anglais, owned by Signor Conio, a charming type of the pleasant, courteous Italian, whose wife is English, and who, assisted by his son, an experienced hotel manager, caters excellently for English tastes. His hotel is a palatial one of marble halls, and has been considerably enlarged this season to meet the requirements of the crowds who stay there, and the new dancing hall will of course be in great requisition this winter, for dances are to be held weekly, and guests are always welcome. To those going south this winter I can recommend this hotel above all others for comfort, cheerful society, moderate prices, beautiful gardens, and a view unequalled on the whole of the Mediterranean coast. Another hotel is now in course of construction by Signor Marini, and to be called the Savoy, a magnificent place, higher up the hill. Last season in mid-winter not a bed could be had, therefore it certainly be-

hoves hotel proprietors to enlarge their premises and provide increased accommodation this year, when English people cannot live in Nice.

San Remo is not  
A WORD TO large, but it possesses  
VISITORS. many distinct advantages that should not be overlooked by the Englishman going south for the winter. When you land in San Remo—or, indeed, before you get there—there is a man who will do everything for you, an Englishman, and a right-down good fellow, Mr. Benecke by name. He and his partner, Mr. Heywood, are bankers, furnishers, wine merchants, estate agents, builders, tourist agents—in fact, they are the local Whiteley's. When in doubt in San Remo, one has only to stroll along to the office in the Via Vittorio Emanuele, and "inquire within." To Mr. Benecke, too, together with the new syndic, Signor G. E. Balestreri, is due in a great measure the development of San Remo which is now taking place. It is intended to render the town attractive to English visitors; and the success of their efforts this season may be judged by the fact that early in October, before a visitor had set foot in the place, there was not a single furnished villa to be let, and very few apartments. People are this year flocking to San Remo and Bordighera by thousands. Villas that last year let for £200 are now let for £600; while in Nice, hotel-keepers, shop-keepers, and those avaricious harpies who have so outrageously fleeced the visitor in the past are standing idle with elongated faces. Nice has fallen from her high estate. The English are sick of overcharge and discourtesy, and have at last discovered that in Italy they can obtain better quarters, better food, better air, and live under conditions much more sanitary than they can on the French side.

Back in August last, ITALIANS AS the British Mediter-  
FRIENDS. ranean Squadron put  
into San Remo, and were most enthusiastically fêted by the authorities and the people. So good is the feeling between the Italians and the Englishman that the latter, though he

may speak no word of Italian, is never robbed or cheated, as is so invariably the case in France. In Italy, not only is he among friends, but upon every English sovereign he changes into Italian money he profits to the substantial tune of one shilling and eightpence. Hence the cost of living is brought to a minimum—a fact which should always be remembered. Every attraction is now offered in San Remo, while to those who like to visit Monte Carlo there is a new service of automobile omnibuses to the frontier at Ventimille, as well as a new service of through trains without the annoying wait at the French Custom-house. This year, San Remo, small and unpretending, but delightful in its every aspect, with brilliant sunlight and balmy air, and the Medi-

terranean shining turquoise through the palms, is the most fashionable resort in Europe. So suddenly popular has it become, indeed, a city of royalties and princes, that several syndicates—English, Belgian, and Italian—have been already formed within the past month to build a new promenade, new suburbs, new hotels, a new casino, and make other improvements, all of which it is hoped will be ready for the visitor next year. Through trains are already running between Calais and San Remo, therefore those in search of health and sunshine need not experience any difficulty in getting to this, one of the most delightful spots in the whole world.

The photographs accompanying this article are by Brogi of Florence, Giletta of Nice, and Scotto of San Remo.



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MADAME PATTI

From Photo by A. KSMÉ COLLINGS

## *Madame Adelina Patti as a Hostess*

WRITTEN BY NIEL WENTWORTH. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

“**H**OPE springs eternal in the human breast” says the poet, to which assertion the public rejoins: “So does our interest in Adelina Patti.” That it should be so is very much to the credit of the public, for surely never did star so thoroughly merit the attention of the world which it illumines! But from those who only know her as the most marvellous of singers is quite half of her marvellousness hidden, since it is not the public side of Adelina Patti, although radiant, which is the more brilliant; the side of which only her

private friends are aware is by far the brighter, and to see it scintillate one should visit Craig-y-Nos. There, in her “Home, sweet home” in the Welsh mountains, Madame is at her very best; in turn a cheery chatterer, energetic sportswoman, enterprising excursionist, and ever a sympathetic hostess.

She loves her cosy castle, its pretty gardens, its miniature lake, its rustic bridges, and its spacious scenery. Her *joie de vivre* when in these inspiring surroundings is absolutely invincible; small wonder that the effect of her happy temperament should speedily commu-

nicate itself to her guests, and that even those who came to rest remain to frisk.

Maybe that the bracing air which swirls along the Swansea valley has its share in the invigorating result of Craig-y-Nos, but without doubt most of the benefit of the sojourner within its hospitable walls is derived from hourly associations with its brisk *châtelaine*.

Existence goes so gaily that the days slip by all too quickly, and one's play-time is over, and work must again be faced; then it is that one realises how eminently restorative has been a glimpse of the home-life of the Queen of Song. The society that she most favours is that of intelligent young girls, with just a little leaven of the friends of long years' standing to give ballast, as it were, to the general buoyancy of the assembly. Affections of any sort she detests, and in her intercourse with her chosen circle there is a straightforward directness tempered by kindly consideration, which is one of the many refreshing attributes of her remarkable character. Her memory is extremely tenacious, and her power of telling a funny story for all it is worth is an invaluable aid to the gaiety of her guests. But—and this emphatically—however provocative the occasion, she *never* repeats anything which has the faintest suspicion of a *double entente*; that sort of wit simply has no place in her vocabulary, nor, by the way, in that of any individual under her roof who has once had the temerity to try it in her presence—the look reproving him would be of lasting effect!

Madame Patti talks as well as she sings, and in almost all the tongues of Europe, her accent in each being pronounced by natives absolutely perfect—a not surprising tribute to her true ear. Her speaking voice, though clear and ringing, is of so deep a resonance that a stranger, asked to guess its *timbre* for vocalisation, would undoubtedly say "contralto." To the fact of her earliest years having been passed in New York may be traced the slight reminiscence of America in its inflection, and the fullness of tone given to some of the vowels.

Adelina Patti, as all the world knows, had a Roman mother, a Sicilian father,

was born in Spain, and went, with her parents, to New York, before she was two months old.

She was not eight years when she made her first appearance on a concert platform—a quaint little figure clad in tartan silk skirt and black velvet jacket; and from that time to this she has been, with but short intervals, continually charming the world with the most wonderful voice of the century. We have all heard, more or less vaguely, of the homage which has during all these years been laid at her dainty feet by potentates in every land; but to fully realise with what worth they weighted their admiration, one should get the Diva herself to tell of her artistic triumphs, and to point the tale by opening some of her many jewel cases. Here, for instance, is a *rivière* of brilliants; there a magnificent necklet of turquoises, each as large as an oblong shilling, set in diamonds; there one of emeralds and diamonds, rubies next, then sapphires; in another hiding place many diadems, outshining each other, and brooches, rings, pins, bracelets, jewelled watches—in fact, all and more than the most gorgeous fancy could suggest, and all presented "With sincere admiration," or some such modest message, by no less important personages than the grandfather of the Czar, the father of Kaiser Wilhelm, the late Emperor of Brazil, a former President of the United States, the last Emperor of the French, and the Prince and Princess of Wales. Musical societies in America have not been behindhand in giving substantial proof of their appreciation, and to the lovely singer's infinite satisfaction, Queen Victoria has also testified hers, on various occasions, by means of jewelled ornaments, a signed photograph, and a miniature portrait of herself, set with brilliants.

Pleased as Patti honestly avows herself to have always been at the advent of a new trinket, it is the knowledge of the enjoyment which their donors have had in her singing which is her most valued possession.

The wonder is that, after such a prolonged career of adulation, Adelina Patti has emerged unspoilt; but such is certainly the case. She remains

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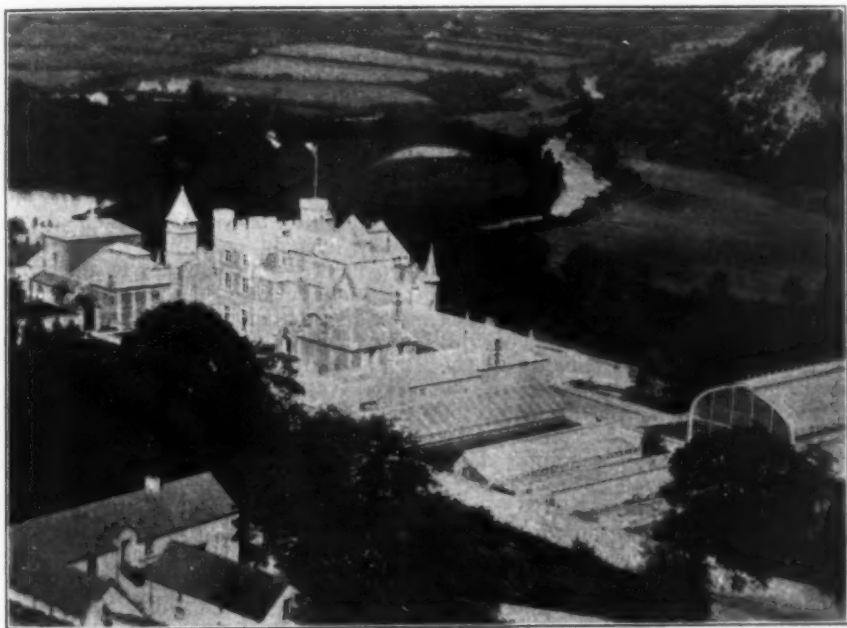


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unto this day as grateful for a word of praise from an esteemed critic, or for the gift of a little child's nosegay of wild flowers, as would be but fitting in a *débutante* anxiously starting on a career which means the wherewithal to provide a livelihood.

Craig-y-Nos is not imposing as castles go, but it is unique alike for the beauty of its situation and for the perfection of its appointments. When the place was bought by Madame Patti the house was not a quarter its present size,

this delightful abode testifies to the excellence of the management of Madame's large staff; the heads of departments have her interests too thoroughly at heart not to secure for her absolute satisfaction. From a visitor's point of view there is but one word which seems applicable—Perfection. The programme of events, with slight variations, goes this way :—Breakfast at any hour you please in your own room; luncheon at midday served in an enormous conservatory; drives to local



CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE

and the land appertaining numbered but proportionate acres; nowadays all the country for miles around is owned by the *châtelaine*. It is a gorgeous spot to have one's home, there on a mountain side, with terraced gardens falling away down to a sparkling stream, with the great granite peak rising suddenly on the opposite shore.—“The Rock of Night” (Craig-y-Nos), which gives its name to the Nightingale's nest.

The ease with which things go in

points of interest, or to call on the neighbours; tennis or croquet parties at home; tea; a general donning of prettiest evening gowns, and dinner at 7.45. Billiards, a little music—almost accidentally; or perhaps a merry quadrille, a waltz, and early to bed.

Madame Patti has so many letters and business matters which require her undisturbed attention that she finds it best to keep her mornings quite for herself, so although she is always up by eight o'clock she does not appear until

luncheon; unless, her correspondence finished, she walks in the grounds with her husband, or one or two of her guests. She is very fond of exercise, and is never happier than when in the open air; she waltzes as enthusiastically—as a girl at her first ball, and is as light as the proverbial feather on her partner's arm. She sings continually; not formal encounters with piano and music sheets, but just little snatches of anything that comes into her head, or as illustrative of this or that topic which happens to come up in talking about the events of time past or present. She plays the zither charmingly, and likes to use it in company with some old darkie melody remembered from her childhood's days in South America. By the way, she still retains in her service an old coloured woman who nursed her through a severe chill when on a concert tour there in her early teens.

Luncheon at Craig-y-Nos is great fun, everybody is so full of plans for the rest of the day, or so anxious to relate the adventures of the morning. The men tell of their luck with gun or rod, and the cyclists of the party detail the difficulties they have survived in the matter of fathoming the directions for finding their way back to the castle offered by the Welsh peasants whose aid they have invoked. Before the meal is over the mail arrives, and letters and newspapers are distributed at the table. Such piles for Madame! Some of them she reads aloud, liking to share with her friends anything which she thinks may be of general interest. For instance: "Is it not kind? Steinway is sending me a piano! Now where shall we stand it? Would it be best in the further drawing-room; or could we have it here, among the palms? Well, let us talk about it

presently. Do hear this letter: it is from a person named Smith, who is 'sure I shall remember him.' It seems we met in the year one, or some such time; What a pity that one ever forgets anybody, for I expect he was as kind as possible—but one meets so many 'Smiths.'" And so on, until the whole lot has been investigated, and sorted into two heaps, those on the right to be answered to-morrow morning, and the rest to wait for a later opportunity.

Dinner is a more stately function, and in its honour, when we assemble in the spacious dining-room, and subject ourselves to the stern unflinchingness of the electric light, we all try to look our very best. And the prettier the girls manage to look, the better pleased is our generous hostess, for she takes as much interest in the appearance of everybody under her roof as ever did the proudest of parents. Such a good heart lives in company with the big brown eyes which so clearly reflect her every impulse. Of the many kindly acts, which nobody ever hears, unobtrusively administered in all the country round about Craig-y-Nos, one should ask the dwellers in the long Swansea Valley, and gain such an insight into the generosity of the local Lady Bountiful as does one good to hear. Not a day passes but some wayfarer knocks at her huge kitchen portal to claim the meal which remains constantly provided for needy passers wending toward the nearest town in search of work.

Her friends, the neighbours living on adjoining estates, have come to reckon time from such landmarks as "Before Madame Patti did this or that—went abroad or returned to the castle," such a moving spirit is she in the sphere of life around Craig-y-Nos.



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## In Her Majesty's Service

A STORY OF THE AFGHAN WAR

WRITTEN BY E. M. DELL. ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY ALDRIDGE.

“ASK de Vere's opinion. He is always ready for an argument.”

“Major de Vere!” grinned the youngest subaltern present. “Why, he's as sleepy as an owl in the sunshine. He always is.”

Major de Vere himself leaned forward across the mess-table and fixed his sleepy blue eyes upon the speaker's face, rather to that young gentleman's embarrassment. The major was a good-looking, sunburnt man of over-thirty, a trifle supercilious and a trifle *blasé*, but none the less good at heart.

“Who is as sleepy as an owl in the sunshine?” he inquired, watching his junior's confusion with lazy enjoyment.

“I didn't say anything,” stammered the subaltern. “It was that fellow over there; wanted to ask you what you thought about acting against orders, and that.”

“Acting against orders! What does this youth mean? Can any of you fellows enlighten me?”

“Yes. It was I who started the subject,” said another subaltern, a dark, somewhat reserved man of twenty-five, pushing away his wine-glass and flinging his cigar into the fireplace.

Major de Vere laughed goodnaturedly.

“My dear fellow, don't for Heaven's sake look so confoundedly serious. It's a shame to waste good Havanas like that for the sake of an argument. What is the momentous question?”

“Simply this. Is a man justified in leaving camp, during warfare of course,

contrary to orders, to save a comrade who may be dying outside? I say he is. Hone says he doesn't know. What do you say?”

Captain Hone, a merry-faced Irishman with the reputation for being rather long-tongued, pushed back his chair with a rattle.

“I should say, wait till the time comes, and then see what course you like the best. If he's a bosom friend, fetch him in, in defiance of law and order. If he's the other thing, then let him take his chance. I don't approve of heaping coals of fire even on an enemy's head. Not quite the thing in war. That's what I say. Clarence here has the impudence to disagree with me, and say that friends and enemies are the same thing. He gets hold of some rum ideas, does that fellow. Only the other day——”

“Keep to the subject,” peremptorily interposed Major de Vere. “A rolling stone——”

“Right for you, de Vere. Never heard it applied to me in that way before, though. Now let us hear what you have to say upon the subject.”

“What I have to say?” The major leaned back and half-closed his eyes.

“I say that both you fellows are utterly in the wrong. We bestow as much consideration upon our enemies as upon our friends in war——”

“If it comes to that, rather more,” put in Captain Hone, grinning at the frown with which the major greeted his interruption.

“But under no pretext should a man



disobey orders," proceeded de Vere deliberately.

Young Clarence bent forward, his face flushed and eager.

"Do you think that, Major? When a man is dying a hundred yards away because you will not give a helping hand?"

"Right is right," said the major briefly.

"But in such a case what is right?"

"Obedience. Don't deceive yourself, Clarence. Your life belongs to Her Majesty, so long as you are in Her Majesty's Service. You have no right to throw away what is not your own. Whatever your personal interests may be, they should have no weight where duty is concerned. It is your duty to bear in mind the cause which you serve; and no consideration can justify insubordination."

"On the other hand, to obey a general order may be to become an unfeeling brute. If you save a life, it is a life saved for the Service."

"Possibly. But that does not alter the fact that to obtain that very laudable end you violate the very rudiments of the training that Service gives. You cannot get over that, Clarence."

"Then how is it that the Queen herself rewards such insubordination with the highest honours she can confer? How is it that a man is praised not blamed even if he loses his valuable life in such an attempt?"

Major de Vere smiled with an air of sleepy superiority.

"That is the inconsistency of human nature," he said. "The fact remains that that man, gallant as he may be, has disobeyed his orders. And that man deserves to be shot."

Clarence flung himself back impatiently in his chair.

"I don't agree with you, Major de Vere. I can't. Do you mean to tell me that if your nearest and dearest friend were lying almost at your feet you would not move a hand to help him?"

"My good fellow, I have already stated my views and my reasons for maintaining them. I suppose you know the ancient advice that bids you 'of two difficulties choose the worst'?"

"That has nothing to do with the question."

"Pardon me. In such a case as you have put forward, which course would be the more difficult to pursue? To leave your friend to die, and follow the path of duty, or to go to his assistance and leave duty alone?"

Clarence rose without replying.

"You are done, my boy," said Hone, with a gay laugh. "Beaten in fair fight. You may as well own it."

"I do own it," the young man answered gravely, holding out his hand to the major. "I have no further argument to bring forward, Major, and I shall not forget my defeat. As we are off to Afghanistan to-morrow, perhaps the lesson you have been good enough to give me may be of use. Good-night."

"Good night." A smile flashed into de Vere's eyes as he shook hands.

"You give me the victory, Clarence?"

"I give you the victory," he answered, and, with a look on his face that perplexed his superior, he went out.

"It doesn't take you long to smash a fellow," observed Captain Hone. "Where did you learn to be so confidently sharp?"

Major de Vere had leant back again, his momentary energy gone, and as sleepy as he had been before the brief argument.

"Hardly worth it," he drawled. "Don't know why I should have troubled myself, but it does a fellow good to be put down now and then. Not that Clarence is uppish. Still—"

"Seemed to take it hard, didn't he?" rejoined Hone, in the same lazy tones. "He couldn't have been more put out if you had given him a literal instead of a figurative kick behind."

"Nonsense! He didn't care, did he?" De Vere sat up fully awake again. Hone laughed.

"Does conscience prick? Didn't know you possessed such a ticklish article. Care? I shouldn't think so. He is an odd customer, but sure even he couldn't be such a fool as to think twice about anything you managed to get out."

"Knock the fellow down, somebody," ordered de Vere languidly, "and stop his cackle if you can."

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"Do it yourself, you lazy beggar," said Hone, pushing up his sleeves. "The exercise will do you good. What? You won't? Let me show you how."

"Order, order," said the major, waving his hand. "No horse-play here."

"Wait till we get to Afghanistan," said a boy sitting at the captain's side. "Give it 'em hot and strong there."

"In Her Majesty's Service," put in another, with a glance at the reclining de Vere. "The major's watchword, don't you know. Only don't risk your precious life whatever else you have the gallantry to do. Think what a loss it would be to the Queen."

Major de Vere smiled. Had he been asked the reason of his indifference to chaff from his juniors, his reply would have been that the boys knew how far they might go with him, and he was satisfied that beyond the limit they would not venture.

\* \* \* \*

It was a dark night in Afghanistan. The moon had not risen, and the British camp fires alone illumined the darkness of the surrounding rocky waste. Now and then the shout of a sentry rose above the buzz of voices in the tents, and more rarely a shot echoed along the passes and defiles of the wild country about the camp. Pickets had just been posted for the earlier part of the night, and Major de Vere, who had visited the outposts, was returning to the tent he shared with two other officers for the repose he needed. It had been a tiring day for him, for he had been one of a storming party on the heights, and as he dragged himself wearily to his tent, he was drowsily congratulating himself that his work was done for one more day.

"De Vere, is that you?" whispered one of his companions, as he flung himself down without so much as unfastening his belt.

"Yes. Good night."

"It is a terrible thing about poor Clarence, isn't it?"

The major, who was already half-asleep, roused himself.

"What about poor Clarence?"

"Surely you know that he is missing,

that he has not been seen in camp since he set out with you this morning?"

"I know nothing of the kind. What do you mean? That the man is dead?"

"No, nothing is known. Only when the adjutant went through the roll-call a little while ago, he was not there to answer. We were all surprised, for no one seemed to have any idea that he had not come in with the rest. Hullo! Where are you going?"

"Never mind. I daresay you will see me again before long. Good night."

Major de Vere was on his feet again and outside, with the words. Tired as he was, the sudden news had taken from him all desire to rest. He went straight to the colonel's tent.

"Well," was the reluctant permission which his short demand for entrance elicited.

The major walked in without further ceremony, to find his commanding-officer lying in bed.

"Sorry to disturb you," said de Vere, halting just inside the tent; "but I have just heard about Clarence's disappearance. It is very extraordinary, for I quite believed him to be in safety with the rest after the taking of the kotal."

"I can't help that," said the colonel irritably. "I daresay he will find his way back before morning, if not, a search will be made. As to coming here to catechise me about him at this time of night, you must be a fool. What do you expect me to know about him?"

"Nothing," responded de Vere, with a slight smile that was unmistakably sarcastic. "If the regiment itself were missing I should not think of asking you what had become of it. But I must apologise for keeping you awake. Have I your permission to take a couple of men and look for him?"

"No," sharply replied the colonel, "you have not."

Major de Vere turned to leave the tent as abruptly as he had entered it, but the colonel's voice made him pause.

"What are you going to do?"

"Do?" De Vere stared. "What do you expect me to do?"

"To obey my orders," was the stern reply.

The major wheeled round and went to the other officer's side.

"Let me go, Colonel," he said, in a voice that was very different from his former curt tones. He hated asking favours, but the emergency of the case was too great for personal considerations to have any weight.

"My dear boy, are you mad? Take my advice and go to bed. You need rest, and you have earned it most thoroughly."

The colonel raised himself and looked kindly into the troubled blue eyes above him. Major de Vere was his friend, and in spite of his apparent indifference, Colonel Mortimer had a heart, and a kind heart too. The major bowed his head silently.

"You will go to bed like a good fellow?" the colonel asked, half-anxious, half-peremptory.

De Vere hesitated. "If you can't trust me—" he began, then stopped. "Will you come with me?" he ended, with a smile.

"No, certainly not. And I absolutely forbid you to attempt anything so mad."

The major stood for a moment, fidgeting with his belt and looking very uncomfortable.

"Well, good night," he said at length.

"Give me your word of honour, de Vere. I shall not rest unless I have it."

"What?" said de Vere, with a return of his old drowsiness. "You want my word of honour? My dear sir, you don't imagine that I am likely to take the trouble to run counter to your wishes? Too much exertion really. Good night. If you sleep as soundly as I shall you will have the best night I could possibly wish you."

And he quitted the colonel's tent without waiting to be called back.

Five minutes later, two men—an officer and a private soldier—crept noiselessly out of the camp.

\* \* \* \* \*

Captain Hone was marching restlessly up and down outside his tent. The moon had risen, and he knew that he should be snatching a few hours' rest from the toil of the campaign, but as he was wont to say, when the restless mood was on him the very devil seemed to keep him on his feet. He was pondering deeply when a figure came up behind him and tapped him on the

shoulder. The captain jumped round, with an oath and then stepped back.

"What! Clarence! Is it safe you are then? Where the dickens do you hail from?"

"I have just come in," Clarence returned, and went on speaking in brief sentences. "I got separated from the rest trying to help a poor fellow who was shot in the head. I got a knock and it stunned me for a time. Then I lost my way back, but," with a sigh of utter weariness, "I am here at last."

"You had better go and report yourself, my son," said Hone, laying his hand with sudden affection on the young man's shoulder. "It is confoundingly glad I am to see you. I was giving you up for lost. You have seen nothing of de Vere?"

"De Vere? No. Is he——"

"Missing," said the captain, with a sigh.

"Really? No fooling?"

"My dear boy, do I look like fooling? No, he has gone. I myself got in late, and I have seen nothing of him since five o'clock this afternoon. Poor fellow! I am afraid——"

He stopped for Clarence had turned sharply away from him.

"De Vere gone!" he muttered to himself. "You say you saw him at five?" turning back. "Then he cannot be far away."

"Far enough," the captain answered, marching up to his tent and pausing at the entrance with his face averted.

"You think he is dead?"

"I know it, or he would have found his way here before now."

"He may be lying wounded just outside."

The words seemed to send the same thought into the minds of both men. Hone laughed a mirthless laugh, and a ghostly smile flickered across Clarence's face. The next moment the captain had disappeared within the tent he occupied, and the younger officer was left alone. He paced swiftly to his own quarters, and entering noiselessly, lay down beside a brother-subaltern, who, he was relieved to find, was sleeping soundly and did not move on his entrance. But Clarence could not rest. Whenever he closed his eyes, the



"WHAT, CLARENCE, IS IT SAFE YOU ARE THEN?"

major seemed to rise before him, with his sleepy blue eyes and handsome, inanimate features, the major, who at that very moment might be lying wounded perhaps dying, not five hundred yards away. Why should not he, Clarence, go out and see? Hone and one of the sentries alone knew of his safe return to the camp, and if he went to look for the major and never came back, it could not matter so much, for

every one believed him dead already. Such thoughts would chase each other through Clarence's brain and hold him waking. Major de Vere had always been a good friend to him, and all the chivalrous feeling of his nature revolted against leaving him alone to live or die without a thought. He told himself that he could not do it, that he would be a brute and a coward to leave the major helpless when he might so easily



stretch out a helping hand. The more he thought, the more he convinced himself that Major de Vere was not dead, but wounded and in danger, for he knew that the sharpshooters and swordsmen of the enemy swarmed among the rocks and passes beyond the camp. He knew the awful imminence of the danger, for he himself had already been through it all once. He had already crept through them, hiding with a sick fear behind every rock and rejoicing in the darkness. Could he, dare he do it all over again? Clarence shook off the thought. What was he thinking of? Was he a coward to sit weighing possibilities here when he might be saving the major's life? No, he was no coward, he did not fear to go again into the wilderness for such a purpose. He would go at once, he must, for further delay might mean death to de Vere, and that de Vere was not very far away, he was firmly convinced. He rose and went out again into the moonlight. The tents looked very ghostly in the white light, and he shivered as he looked out at them. Then suddenly, swiftly, the major's words flashed across him, words that he had spoken in the discussion that had taken place between them that last night at Aldershot, when de Vere had thrown himself upon the opposite balance and weighed it down, conquering all his arguments on principles that convinced him of their worth in spite of himself. Standing there, staring out before him, senselessly, foolishly, groping for guidance, Clarence had stumbled upon it all unawares, and he felt in a moment that the path of duty lay straight and clear before him. Little had he dreamt when the major was coolly annihilating his arguments how soon the convictions that de Vere forced upon him would be pointing out to him the course of strict discipline which he was to follow. De Vere had asked him which course would be the harder to pursue? He knew now which was the harder, and his soul cried out against the cruelty of the discipline that he had been obliged so unwillingly to accept as duty. The major had conquered him that night at Aldershot, had vanquished all his objections with careless ease, and trampled down all the chivalrous pity

for the weak, all the humanity, that lay deep down in his reserved nature. Could he with his eyes open walk in direct opposition to the rules which he knew to be sacred, sacred at least from a military point of view? Would the major, that slave of discipline, thank him for endangering his life in such a cause? Had he any right to go? Again and again that question presented itself uppermost in his excited brain. He tried once more to think the situation over quietly, to consider the matter in all its bearings. He had not been forbidden to leave the camp as others had been, for he had not been in camp for half-an-hour, and therefore the order could not apply to him. And yet he was in Her Majesty's Service like the rest, and a general order must include him with them. Should he ask permission to search for the major? It would be refused, he felt certain, and that would only make matters worse. And all this time de Vere might be breathing out his life with no one to help him, no one near to protect him in weakness. The thought quickened Clarence's pulses and forced him into action. He could not sleep while de Vere was in danger; he would be a barbarous, unfeeling brute if he could. What were duty and obedience to the call of common humanity?

Clarence's whole soul revolted against such conduct, and he turned almost with loathing from his own thoughts. And in that moment his mind was made up. Whatever his duty might be, his decision was made, and he was not the man to draw back when once he had formed a resolution.

And so it was that not long after, one more figure was creeping stealthily, watchfully, between the shadows and the moonlight, one more searcher in the wilderness of death.

\* \* \* \*

Slowly and warily Clarence made his way, past a huge, rocky boulder that blocked the camp from his sight, on into the calm moonlight, and then he paused. Where was he going? For some moments he failed to recognise his bearings, and stood irresolute, studying his compass: then he started northwards on his search, for he knew that the kotal they had stormed that day was some hundred

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yards north of the place where the main force was encamped. Stunted bushes shot up through the shadows like ghostly figures, and as Clarence stumbled uncertainly along, he found himself shuddering with inexcusable nervousness. It was all so silent and awful. Could de Vere be lying in this ghastly place? It was scarcely probable, yet if he were neither here nor in camp, where was he? Should he turn back? No, at least he would do his best; and with dogged determination Clarence plodded on. By-and-bye, what had passed he scarcely knew, it seemed to him as if

he were walking in a dream, as if the cautious movement must go on for ever. It was only the fancy of his fevered brain, but again and again in that trance-like delirium, he saw Major de Vere, standing before him, always melting into thin air when Clarence reached him, always reappearing a few yards ahead, with his eyes half-open and that faintly sarcastic twitch of his fair moustache that the younger officer knew so well. So he staggered on, striving ever to reach what his disordered nerves alone brought before his eyes. Then came a stealthy movement from behind



"THEN CAME A STEALTHY MOVEMENT"

—a fierce grip on his shoulder—a stunning blow—a loud humming in his ears, mingled with a snarling, yelling cry—and Clarence fell like a log and lay still.

\* \* \* \* \*

Captain Hone was standing in his tent, examining the priming of his pistols, a comical expression that was wholly inscrutable on his face.

So, de Vere, in spite of your arguments, my friend, behold me sallying forth to your rescue." He broke off into a whistle of "We won't go home till morning," slipped his pistols into his belt, and then with a sudden relapse into silence sneaked cautiously out of his tent. He was in high spirits, and the sight of the cold moonlight that had



"CAPTAIN HONE WAS STANDING IN HIS TENT, EXAMINING THE PRIMING OF HIS PISTOLS"

"I can't help it," he said aloud, wheeling round at last. "Witness, O ye gods, that I have done my best to obey the call of duty and that I will continue to obey it. Holy Patrick! What more can an Irishman say? I may be an execrable fool, but if I weren't that I should be something a good deal worse.

made Clarence pause and hesitate only elicited a low chuckle from the harum-scarum Irishman. No feverish illusions rose before his clear-headed vision, nor did the danger beyond the camp present itself to him. He was going with the fixed purpose of finding his friend, and he had made up his mind that he would

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not give up the search till he had found him. He was troubled by no virtuous scruples, for it was only the impulse of his impulsive nature that sent him on his errand. If he lost his life in the attempt, he had himself alone to blame, and after all, whatever de Vere might say, it would be a greater loss to himself than to any one else. So, philosophically, the captain viewed his situation, smiling to himself as he slunk guiltily out between the white lines of tents, and only pausing once to swear under his breath at an unseen cord that had caught his shin. The trivialities of life occupied his thoughts far more than the danger into which he was coolly walking; for they were at least definite, and the looming shadow of death was not.

\* \* \* \*

Clarence's senses began to return to him at last, and with a dazed sort of wonder he lay staring at the stars above him, dimly conscious of an ever-increasing pain just above the knee of his left leg. It sharpened into absolute agony when after a time he tried to raise himself. He was fully alive to his surroundings by then, and a thrill of horror ran through him as he discovered that he was lying in a pool of blood. Then he began to collect his scattered senses, and as he realised his position of utter helplessness a feeling akin to despair took possession of him. Nevertheless his brain was clear and his nerves composed, and even a grim sense of humour found its way into his thoughts.

"I fear I have deprived Her Majesty of my most valuable life," he muttered. "I trust she will survive the loss, though I am afraid I shall not. It's a pity, a great pity. I only hope de Vere may never hear or guess what a self-opinionated ass I have been. I don't believe he is dead. What a fool I was not to wait! He may be safe in camp by now, while I must lie here till I die. Poor old Hone! He thinks I am safe, or I believe he would come out and look for me. Unless de Vere's argument convinced him too, confound it. I wish to Heaven I had never started such an insane subject. But it is always so. If only we could have looked forward to the future we should never have made such fools of ourselves in the past."

He stopped to laugh recklessly, bitterly, at his own philosophy, then went on. "I wonder why the fellow didn't finish me when he was about it. I suppose he thought he had. A slow process, but sure I believe, even now. Great thunder! How shall I bear it?" He groaned and fell back almost fainting.

"Will it take long? Will it take long?" he whispered, and waited in piteous anxiety for an answer. But none came. He was dying alone in all the terrible loneliness of that awful place. And again the murmur rose upon the still air: "Will it take long?" The torture, the burning agony—would it be long before death conquered? In that moment all its bitterness went over his soul and overwhelmed him; all the terror of that awful wrench—the ceasing to be—with the ghostly night, the loneliness, the black shadows that lay so thick in the valley—all, rose up before him, and he shrank away in fear and dumb helplessness as a child from the dark. He had done all against his better judgment, he had known himself to be in the wrong and yet he had persisted in going his own way. This—this was the penalty for his insubordination, and in the still night his soul cried out against it in mute anguish. He could not die alone. It was too silent, too awful, there in the moonlight, with the weird shadows of he knew not what hovering about him. He dared not go alone into the cold River, nor face the other Side alone. What lay beyond? O God, what lay beyond? All the teaching of his childhood floated dim and indistinct through his bewildered brain. Of one thing only was he fully conscious, and that was that he was alone. Had he known of the near presence of an enemy in that moment he would have been thankful. But there was nothing, nothing human, nothing tangible, nothing he could see. After a time, he revived a little and began to take himself to task for his nervous fears.

He told himself that he was a coward and he despised himself for it, but that could not alter the fact that he was afraid, horribly afraid. He wondered vaguely if among all those soldiers lying so close to him, there were one as great

a coward as he. And he called himself a soldier! His face burnt for very shame at the thought. And then the awful loneliness forced itself upon him once more, and blotted out all but the pain of his wound and the singing in his ears. It faded off into a dim dream at last, in which de Vere was for ever staring lazily at him, "like an owl in the sunshine," as some one had once said, and repeating in his slow, languid tones, "Don't deceive yourself, Clarence. Your life belongs to Her Majesty, so long as you are in Her Majesty's Service. You have no right to throw away what is not your own." Well, de Vere was right. He ought not to have thrown it away. But it was too late to say that now, and as the drowsiness of stupor crept over him, Clarence was even conscious of a feeling of repose. Dying was easier than he had imagined. He had sunk into the dull pain of semi-consciousness, and lying there in the white moonlight, he was telling himself sleepily that after all it didn't matter; no one knew, no one would ever know, and very few would care, and the agony and fear of death were already over for him. Then he fell to wondering, still in that dreamy maze of stupor, where de Vere was, whether if he knew he would be sorry, or whether he would condemn him without pity. It would be just a little hard if he did the latter, but then, as he would never know, as the secret of his death would go with him into the darkness, as— Something impelled Clarence to open his eyes when he had inwardly arrived at this point, and then with a sharp exclamation, his hand moved upwards.

"De Vere!"

"All right," came the answer, and instantly another hand closed over his. "Did I hurt you? Don't move. I am going to lift you up."

Yes, it was de Vere kneeling beside him, raising him to lean back against his knee, and a great sob choked the younger man's thanks as he looked up into the major's blue eyes.

"I see the mischief," said another voice cheerily. "A knife in the poor chap's thigh."

"Hone," gasped Clarence faintly.

"Yes, old man, we are all here, you

see—de Vere, this other chap and I—and we are going to take you back to camp when I have done my humble best to strap you up. Sure it's a precious good thing for you that the main arteries were avoided. Don't know much about it myself, but I rather think you would have made your bow already unless they had been."

"But how is it that——" began Clarence.

"I have been looking for you for the last two hours or more," de Vere interrupted quietly, "and I had almost given up hope of finding you when Hone——"

It was Clarence's turn to interrupt now, and he broke in eagerly: "You have been looking for me? You mean you left camp for that purpose?"

"Certainly," replied the major with dignity.

"But—but—" Clarence struggled to speak in vain for some moments, and finally giving up the attempt, fell back limp and helpless in de Vere's arms, in a weak fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"Don't be an idiot," de Vere whispered sternly, "You will attract those confounded sharpshooters who are sneaking all round here. Clarence, do you hear?"

But Clarence could no more check mirth than tears at that moment, and the major, who had hitherto seen nothing but a quiet, rather reserved man, was surprised at his lack of self-control. But then he judged all men by his own standard, and he did not know of the torture through which Clarence had passed. A nature like de Vere's would have calmly accepted the inevitable; but Clarence, sensitive to a degree, had endured more positive agony in that half-hour of awful loneliness than most men in the close contemplation of death, and his nerves had well-nigh given way under the strain he had put upon himself. He had maintained entire self-command before, but now that he had found a support and strength upon which to lean, together with the consciousness that he need think for himself no longer, a reaction had set in, and he lay back, panting hysterically, against de Vere. The major, who was nothing if not practical, laid a hasty hand over Clarence's mouth.

"All right?" questioned Hone.

"Yes, but a trifle light-headed. Are you ready to lift him up?"

"Wait a moment," whispered Clarence, as de Vere moved his hand. Hone dropped down impetuously beside him. "Bear up, old man, for Heaven's sake. We won't go back without you, and it means death to us all if we dawdle here much longer."

"Hone, one moment!" Clarence struggled in vain to raise himself, and the captain stooped over him. "If I come out of this, all right, never mind; but if I don't, tell de Vere—tell the major—that I came out of camp to find him—and—" with a gasp and groan of pain—"he has found me instead."

"I thought as much," muttered Hone. "Right old fellow. I will see to it that he knows. Now, are you ready?"

Clarence did not answer, and when they lifted him they found that he had fainted.

\* \* \* \*

"How is he going on?" de Vere asked anxiously, waylaying one of the surgeons, as he left the tent whither Clarence had been carried. "Have you made your examination? What have you decided upon?"

The old drowsiness of speech and appearance had gone, and it was with a touch of surprise that the doctor observed the evident perturbation of the usually calm, unmoved officer.

"I cannot say at present," he began.

"Oh, yes, you can," broke in Major de Vere, roughly. "You know if the boy will live or die."

"Oh, it is not so bad as that, at least I hope not," replied the doctor. "He is very seriously wounded, but, I trust, not dangerously."

The major heaved a sigh of relief. "And the operation? Shall you have to—"

"I fear so. If we can save his leg, we shall, you may be sure of that. But if there is any sign of inflammation—"

"I understand. And there is not at present? Can I go and see him? I am not likely to excite him."

"Yes, go. He has been asking for you."

De Vere needed no second bidding. With an eagerness that was almost boyish, he started off, and a few minutes

more found him seated beside Clarence, who was lying, evidently in great pain, his bedclothes recklessly flung off.

"I can't bear them. They are too heavy," he said, in answer to a remonstrance from the major. "It was good of you to come, Major de Vere. I expected you," with a transient smile. "I daresay you know why. Hone will have told you."

"My dear boy, I know nothing," said de Vere, in the old, sleepy tones, though his eyes were a little wider than usual. "You must explain yourself if you expect to be understood."

"He did not tell you after all, then? Good fellow! I was afraid he would. Well, perhaps it is not worth telling. If I had died I should have liked you to know, but as I am not dead at present, I don't care. I wonder what induced you to come and look for me, as I conclude you did. Would you mind telling me?"

Major de Vere drew himself up straight and stiff. "I imagined you might stand in need of help of some kind," he answered.

"Awfully good of you. I suppose the idea that you might get killed didn't strike you? Are you invulnerable, or only false to the principles you profess?"

The major's face was a study. All he said was, "What do you wish to imply?"

"That you deserve to be shot, that's all."

A dead silence, then Clarence moved uneasily and flung out his arm over the major's knee.

"You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Do you know yourself?" asked de Vere, with a faint smile.

"Don't you remember that discussion we had—you and Hone and I—that last night at Aldershot? You said that a man who left the camp against orders deserved to be shot, didn't you?"

De Vere's face flushed, and he laughed a little shamefacedly.

"My dear Clarence, I only gave out my views in order to squash yours. You have the best of me now, and I will own it. But if I had not come to your assistance—?"



"I should have 'made my bow,' as Hone elegantly phrases it. Yes, I know, and thank you for it all the same. I expect, you will get the V.C., and I shall be the first to congratulate you if you do. I will see that you are properly howled at though, if ever I get the chance. You convinced me that night, and I thought you a regular martinet. I find that I was never more mistaken in my life. I think we can cry quits now, and shake hands on it, can't we?"

"Certainly. Perhaps now you would be good enough to tell me how you came to be out of camp last night?"

"Ah, that's the point. Sure you have him there, de Vere," observed a cheery, Irish voice, and the ubiquitous Hone thrust aside the canvas and entered. "Now, Clarence, my boy, own up, don't blush." Clarence did blush furiously, and stammered something unintelligible, while Hone laughed.

"You don't shine in relating your own gallant deeds, old chap," he said, "You don't expect me to do it for you I hope. Pray don't affect the shy modesty of English youth, or, Holy Patrick—"

"Stow it, Hone," broke in de Vere, with sudden energy. "You silly idiot, can't you keep your patron saint out of the way and let the lad speak?"

Clarence recovered himself hastily. "You may as well know the whole," he said, jerkily. "The fact is, I came in late, found you missing, thought you had been left behind wounded, and went to look for you."

"Very concise," commented the irrepressible Hone. "Does you credit, my son. De Vere, I hope you feel flattered to hear that you were the object of this wild-goose chase, begging your pardon for the expression. It isn't usual, you know, for younger officers to run after their superiors in this fashion. It doesn't sound disinterested, but, on the faith of an Irishman, it is."

De Vere had leant forward in his chair, his eyes wide open and strangely soft. "I am much obliged to you, Clarence," he said, briefly.

"I didn't mean you to know," Clarence faltered in confusion.

"Why not?"

"Because —" he paused, then his

natural reserve came to his aid, and the presence of the grinning Hone goaded him to desperation. "Really, Major de Vere, I think my reasons are my own, and may remain so for the present."

Captain Hone burst into his hearty laugh. "My dear chap, you are a rum one. First you smile and blush like any schoolgirl, then you freeze into—"

"Oh, shut up, Hone," put in the major, leaning back again, and speaking once more in his laziest drawl. "Can't you go and distribute your pleasantries elsewhere? Have you permission to be here?"

"Not I, but then I was sure of my welcome, don't you know," replied Hone, bowing with his hand on his heart; "while you—"

"Order you out instantly," interrupted de Vere, suddenly. "Clear out, if you please. I obtained permission to visit Clarence, and while I am here he is in my charge. So out you go, or, by your patron saint, I will report you."

The look of amazement on the captain's face was almost too comical for his superior's gravity, but he did maintain it and pointed majestically towards the entrance. Gradually it began to dawn upon Hone that his company was not essential to the other two. But the knowledge did not offend him in the least. He laughed good-naturedly, shook his fist at de Vere, and departed still chuckling.

Then the major turned and surveyed his companion's dark, defiant face, with a complacent smile. But when he spoke all the affectation usually apparent in his manner, had vanished. "It was a strange coincidence that each of us should have been hunting for the other," he remarked.

"Yes," Clarence agreed, "very strange."

De Vere laughed a little. "The fact is, I had no right whatever to be out of camp, still less than you had, and certainly no right to take Private Jackson with me. But I went with a view to bringing you back, and I was not sure I could manage it single-handed. I say I had less right than you to be where I was, because I was fool enough to go to Colonel Mortimer and solicit special

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permission. The result was that I was strictly forbidden to do anything but go to bed and stay there. That is all my story, except that we had spent two hours looking for you, and were giving you up, when Hone appeared on the scene and told us that you were safe in camp. It seems that he had come out to look for me. Then we were cutting back and stumbled upon you. I understand the whole story now, though I must confess that it puzzled me somewhat to know what had induced you to quit the camp when you had reached it once in safety. It was uncommonly plucky of you to come out again alone."

There was a long silence. At length Clarence turned his face towards the major, crimson with shame. "You needn't say that," he said in a smothered voice; "I was never so frightened of the dark in my life."

The confession cost him an effort, for he was not accustomed to talk confidences of any sort, and perhaps Major de Vere understood when he answered, "You are the pluckiest fellow I know, Clarence. Remember the courage of a true gentleman surpasses mere bull-dog courage."

Clarence glanced at him gratefully, and met in return a look in the blue eyes that few men had ever seen there. Not

another word passed between them on the subject. Perhaps both men felt that the foundation of a life-long friendship lay too deep for words.

\* \* \* \*

Six months later, round an English mess-table the story of their mutual search was related. But though true to his word, Clarence saw that Major de Vere was "properly howled at" for inconsistency, the major smiled serenely, even drowsily, as he gazed at the reward "For Valour" on his breast. Hone wore it too, with a gravity of countenance that was somewhat startling. And Clarence—with neither clasp nor medal, only a limp which the doctor said would disappear in time, and which, Hone declared, gave him the airs of a veteran—was alternately condoled with for the untimely end of his first campaign and congratulated on his recovery, by all the officers in the regiment.

"He is the most deserving of the three, I think," the colonel said, his hand through the young man's arm.

"Right for you, sir," cried Hone, excitedly. "And—you can ask de Vere if you don't believe me—he is the finest fellow and the most gallant officer 'in Her Majesty's Service.'"



## DECEMBER SONG



At the end of the year my Friend of the year  
Is dear as when first she came to me,  
In wonder of white, with her eyes alight,  
And her lips in tune, and her heart in June—  
Her heart that is ever the same to me.  
The flowers have failed, and the skies have paled,  
But the season is sweet with her name to me.

Who grows tired of a joy desired,  
Oh, my heart that has hoped so long?  
Who grows cold when the heavens unfold,  
Oh, my heart that has groped so long?—  
Thus I cried when she came to me,  
And the joy is ever the same to me.

Sing! Sing! A bird in the Spring  
Has never so many delights to trill  
As I who live in December and sing  
For sheer light-heartedness, sheer goodwill.  
I envy the notes of the birds—  
I, with my plain little words.  
But, oh, at the thought of it all,  
I cannot but clamour and call  
The joy that was new when she came to me,  
The joy that is ever the same to me.

J. J. BELL.

# *The Home of the Muses*

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD H. COCKS

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**I**T is passing strange that a nation so devoted to its Muses whilst living should show so small concern in raising memorials to them when their song rests "in expressive silence."

Whilst on the one hand we are daily reading communications from various people, clamouring for the Society of Arts to distribute its tablets as a distinguishing mark upon the houses which once gave shelter to the now illustrious dead, the fact seems to have been overlooked that Poets' Corner holds no memorial to any of the following:—Akenside, Mrs. Browning, Byron, Burns, Chaucer, Coleridge, Cowper, Mrs. Hemans, Hogg, Keats, Moore, Pope, Scott, Shelley, Southey, or, to abbreviate the list, Wordsworth. As a representative Valhalla of British poets then it has no claim.

The following suggestion was put forward some few years back, to place the name of those distinguished personages in a cartouch together with date of birth and death, while a statue should be erected to such names as Chaucer, Shakespeare, or Milton.

In the Lake district, where so many of our poets have chanted their immortal lays, we find but few memorials to their name; and as a distinguished writer has said:—"I shall die and be forgotten, and the world will go on just as if I had never been;—and yet how I have loved! How I have longed! How I have aspired!"

But to Keswick and its neighbourhood we will proceed, and stir up the recollections of a glorious country.

The Parish Church of Crosthwaite is thus described by Southey in his own words:—"Though the Vale of Keswick owes little of its beauty to any work of man, the position of its church is singularly fortunate. It stands alone about half-a-mile from the town, and somewhat further from the foot of Skiddaw, and though not to be compared with the beautiful village churches of Lincolnshire and the West of England, there are few in these northern counties which equal it, and none perhaps in any part of the kingdom which forms a finer object from the surrounding country."

And here it is that Robert Southey himself, poet, historian and essayist, is laid to rest. His grave is on the north side of the tower and is marked by a plain tomb, merely recording his birth and death and that of his wife Edith. The monument is to be found opposite the porch entrance, and consists of a pedestal of Caen stone, on which reposes a full-length figure in white marble. It is deemed to represent a faithful likeness of Southey in his best years. This beautiful specimen of sculpture was executed by Lough, at a cost of £1,100, raised by private subscription among Southey's personal friends. The epitaph was worded by his successor in the Laureateship—another devotee of the Lake district—Wordsworth.

From the bridge at the north end of the town, looking eastward some 200 yards, we shall espy a very solid-looking mansion, its light colour standing in strong contrast to the dark and heavy foliage which surrounds and



GRETA HALL. SUTHEY'S HOME AND WHERE COLERIDGE LIVED

almost hides it. This, then, is Greta Hall.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a great admirer of Southey, was the first dweller at the Hall, until 1801, when Southey paid a visit, and being enamoured of the surroundings, took up his abode, which in after years received so many hallowing memories from his genius.

The scenery visible from the library window was the source which gave inspirations both broad and deep to both these poets, Southey frequently making reference to it in verse, and Coleridge thus describing it :—"Our house stands on a low hill. Behind the house is an orchard and a small wood on a steep slope, at the foot of which flows the river Greta, which winds round and catches the evening lights in front of the house. In front we have a giant's camp, an encamped army of tent-like mountains, which, by an inverted arch, gives a view of another vale. On our right the lovely wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite, and on our left Derwent-water and Lodore in full view (celebrated by Southey in dithyrambics) and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale.

Behind us, the massy Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two chasms, and a tent-like ridge in the larger. A fairer scene you have not in all your wanderings. Without going from our grounds, we have all that can please a human being."

Thus wrote Coleridge of Greta Hall.

It was in 1803 that Southey and his wife Edith settled at Greta Hall, and where for forty years he remained, closing a distinguished life at the age of 70, in March, 1843.

On the side of the road, opposite Applethwaite village, stands a cottage of grey stone, with a garden and surrounding coppice.

This place is still the property of the Wordsworth family, and the occasion of its passing into the possession of this time-honoured family is deserving of notice.

Coleridge, in the year 1803, then tenant of Greta Hall, was lodging with one Sir George Beaumont, who was a descendant of the Elizabethan dramatist, best remembered in connection with the name of a fellow-dramatist, Fletcher.

Sir George was the first to appreciate



the genius of the future Laureate, and being informed by Coleridge of the friendship that existed between the two poets, Sir George purchased this plot of land, presenting it to Wordsworth, whom he merely knew by his poetical effusions.

"I had a most ardent desire to bring you and Coleridge together," Sir George is said to have observed to Wordsworth afterwards. "I thought with pleasure on the increase of enjoyment you would receive from the beauties of nature, by being able to communicate more frequently your sensations to each other, and that this would be a means of contributing to the pleasure and improvement of the world by stimulating you both to poetical exertion."

But this lived merely as a kindly

intention which never had an opportunity of coming to pass.

Coleridge soon afterwards sought a warmer clime among the islands of Sicily and Malta, while Southey had settled down in his home at Greta, and Wordsworth—to brand the haunts of Grasmere for all time with his illustrious name.

It must be here mentioned that Wordsworth was not oblivious to Sir George's well-intentioned offer, for he immortalises the fact in the accompanying sonnet :—

Beaumont ! it was thy wish that I should rear  
A seemly cottage in this sunny dell,  
On favoured ground, thy gift,—where I might dwell  
In neighbourhood with one to me most dear ;  
That, undivided, we from year to year  
Might work in our high calling.



WORDSWORTH'S SEAT

Gray, the author of his best known "Elegy," spent a week in Keswick during the year 1769.

He speaks of the enchanting view from Castlerigg as follows (the view from the brow of the summit, it should be stated, overlooks the vale of Derwent-water, with Bassenthwaite Lake at its foot, a view unequalled anywhere else in the Kingdom):—

"I left Keswick and took the Ambleside road on a gloomy morning, and about one mile from the town, mounted Castlerigg, whilst the sun breaking out,

worth. 1850. Mary Wordsworth. 1859."

And "Rydal Mount," for many years the dwelling of this the greatest of Lake poets, is close at hand.

Coleridge, Southey, Hartley Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott and Thomas de Quincey have, both by their residence and visits, made the name of Grasmere illustrious.

Within a few yards, too, of Grasmere Lake, at Town End, is the ever-famous "Dove Cottage," which has of late years been bought by public subscription to be



DOVE COTTAGE

discovered the most enchanting view I had yet seen of the valley behind me—the two lakes, the river, the mountains, all in their glory."

The picturesque vale of Grasmere is familiar to every tourist. The little hamlet of Grasmere offers innumerable attractions and associations which have connection with many great names.

In Grasmere churchyard we find the last resting-place of Wordsworth, marked out not with any elaborate epitaph, but distinguished, if only by its sweet simplicity: "William Words-

worth. 1767-1850. Mary Wordsworth. 1859."

It was within this simple little dwelling that he wrote many of his finest efforts, from 1799 to 1808.

When Wordsworth left "Dove Cottage," Thomas de Quincey took possession and lived there for many years.

The interior of this white-washed residence has been described as follows: "A small entry leads us into a low room, about 16 feet long by 12 broad, panelled from floor to ceiling with dark, polished oak. This is the kitchen. A doorway

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opens on to a small staircase. Fourteen stairs lead us into De Quincey's sitting-room, a room about the same size as the kitchen described. The ceiling is low, not more than seven and a-half feet from the floor. The furniture of the room is of the plainest, but the wealth of books marks the bent of its owner. Some 5,000 volumes surround the apartment, and this appears to be the only distinguishing feature of the place."

Of De Quincey in person, the same authority relates :—

"He is a singular figure. A little man, and very carelessly dressed, but

with a wonderful head. It is large in proportion to his diminutive body. The face lived the sculptured past in every lineament, from brow to chin, small and wrinkly. But over the deep-set eyes rises the high, disproportionately high, head and forehead."

But—one serpent entered into this scholar's literary paradise, it was the too-seductive opium.

"And so singing" (to quote a later-day Muse), "their eyes grow brighter and brighter, until the veil of flesh is threadbare, and, still singing, they drop it and pass onward."



### "N A N"

A SUNNY-HAIRED girl, with a wild-rose face,

Such was Nan ;

Her laugh was as joyous as carol of bird ;

When she sang, her heart's sweetness enriched every word ;

When she pleaded, each pulse in your being was stirred

By my Nan.

A broken white lily, still fragrant and fair,

Is my Nan ;

In her sweet eyes there dwelleth a wonderful light,

As if Heaven had granted her some vision bright ;

But for me, all alone, 'twill be blackest of night

Without Nan.

Where the sun's farewell kisses fall warm on each grave,

Lieth Nan ;

Above her the roses and clematis creep,

And o'er her their showers of white petals weep ;

Ere they blossom again, I pray I may sleep

Beside Nan.

"SWEETBRIAR."



# THE INTERNATIONAL.

a Wallis  
Mills 99.

WRITTEN BY REGINALD BACCHUS AND RANGER GULL

ILLUSTRATED BY A. WALLIS MILLS

**D**INNERS in celebration, and at the conclusion, of football matches are, at the Universities, not infrequently calculated to inspire the temperance advocate with horror. When, by reason of the train service, one is compelled to dine at five, after having played football till four, one is very tired, and one is also very, very thirsty. Wherefore, as it is not good to slake an ungovernable thirst with Oxford champagne, the last half-hours on these occasions are undoubtedly festive. Then it is that the speeches are made.

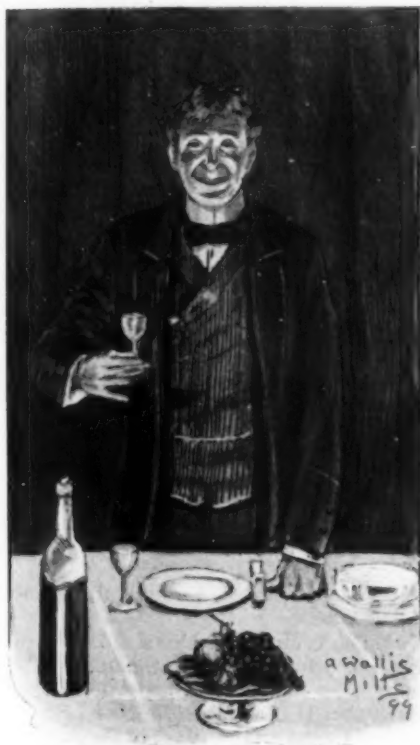
A Cambridge College, celebrated no less for its excellence in field sports than for its habit of embracing the slightest opportunity for a display of conscientious hospitality, had that afternoon lost their annual Rugby football match to an equally celebrated College at Oxford. The rival teams were now improving the occasion in the dining-hall of an hotel. The necessary speechifying had apparently finished, and there remained a delightful twenty minutes in which one might pledge all in sight for every conceivable reason, when the Oxford Captain, a man with a clear-cut, sensitive face, very handsome, and surprisingly sober, rose to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you've not quite done with me yet; I've got one more toast—no heel-taps, mark you—to propose. I want you to drink to the health of Mr. Geoffrey Seaton, who has to-day done the College the honour of getting his international cap. And I may say, that though he was ploughed three times in smalls, took four shots at mods, and stands no earthly chance of ever getting through a final school at all, we all feel sure that however intoxicated he may be at present, it'll take a good many Welshmen to stop him on Saturday. Gentlemen, Mr. Seaton—Geoff, old chap, good luck."

For some minutes there was indiscriminate noise, through which an expert in these gatherings could make out the semblance of the chant of "He's a jolly good fellow." When it was done, and the fallen heroes safely re-anchored in their chairs, the object of so much congratulatory uproar was pushed into an attitude that was upright in intention but somewhat lopsided in execution, and stood, six feet two of length by twelve stone six of good bone and muscle, swaying gently with a smile of supreme content. His seat was close to the curtained end of the room, and the bright light of the candles threw his face into a relief like that of an

actor behind the footlights. The massive curve of his great shoulders was only dimly outlined against the sombre background.

"Thanks very much," he said, "I thank you all and I drink to you all, and if there was time, I'd drink with each one of you separately. And that, gentlemen, is all you will get out of me if you yell 'Speech! Speech!' till the trump of doom."



"HE STOOD FOR A MOMENT, GLASS IN AIR"

He stood for a minute, glass in air, beaming at the faces that laughed back at his—a genial and fascinating personality. Then he drained his glass, and, sitting down quickly, promptly replenished it.

A little clean-shaven, fat man, a light of the dramatic club, who made no secret of his intention to be one

day a real actor, sang them the tale of the "Cobler's Sister of Bicester," and her amatory disasters. They all howled the chorus, and in the intervals of howling, drank heavily and with manifest enjoyment. A roar of general conversation followed the singing.

Fifteen young men from Cambridge and a like number from Oxford, all fresh from the public schools, have perforce many friends in common and much to say.

Seaton was thoroughly in his element as he leant back in his chair, chatting to the Cambridge men on either side, shouting an intermittent conversation with Pearce, the Oxford Captain, at the head of the table, and keeping up a running fire of chaff with every one else.

He was a very popular man, and he had that afternoon set the seal on his popularity by scoring as brilliant a try as the Parks had ever seen. Also, a telegram had come from the Rugby Union, according him his international Cap for the match against Wales, an honour which, in the opinion of Oxford, should have long since been his.

His parents were rich, and he was lounging happily through his undergraduate life, excelling in every outdoor sport, and receiving more invitations to dinners and wines for every night than he could possibly accept in a week. His ambition was to be at the top of the tree in every outdoor sport, and though he made no pretence at all to read, he was a general favourite with the Dons, who salved their consciences by regularly threatening to send him down, a threat which he knew perfectly well they would never put into execution.

It is not nice at seven o'clock in the evening to be compelled to break up a pleasant dinner, but the Great Western Railway waits for no man, and Dons at Cambridge are prone to regard the alleged missing of a train as an excuse for absence not above suspicion. It is even better to puncture your tyre, but in this case, do not, as the foolish, walk in the morning under the Dean's windows in a frock coat and top hat. Pearce, at last, aided by the Cambridge Captain, herded the diners, an unwilling flock, through the doors. Seaton had waited



for him, and with one Howells-Martin, who completed a trio of fast friends, they walked together into the hall of the hotel.

A girl was sitting in the window of the hotel office on the left—a pretty girl with masses of fluffy fair hair and a complexion that looked very brilliant over the white chiffon collar of her dress. She looked hard at Seaton, and coloured with pleasure as he crossed the hall to speak to her.

"Oh, Mr. Seaton," she said, "you've been taking too much again. I do hate to see it."

"Don't talk rot, Kitty; I'm as sober as a proctor in the morning,—I'll be back in an hour, and you'll see."

"I hope I shall," said the girl, with a little pout, as he hurried into the street, and swung himself into the waiting omnibus with a parting wave of the hand.

After a commendable imitation of pandemonium on the platform, and after Seaton had been with difficulty extracted from a saloon carriage, through the window of which he had been loudly proclaiming his intention to go and live at Cambridge for ever, the train was started.

Pearce stood for a few moments with Seaton, whose cheers shook the roof, and watched it steam slowly round the curve till the flickering tail-lights disappeared into blackness. Then he took his arm. "Come on, old chap," he said, "and for heaven's sake shut your mouth. The proctor-men'll be here in a minute, they're dead keen to stop station-ragging."

Even as he spoke there came a vision of white ties in a doorway, and the majesty of the law, in the person of a little plump Don and three lusty henchmen walked into the glare of the lights.

"This way," called Pearce, "down the subway," and he pulled Seaton after him. Martin followed, and in another minute all three were in the open air at the other side of the station.

"Lucky escape, Geoff," said Martin. "It would never have done for you to be progged again."

They walked up Queen Street, Seaton, who was quite drunk, singing the refrain

of the "Cobler's Sister" at the top of his voice.

At Carfax there was a great crowd, and as far as they could see, Corn Street, the High, and St. Aldate's were black with people.

"What's the fuss about?" said Martin.

"The Prince, of course," answered Pearce; "don't you remember he was to stop and dine in Oxford on his way back to town. You two had better come up to my rooms for a bit, we can come out later and see him go."

Pearce lived in New Inn Hall Street, and as they made their way there, jostling against the groups of undergraduates and townsmen, he had great difficulty in preventing Seaton, who was very much excited, from picking a quarrel with every man whom they met. It was a great relief to get out of the noise and riot of the town, and it was an additional relief to Pearce when at last he had got Seaton safely into his rooms. He was a difficult man to manage when in his cups, and another serious breach with the authorities would almost certainly have resulted in his being sent down. They sat down in the cushioned window-seat and let the cool night air play upon their faces. It was very quiet and still in the little side street, and the moon high in the sky cast sharp black shadows on the Union gardens below. Seaton was the first to move. "I must have another drink," he said, and lurched towards the table. Martin got up and going to a cupboard found a bottle of brandy and some glasses.

To Pearce, as he sat alone and watched the fine white glory of the moon, the conviction came, so suddenly that it was pain, that this life was very foul and ugly. He heard the swish of the syphon and Seaton's gurgle of content as he drained his glass, and turning back into the room, he saw Martin chuckling over some doubtful joke in a pink paper. Seaton and he had come up to Oxford together from the same public school, where they had been great friends, and the friendship had lost none of its warmth in the larger life of the University. Both were athletes and popular men, but while Seaton was content to make success in games the chief aim in

his life, the coaches, and often some of the come was di of term part in say th roulett to keep tion. tially a figure social

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his life, and to partake joyously in all the coarser pleasures that offered themselves, Pearce was cast in a finer mould, and often, after a night of drunken folly, something very like remorse would come to him in the morning. Martin was different, and though on the best of terms with the athletic set, took no part in games himself. He would often say that the duties of the croupier at roulette were sufficient physical exercise to keep him in thoroughly good condition. Instinctively a gambler and essentially a *viveur* he was a very well-known figure in the faster side of the University social life.

"You're a fool to get blind like this Geoff," said Pearce coming forward into the room. "You'll have to lie pretty low if you're going to be anything like fit for the Welsh match."

"Nonsense," was the answer. "You know I can stand a night like this five times a week if I like, or if you don't know you ought to by now."

"Oh, Seaton's all right," said Martin. "He's one of those lucky beggars who can run about a footer field like a race-horse, drink till all's blue, and wake up in the morning with an eye as bright as a girl of fifteen—wish I was myself."

"Well, I suppose you ought to know," said Pearce; "you're considered an authority on drink, aren't you? All I know is that I can't burn the candle at both ends myself, and I'm considered pretty strong."

"Oh, shut up preaching, Pearce," said Seaton, getting up from his chair with a yawn; "it doesn't suit you. Meanwhile let's make a move, if I stick here much longer I shall sleep."

"If you'll come into College, we shall find some roulette in Smith's rooms," said Martin.

"Oh, I don't feel like a gamble," said Pearce, "and I can't stand the sort of men you meet at Smith's. Lord knows where he picks 'em up. Let's go for a stroll."

As they went out of the house, a newsboy passed, displaying a large lettered contents bill—"Full account of the Prince's visit to Oxford."

"I'd forgotten all about it," said Pearce. "Come on, you men, we'll see him go."

As they passed out into Corn Street, they found that the noise of the streets had become very loud, and that there was a distinct note of anger in the shouting voices. Patrols of police were trying to keep order in the crowd, and mounted constables sat uneasily on their horses at every corner. They reached Carfax just in time to see a closed carriage drive quickly past and then the centre of the road that had been kept clear became at once alive with men. Left to itself the crowd of noisy undergraduates would have soon dispersed, but the large force of police that had been imported for the occasion made the error of mistaking a mere rowdy demonstration for a possible riot and were trying to deal with it as such.

"This will be serious in a minute or two," said Martin.

"Yes," answered Pearce under his breath. "Le Feore of the House told me there might be a bit of a rag. Let's get Seaton home or he'll commit a breach of the peace. Come on, Geoff," he went on aloud, "let's go and see Smith."

But Seaton was not to be persuaded.

"I wouldn't miss such a chance of a rag for the world," he said; "this looks like being a rare old-fashioned town and gown. I'll come into the Clarendon for a drink, and then we'll go all round the town."

They made their way to the hotel with great difficulty and stopped for a moment at the entrance of the courtyard, waiting for an opportunity to gain the steps leading to the main door, which were blocked by a dense crowd.

"If any more of these damned little townees run up against me, one of 'em will get a thick ear," said Seaton as he wrenched himself into the open space or the yard. As he spoke there was a shouted order and the mounted police began to trot their horses down the street. The crowd gave way on all sides and a gorgeous young haberdasher, who was clumsily rioting in joyous imagination that he was behaving like an undergraduate, was sent spinning across the pavement. He tripped across Seaton's leg, and recovering himself with an oath, struck violently with his stick at the latter's hat. The stick fell heavily

across Seaton's eyes, half blinding him for the moment ; then with a roar of anger he rushed at the young man and struck him repeatedly about the face and body with his clenched hands.

"Leave him alone, you fool, you'll kill the poor devil," shouted Pearce, struggling vainly to hold Seaton's arms.

Martin pushed the young tradesman aside, "Be off, you little fool, can't you see whom you're quarrelling with?" he said.

Mad with anger and with his face streaming with blood, the young man aimed another vicious blow with his stick, and then, turning, ran down the court. Seaton, in whom drink had

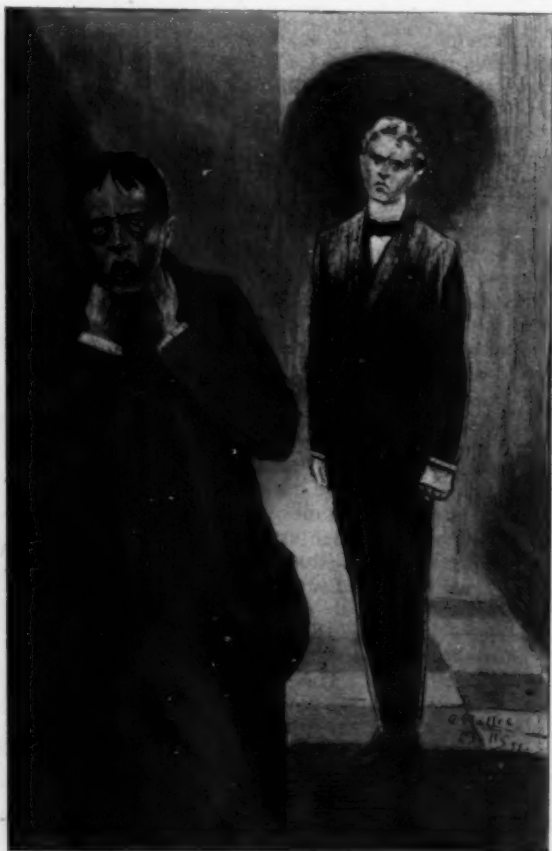
excited a savage fury, totally at variance with his usual genial good-nature, tore himself from Pearce, and, catching the wretched young man in a few strides, jerked him round with his left hand while with his right he struck him very heavily on the apple of the throat. The young man staggered backwards, and putting his hands quickly to his neck, leant for a moment, almost still, against the wall, his eyes rolling slowly in their sockets. Then all at once his feet began to shuffle, and, tripping like a drunken man, he slipped clumsily to the ground and lay huddled on his side. The blood gurgled from his throat and spread in a thin lake over the flagstones.

The tide of riot rushed past and they were left to themselves in the little court. It was quite silent now but for the clatter of the dishes that the waiters were removing from the room where earlier that evening, they had dined so joyously.

"Get Seaton away at once, into College, anywhere," said Martin; "I'll stay here."

When he was alone, kneeling over the body, he felt with his hand for the beating of the heart, but it needed no expert to tell him that life in the huddled thing was extinct, and he shuddered with a sick fear as he found himself for the first time in his life face to face with death. He peered into the face, and the skin, where it showed between the streaks and splashes of blood, was white and drawn, while the wide open, staring eyes were full of terror.

For several moments he knelt there, powerless to think or act, till suddenly the courtyard became all full of light. A waiter had come to the big window and drawn up the blind before closing the shutters. Martin heard him humming the refrain of the "Cobbler's



"LEANT FOR A MOMENT, ALMOST STILL, AGAINST THE WALL"

Sister," as he stood fumbling with the bolts. All at once he realised the danger of his position and stumbled to his feet, his hand, as he raised himself, splashing into the pool of blood. Then, thrusting his dripping fingers deep into his pocket, he hurried out of the court.

The rioters had been cleared from that part of the town and there were but few people in the streets, but Martin read suspicion in every face that passed, and in his pocket his hand was damp and nerveless. The roar of the distant crowd that came to him over the house-tops seemed sinister and threatening; as he turned out of Corn Street, he was running quickly. Instinctively he had gone towards his own rooms, but the fear of being alone with his awful knowledge stopped him on the doorstep.

Noise, society, and drink he felt that he must have, and he remembered the roulette party in Smith's rooms.

The porter saluted him with a cheery good-night as he stepped through the little wicket in the College gate, and added. "Mr. Pearce, sir, told me to say that he was with Mr. Smith, and would you come up at once."

Smith lived high up in the further quadrangle, and as Martin climbed the stairs he could hear a noise of singing and the jingle of a vamping accompaniment. The room was crowded with men who had come for a gamble after the football dinner. The roulette wheel and the green cloths still lay on the table, but the game was over and the players were all standing and sitting round the piano, where a sandy-haired youth gave imitations of popular music-hall singers. Seaton, glass in hand, sat on the table, and his voice was loud and cheery as with closed eyes he bawled the choruses of the songs. Every one's back was turned to the door and Martin entered unnoticed. He crossed quickly to the bedroom, and, tearing off his coat, began to wash the bloodstains from his hand, scraping frantically at his fingers with pumice-stone.

Almost directly the door opened, and Pearce was beside him.

"I saw you come in," he said. "What's happened? Is the chap all right?"

"He's stone dead," answered Martin.

"Oh my God, it was awful! I left him lying there. My hands are all covered with blood; do look at my coat, and see if there's any on the sleeve. It's that chap in Gaskell's shop—the tall one; I could only just recognise him. What does Seaton think? Does he think he only hurt the man, or what?"

"He's blind drunk now," said Pearce, "and doesn't remember anything. What on earth we ought to do, God only knows. Of course, it's manslaughter, if not worse. Do you think any one noticed?—did any one see you there?"

"A waiter came to the window, and I got frightened and cut," answered Martin. "But I don't think he saw me. Even if he did, my back was towards him, and he couldn't have recognised me. No one even passed by the court after you had gone. It's lucky we were dressed, and not wearing any colours."

"Every one knows Seaton," said Pearce. "If any one actually saw it done, he'll be arrested to-morrow; but there was such a riot that I really don't think that a soul knows but ourselves. We had better suppose so for the time, at any rate. Let's get Seaton to bed, and we'll talk the thing quietly over by ourselves. We must get some definite plan settled to-night. Put your coat on, and come out into the other room. I can't see any mark on the sleeve."

In the sitting-room, the singer had exhausted his reminiscences and the men had fallen into talk of the rioting, each trying to make prominent his own particular share in the adventures of the night.

"Never had such a time in my life," a fat, chubby-cheeked boy, who was very carefully dressed, was saying. "I couldn't stand the crowd—much too rough, and smelt awful—so we all went up to Parkhurst's rooms in Queen's, and squirted the 'Bobbies' like blazes with syphons—used about four dozen."

"Tubby would be safe," said a big man with a fair moustache; "he thoroughly understands the art of battle from a distance. I got left by myself, and had rather a thin time. I wanted some one like Geoff with me. By the way, Geoff, where did you get to? We lost you when the Proggins came. You



seem to have been in the wars, too. Where did you get that black eye?"

"Some little brute of a counter-jumper swiped me with his stick," said Seaton. "I don't think he got much change out of it; I was damned drunk, but I remember hitting him pretty hard. Old Pearce took me away—he's been watching me like a mother all the evening."

"I'm going to take you away once more," said Pearce. "It's getting on for twelve now, and you've got a good way to go."

The clock struck the quarter as he spoke, and most of the party got up, and began searching for caps and gowns. Martin found Seaton's, and with several other men they groped their way down the dark staircase into the quadrangle.

"That blasted porter's been pretty sharp with the lights to-night," said Seaton, as he stumbled at last on to the gravel. "If some one gets killed on these stairs, he ought to swing for murder. Good night, Smith," he shouted up to the window. "Don't forget lunch to-morrow."

The porch was very full of men, entering and leaving the College, and congratulations to Seaton were shouted from all sides as they passed out of the gate.

Seaton lived in Wellington Square, and during the ten minutes of their walk no word was spoken by either of the men. They got him quickly to bed, and, leaving him sleeping quite peacefully, were soon back at Pearce's door in New Inn Hall Street. Martin lived on a lower floor of the same house, and after delaying for a moment to open some letters, he followed Pearce upstairs.

About four o'clock they went to bed, having decided that, till the morning brought them news of what was known, no definite plans could be made. They lingered in silence for a moment on the staircase, and shook hands as they said good night—a thing they had never done before, save at the beginning and end of a term. The common possession of this dreadful secret seemed to make the friendship of the two men a deeper and more serious thing.

They breakfasted together early, and

began to anxiously turn over the pages of the different London papers that they had ordered. The visit of the Prince was dealt with at length in each instance, but the subsequent rioting was disposed of in a few words.

"Here it is," said Pearce. "Thank Heaven they don't know anything yet. It just says that a young tradesman was found dead near the 'Clarendon.' We shall have to wait for the afternoon's *Review* for anything more. I wonder if the police suspect any foul play. It must have been so obvious that the man was killed by a blow struck in anger."

"Whatever they think or do," said Martin, "we've got to go and tell Seaton at once; I wonder how on earth he'll take it."

They had to pass Gaskell's shop on their way, and the proprietor, who knew them, and was standing in the doorway, began to talk about his assistant's death. He had been told early that morning, and had already seen the dead body at the Town Hall, and called on the young man's mother. He was very much distressed, and talked excitedly of the prompt measures that were being taken to discover the murderer.

The horror of their situation was painfully increased by the shopkeeper's story, and their hearts sank as they entered Seaton's sitting room.

Breakfast had not yet been brought up, but sounds of footsteps in the bedroom told them that he was dressing.

"Come in, you men, whoever you are," came in genial tones from within; "I shall be ready in a minute."

They went in, and found Seaton, who had just finished his bath, swinging a pair of Indian clubs which he manipulated with an easy grace. He was dressed only in a pair of flannel trousers, and the shapely curves of his shoulders and great muscles of his arms gleamed white in the sun that streamed through the window. His eye shone joyously and his fingers closed tight and firm on the clubs that circled rhythmically round his head.

"What's the row?" he said, catching sight of the two men. "What are you pulling those long faces for? Come to tell me that I musn't get blind if I want to play footer, I suppose. Well, I'm





"COME IN, YOU MEN, WHOEVER YOU ARE?"

going to be very good till after the match. Get yourselves drinks and buck up, you haven't got to train—well, I know Martin will, if you won't, Pearce."

He put down the clubs with a bang, and slipping on a thick sweater, opened the door and shouted for breakfast.

Five minutes later he was swallowing the kidneys and bacon as if nothing stronger than milk and soda had passed his lips on the evening before.

"Geoff," said Pearce suddenly, "do you remember the fight you had last night?"

"Rather," said Seaton; "look at the bruise over my eye. I knocked the man about a bit, didn't I?—I remember you pulled me away."

"You killed him," said Pearce.

"Killed him, don't talk rot," said Seaton.

"The man died almost at once," said

Martin, "I was with him. It's in all the papers this morning, but at present no one but ourselves knows who did it; we've come to talk it over with you."

Seaton was silent for a moment, then broke into a loud, harsh laugh.

"Serve the beggar right," he said; "I hope it'll be a lesson to some of his friends."

"Good God, man, don't laugh," said Pearce, "don't you realise the awful thing you've done? Don't you know it's manslaughter or perhaps murder, and prison and ruin for you if you're found out?"

"I shan't be found out," said Seaton. "You say that only you two know, and you won't give me away. I'm sure no one else would ever suspect me of being a murderer. If the man had a wife or a mother or any one to support, they can be compensated anonymously. I don't mind paying."

"I'm damned if I listen to talk like that," said Pearce, getting up from his chair. "Simply through your cursed drunkenness, you've killed a fellow-creature and caused God knows what misery, and you sit there and laugh and talk about paying as if you'd broken a window. Think of your own mother—and your girl. Oh, it's horrible, too horrible for words. I'm going; come along, Martin. If you get into a more decent state of mind, you'll find us in College."

When Seaton was alone, he sat for a long time at the table, tapping nervously with his fork on a plate. The piece of kidney which he had been raising to his mouth when Pearce blurted out the news was still stuck on the prongs, and intently he watched it grow stiff and wrinkle. He found it very hard to think calmly. He could only stare uneasily at the familiar things in the room while a jumble of thoughts raced through his brain, leaving an impression of vague, uncertain terror. What Pearce had told him seemed so utterly incredible. He could not bring himself to believe that he to whom life had hitherto been so pleasant a journey could really be a criminal wanted by the police. Curiously enough no sense of remorse entered his mind, his mood was wholly one of wild, unreasoning anger against

the ill-luck that had brought him into this dangerous position.

He cursed aloud, the words coming jerkily from his lips; and he was relieved as his voice broke the oppressive silence. Martin's glass, filled with brandy and soda, stood where he had left it untasted on the table, and as Seaton drained it the warm glow of the spirit in his throat brought back to him the power of reasoning and thought. It was extraordinary. This man, whose kindly and generous good nature had so endeared him to all his friends, became, under the influence of the first real trouble that had crossed his life, hard and callous. He felt that the world which had been so kind to him was now in a sense his enemy, and a look of bitter resentment and cunning came into his eyes. He felt able to think now, and walking quickly up and down the room, he made his plans for the future. He realised that in the scuffle of the riot it was extremely unlikely that any one but Martin and Pearce should have seen the thing done, and he felt quite sure that however great their horror at his deed, he was quite safe from any possibility of arrest through their agency. It was now Thursday, and the Welsh match was to be played at Cardiff on the Saturday. He had arranged to go down on Friday evening with a man from Birmingham who was also playing. Martin and Pearce had decided to go with them, and after the match they were going on to Hereford to stay with Martin's uncle, to whose daughter Seaton was engaged to be married. They were to come back to Oxford on the Monday. He wondered if they would come with him now. He felt quite sure that Martin would not tell his cousin, and he was confident that the girl loved him far too well to be persuaded into breaking off the engagement for no definite reason.

He felt so sure of his safety that he laughed again, and went into his bedroom to finish his dressing.

A man who lived in the next house, and who was training for the 'Varsity sports, came in and suggested that they should walk together to Shotover; and almost immediately they started. They lunched quietly at a country inn, and it was dusk before they came back over

Magdalen Bridge into the High Street.

The newsboys were shouting in noisy groups round the College gates, selling many copies of the *Review* to the men who passed in and out.

Seaton had almost forgotten the occurrence of the night before, in the pleasure of the quick walk and the joyous feeling of absolute health and strength. Even now he found it hard to bring to mind any details of his drunken fight, and the whole thing seemed to him like the misty remembrance of a bad dream that he had had many nights ago. He bought a paper, and then, as his eye caught the heading, "Shocking Fatality during the Rioting.—Suspected Foul Play," all his earlier anger and resentment against his ill-luck came back to him. The man he had been with all day had gone early to bed the night before, and knew nothing of the disturbances in the streets, or the death of Gaskell's assistant. Their talk had been entirely confined to athletic matters, and Seaton felt that he could not bear to spend the evening among men who would be certain to discuss and speculate about the murder.

His companion solved the difficulty.

"Come back and feed with me in my digs," he said. "You won't mind a training dinner, will you? And we'll both get to bed early."

Seaton looked into his own rooms on the way, and found a note from Martin.

"Dear Geoff," ran the letter, "I do hope that by now you have come to a better state of mind. Of course, you must have been a little insane for the moment, to have behaved as you did this morning. Preaching comes ill from my lips, but I feel I must say quite plainly that your way of taking the whole horrible affair has disgusted both Pearce and myself. But we can talk it over at Cardiff. If I don't see you before, I will meet you at the station, as we had arranged.—Yours, W. H. M."

He threw the letter angrily into the fire, and went to his friend's room to dine. After the meal, excusing himself on the score of training, he went home

early to his rooms, and sat thinking. This great handsome fool was conscious of no emotion but a sulky impatience at the chance of fortune. He was bitterly angry with the circumstances that had brought the affair about, but there was no single trace of sorrow in his coarse, dull brain.

Life had always been so singularly smooth to this man, all his material wants had been so abundantly satisfied that he had become little more than a great muscle. His usual jolly, careless temperament was simply the result of perfect health and smiling fortunes; and this sudden blow showed him what he was—a man whose body had killed his brain, a creature whose blood was too thick and rich, an example of that "healthy devotion to athletic sports" which, while it certainly produces a giant, unfortunately often insists that he shall be a fool.

In the morning he went down to Cardiff by himself in a cruel and evil temper. He did not want the companionship of his friends. In the afternoon he walked to Penarth and sat on the sea front, and the fresh, cold wind from the Channel blew the gloom from his mind for a time.

When he got back to the Queen's Hotel, he found that the English Committee and most of the team had arrived; and an hour later, as they were sitting down to dinner, Pearce and Martin walked into the coffee-room.

Dinner was a pleasant meal, and in the excitement of meeting so many friends Seaton became his old genial self once more. They all sat on after the table had been cleared, and the talk ran incessantly on football, and the prospects of the next day's match. It was a conversation of experts, sharp, clipped, and allusive; and to a man who knew nothing of the game, the talk that aroused so deep an interest in every one present would have seemed a meaningless jargon. In such a gathering Seaton was at his best; there was little present to remind him of Oxford, for Martin, who abhorred football shop, had taken Pearce to the billiard-room. The grim vision of the dead man in the Clarendon yard was chased from his

mind by the all-important consideration of football matters, and, in tale and jest, of matches lost and won, he held his own with them all.

As he walked on to the field next day, the roar of applause that greeted the English team roused all his old lust of combat and pride of strength. He started with some of the men to run down the field, and pass the ball to each other; and the spring of the turf, and the absolute freedom of his football clothes, made the blood burn in his veins. There was a high wind that bugled as it rushed through the trees at the other end of the ground, and he stopped and sniffed it joyously, as he threw out his chest and braced his muscles.

A man in the crowd who knew him shouted some words of encouragement, and Seaton waved his hand genially. He felt that at last he was his own man again.

The game was hard fought, and Seaton was conspicuous by the daring and roughness of his play. The vigour of his tackling cost Wales the services of a half-back early in the game; and when, shortly before the end, he followed up his own kick, and threw the full-back so violently that his shoulder was broken, he was cautioned by the referee, while hissing from the crowd was plainly audible.

It was left to him to win the game, for when England were one point behind, and there was but little time left for play, the Welsh backs started a round of passing when close to their own goal; and Seaton, intercepting a wild throw, ran round behind the goal-posts. The cheers that greeted the try were mingled with groans, for the violence of his play had made him very unpopular with the crowd; and as he lay where he had fallen with the ball, close to the barrier, a burly collier from Llanelly leant over the railings, and, shaking his fist at him, cursed him vigorously.

The hostility of the crowd was again apparent when, some minutes later, the victorious fifteen left the ground, and the other players were at some pains to protect Seaton from its violence.

The exhilaration of the game, in

which he had used his vast strength so freely, had brought Seaton to a more equable temper. This great dull animal required just such a violent tonic to subdue the sulky fever in his brain. As, like some huge broad-flanked bull, he had charged his opponents, or thundered away from them on the sodden turf, the body that he loved so well had, in its own fatigue, brought rest to his brain also.

He enjoyed the dinner in the evening, and when, full of meat and wine, and an insolent joy in his own prowess, he walked out into the streets, one saw what an absolute cad the fellow was.

His manner was abominable. He would roughly elbow men from the pavement, and stare intently at any girl that passed, displaying, to his own and his friends' perfect complacency, the sight of a drunken and boorish young man, with the strength of a Hercules and the conceit of a chorus girl who has managed to marry a gentleman's son. In this mood, together with one or two of the Welsh team—thick-set men with clear eyes and a beautifully-poised walk—he paraded the lighted streets of the town. His swaggering carriage and clumsy jests upon the passers-by delighted his Welsh friends, who emulated him in the foulness of his remarks, and punctuated each dirty little witticism with bursts of falsetto laughter.

They went into several public-houses, and in one of them found a knot of low-browed, evil-looking men discussing the match of the day. Seaton, as he swaggered in, was immediately recognised, and the men began to jeer among each other. At last one of them—a big, black-browed rogue, egged on by his companions—stepped out from among them, and, winking them to observe what he should do, looked Seaton up and down with a grotesque imitation of the other's manner.

"Ullo, mister, sir!" he said, amid roars of approving laughter. "Look 'ere, young fellow-my-lad, a bit of stick over your snitch 'ud do you no 'arm."

Seaton, who was drinking at the time, looked at his adversary, and, putting down his tankard, flung a black

insult at him with a vulgar jeer, and then, throwing back his head, laughed long and loud.

The man trembled with rage for a moment, and then swiftly struck him a crushing blow right on the apple of the throat.

Seaton went down, limp, like a sack

first, until suddenly he became conscious of a bitter, warm taste welling up in his mouth, and knew that blood was pouring from it. Then cruel fingers of steel seemed to gripe the apple of his throat, and crush it into pulp. The agony was fearful, and all the time he could think. Then there



"STRUCK HIM A CRUSHING BLOW"

ot wet grain. He was perfectly conscious, and his eyes were open, showing him a ring of red and terror-stricken faces. He could hear nothing whatever, and the silence was as intense as in some deep tomb. His brain alone retained the memory and sound of the man's last words. He felt no pain at

was a rapid sensation of suffocation, and as he felt his heart running down, and his brain working irregularly with clicks and stoppages, he remembered the night in Oxford with singular and vivid distinctness, and knew that he himself was dying as his own victim had died. The agony came to him in



great spasms, and he knew, with clear distinctness, that in a minute he would be dead. He could not fight against the tightening finger on his throat. Then his pain went suddenly, and the room flashed away from him, and instead he saw, within a yard of his own face, the white visage of a young man with sandy whiskers. The mouth was twisted into a grin, the eyes were open and protruding, and blood was coming

from them. Then came darkness, and an intense, numbing cold, through which he could hear the voices of the crowd quite distinctly, though they seemed very far away.

He felt as though he was dropping rapidly through many waters, and as his life died out, like the glow from an incandescent wire, he could still hear little voices in the dark.

Then came silence.



## SARABANDE

LIGHTLY, loudly, light again the beat,  
 Slowly gliding figure, dainty sandalled feet;  
 Graceful rhythmic motion, outlined fairy form,  
 Dusky olive bosom no jewel could adorn;  
 Spanish eyes with depths that glow,  
 Flashing upward, drooping low.  
 Hark! the castanets are ringing,  
 Hush! the full, red lips are singing—  
 Stately Sarabande.

Tales of love so soft and gentle,  
 E'en the music tones are melting.  
 Now a weird-like wail of sorrow;  
 Life to-day—but, ah! to-morrow?  
 List! the castanets strike wildly.  
 Vengeance! vengeance! e'er so blindly.  
 Death—the dancer's form sways slowly;  
 Bows the graceful figure lowly  
 O'er sweet Sarabande.

F. E. O'DELL.

# An Ancient Cornish Town

WHERE SOME EXTRAORDINARY CEREMONIES STILL  
TAKE PLACE

WRITTEN BY GEORGE A. WADE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**T**IS history goes back many centuries, this queer old town by the sea on the northern coast of Cornwall, and that history is as strange and irregular as is the town itself at this end of the nineteenth century; as are its cobble-paved streets, or its curiously shaped houses.

It is out of the track of the ordinary seaside-tripper, even of the average holiday-maker, and so it has gone on its way more unmoved by the present day tendencies than most seaside towns, and the old things and customs flourish here in all their pristine beauty and simplicity.

They would shock many staid people of places more up-to-date, less pretty, and more conventional, would several of the things to be seen in the streets of St. Ives, and of the customs to be found therein. It is true that most English folks would have a sort of sneaking regard for the town connected with the riddle they had so often puzzled about in their younger days, when they had vainly tried to solve—

As I was going to St. Ives,  
I met a man with seven wives;  
Seven wives had seven sacks,  
Seven sacks had seven cats;  
Seven cats had seven kits;  
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,  
How many were going to St. Ives?

Oh, the hours we, as boys and girls, puzzled our weary brains in trying to add those various sevens, &c., together, so as to get the total number! And how resolutely we refused to believe in the number the nurse gave as the answer.

It is true that another St. Ives, that in Huntingdonshire, claims to be the original St. Ives of the famous riddle, but it is not to be supposed that the Cornish town is going to let its claim be altogether ignored. Did not seven cities claim the honour of giving birth to Homer? And this riddle of childhood is better known to most English people than is any work of the great Greek poet.

To see what can be done by St. Ives to vindicate its claim to be considered one of the strangest towns in England to-day, you should be there when what may be called "John Knill's Festival" is kept up. This is done every five years, and then St. Ives is a sight not to be missed. What would be thought in Manchester or Sheffield were the vicar of the town to go on a waltzing tour with the Mayor round a monument, in full sight of the assembled thousands? And what more if both of these worthies also waltzed there with young girls dressed in white, or with old widows, weary and poor? Surely, Manchester or Sheffield would think its rulers had gone mad! And like the poet of "John Gilpin," thousands would want to "be there to see."

Knill's Steeple is a famous obelisk to be found outside St. Ives, and was erected to the memory of John Knill, who was Mayor of the town so late as 1766. He was a most eccentric old fellow, and intended to be buried in a vault under this obelisk, but this wish was not carried out. The column, however, bears on one side the coat-of-arms of the Mayor, with the motto, "*Nil Desperandum*,"—whatever that refers to.

On another side is "Johannes Knill," "*Resurgam*," and the text "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Now if that were all, it would not serve much to differentiate this obelisk from dozens of others—but it is not. For good old John Knill left some very substantial property in trust for the Vicar and Mayor of his native town for the time being, on certain conditions. And these were very curious ones, for, as Knill paid the piper, he thought he had the right to call the tune. So he ordained the following "charming" ceremony which is still carried out faithfully.

Every five years, on an appointed day, a procession is formed in the town, and marches from the market-house to the steeple. In this procession there are to be ten virgins of the town, dressed altogether in white, and also the oldest widows and widowers of the place. These, followed by the Vicar and Mayor, are accompanied by music very vigorously played by the town fiddlers. When they reach the steeple or column erected to John's memory all the party have to dance round it whilst they sing the Hundredth Psalm.

This alone, copying the days of Israel, would make the affair notable, but the after-part beats this. For the vicar and Mayor have to do their dancing with the ten virgins and the old widows, and the spectacle is a sight for the gods. Shouts of laughter greet the performance from the assembled thousands of spectators; and one would have a long way to go before coming across a finer sight than the attempts of the representatives of local authority to keep their faces decorous and straight, whilst they imitate the motions of Miriam after the Red Sea victory.

Then £10 is spent on a dinner for



KNILL'S STEEPLE

the processionists, and the town fiddler gets £1 for himself!

St. Ives is a funny old place, indeed. The way they had, until a few years ago, of burying the dead is, it is to be hoped, unique in this country. Look at the curious appearance of the churchyard, and you will wonder what caused it. The truth is, the St. Ives folks almost buried the church itself! When the churchyard had become so full of corpses that there was no room for more, some genius of the town hit upon a scheme that would have done credit to the wise men of Gotham or St. Tudy. The St. Ives people simply covered the burial-ground with several

feet of sand, and then began to inter the dead anew in it! Thus the yard "rose," and the church "fell." This beautifully simple process was repeated three times, and was only stopped when it was pointed out that another time or so would have ended by completely burying the church too!

From some of the remaining memorials in the sacred edifice itself, it would seem as if the average Cornishman who lived in St. Ives had ever been a genius or a wit. For when the oak benches in the church had to be carved, the work was given to the

must have had down in this far-off corner of England in those days!—carved such interesting things as the head of a man wearing a fool's cap, and the bust of a woman evidently intended for a shrew. Then one later disciple of Art, finding a monumental brass where the halo and the head it surrounded had become worn away, thought he would restore it to his former beauty; but, never dreaming about such trifles as haloes, and seeing the round line of the former halo, which he took to be the head, he filled in the nose, mouth, and eyes to correspond! The terrible



INTERIOR OF ST. IVES CHURCH

village smith to perform; and that worthy felt that, in this case, it was unnecessary to trouble about Scriptural subjects or high "Art"—the folks wanted something to look at on Sundays which they could understand. So he carved the benches with representations of his own craft; and there they may be seen to-day, adorned with the figures of the forge, the hammer, the anvil, the bellows, the nails, and the pincers!

On some other ends of the benches other workmen—what pretty wit they

head of St. Michael which looks at you from that brass is enough to frighten any ordinary savage to suicide. Evidently, artistic effect is great at St. Ives.

Perhaps no prettier sample of Cornish wit can be found, however, than that of which the Portreeve, in the days of the Civil War, was the subject. He had rebelled against the Parliament, and was visited by one of his opposers, who came to put matters straight—another Cornishman. The Portreeve, thinking to propitiate him, invited him to a ban-

quet, and the invitation was accepted. But—Belshazzar's feast!—whilst the banquet proceeded there came a noise of hammering, and on the suspicious Portreeve asking what it was, he was informed that it was only a scaffold to hang a traitor!

When dinner was over, host and guest came out to inspect the gallows, and the guest said:

"Now, Mr. Portreeve, is the gibbet all ready for the hanging of a rebel?"

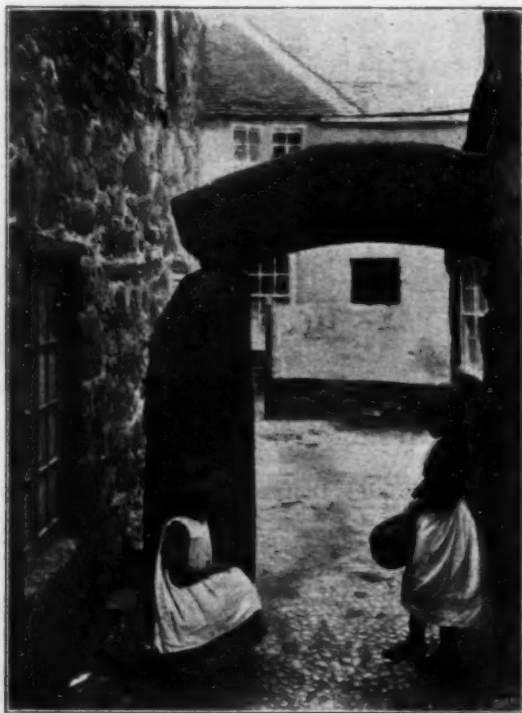
The host said that all seemed in splendid condition for that pretty little episode of those days.

"Then," remarked the other carelessly to his men standing by, "secure this gentleman, and hang him straight-way!"

And a few minutes later there was a

vacancy in the office of Portreeve of the little Cornish town.

Yet to-day it is still a lovely old place, this St. Ives, with its charming old-world air, its hospitality kinder and milder than in the days just spoken of, its fine men of the sea, and its pretty, dark Cornish girls. One looks from off its pier—the work of Smeaton—across the blue waters of the Atlantic, and watches the setting sun flinging its golden rays over the waters and the houses until the place seems like a city of dreamland in its evening glory. And in after years, far away from this peaceful Cornish town, the sweet, pretty picture rises anew in the memory; and one thinks with loving memories of that curious ancient town by the sea on the north coast of Cornwall.



ONE OF THE QUAINTEST CORNERS OF ST. IVES



## "The City of the Simple"

WRITTEN BY MRS. J. E. WHITBY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. LEFEBRE.

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It has often happened that a traveller has been forced from some unexpected reason to break his journey at some little known, out of the way town or village. Usually such a *contretemps* produces nothing more than weariness of spirit; but should any tourist be cast ashore by stress of circumstance at Gheel, he will not have to complain of the commonplace. He will indeed be considerably astonished at the demeanour and appearance of a great number of its inhabitants, and will possibly be so interested in the strange scenes constantly presented to his wondering eyes that he may extend his visit.

People usually keep their demonstrations of grief for home consumption, but it is not unusual at Gheel to find a disconsolate female seated on the ground, outside the railway station, sobbing bitterly. Our friend the traveller, if he be kind of heart, will ask her why she weeps, and will be somewhat astonished to learn that she is crying because she has no legs, and declares she cannot move. With the evidence of an extremely sturdy pair of understandings before his gaze the stranger is puzzled, a state of mind that is increased when she explains that what he sees do not exist. He passes on.

He next meets a lady whose dress is somewhat oddly arranged, her very disordered hair being surmounted by a bonnet, perched over one ear. If it be winter, she carries a parasol; if summer,

a muff; and she trips jauntily along, singing to herself. The traveller is relieved to see some one so cheerful.

He walks on and finds himself face to face with two quiet-looking, well-dressed gentlemen, apparently taking a friendly conversational stroll together. But a little attention to them will demonstrate that both are talking at once, and that neither is paying the slightest heed to the other. This, though not an absolutely unknown proceeding, strikes the traveller as odd, and he begins to notice something strange in their manner. One of them darts across the road and buttonholes him.

"I am the Pope," he proclaims pompously, while his companion marches on, unconscious of the loss of his friend. "I am the Pope, and you must kneel down and kiss my toe." The stranger probably expresses a decided refusal to do anything of the kind, whereon the gentleman will change his tone, and say hurriedly, "Never mind, I don't think after all you are the King; meet me after supper and we'll have a game of dominoes together."

The traveller escapes hastily down the long broad street, with its rows of low whitewashed houses. As he goes he glances with curiosity to the right and left. There are not many people about, but those he sees all seem to look a little different to every-day folk.

Here is a man with a wheel-barrow. What a wild, furtive look he gives in passing!

There stands a woman at a corner

muttering to herself. Another person is walking down the street turning his head so that he may see as far as possible over his own shoulder. "My head was put on the wrong way round," he says confidentially to the passer, "but I am getting it right."

All this is very bewildering, and the stray tourist who has never previously heard of Gheel no doubt thinks that he has either gone suddenly deranged, or has fallen among lunatics.

And this is exactly what he has done, for fate has guided his wandering footsteps to the town of Gheel, and Gheel is a small town in the Belgian province of Antwerp, which holds a unique position as a colony of lunatics—the "City of the Simple," as it has been called.

Among those interested in mental diseases it has long been known for the beneficial effect which the treatment there practised confers on those so afflicted—a form of treatment which has lately attracted so much attention among medical men, that its system of allowing almost entire freedom to non-dangerous lunatics is being introduced into many other countries. But to the majority of people Gheel is an unknown place, and few tourists visit it. Our stray traveller will probably be not a little astonished to learn that out of a population of 12,000 inhabitants, about 2,000 are lunatics, and will be possibly rather alarmed to hear that nearly all are at large.

Though it is recognised, nowadays, that it is the systematic care which the mentally afflicted receive at Gheel that assists so much in their recovery, the place has had a great reputation as a health resort for such patients ever since the beginning of the seventh century.

The belief in its curative powers owes its rise to the tradition of miracles performed here at the shrine of St. Dimpna, an Irish princess who was converted to Christianity by Gerebernus, a priest on a mission to the Emerald Isle. According to the story, her father, who was a heathen, on becoming a widower, wished, after the easy manners of the times, to marry his own daughter. By the advice of Gerebernus,

Dimpna fled from home, and together they braved a sea voyage (no light undertaking in those days) and took refuge at Antwerp. Fearing discovery in a place so well known even then, they continued their way, and put themselves under the protection of the feudal lords of Westerloo and Gheel. Pursued by her irate father at the head of an important expedition, the princess was betrayed into his hands by a woman of Westerloo, a breach of the laws of hospitality with which the ladies of Gheel still occasionally reproach those at Westerloo.

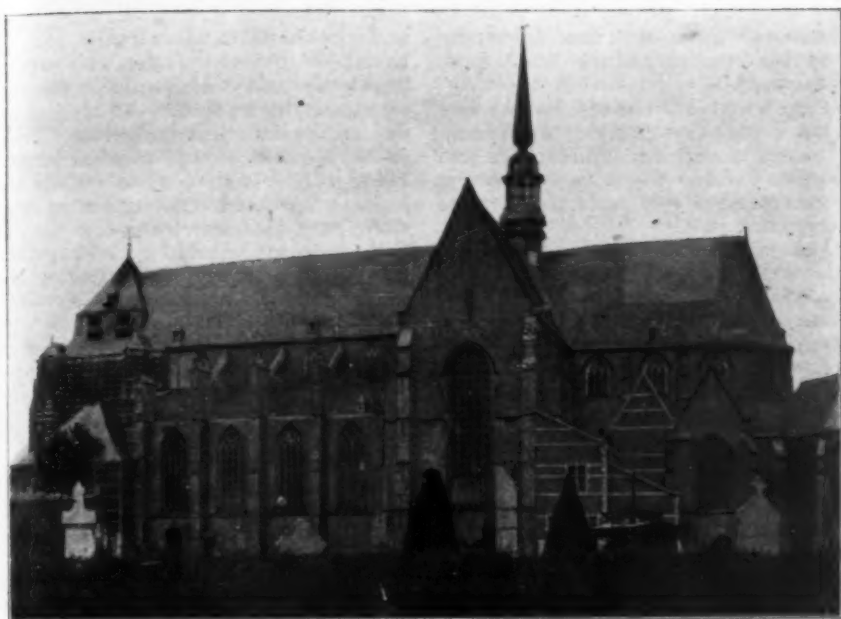
Still refusing to consent to her father's proposals, he gave orders that both Dimpna and Gerebernus should be decapitated on the spot, and as his followers objected to behead the princess, the unnatural father himself struck off his own daughter's head. A photograph shows a tiny chapel erected over the scene of this tragedy, which took place on May 15th, A.D. 600.

The bodies of the unhappy lady and her religious adviser were buried at Gheel, and on these martyrs being canonised, a church was built over their sepulchre, dedicated to St. Dimpna, who became the patron saint of the neighbourhood. The tomb was made a place of pilgrimage, and miraculous cures of all kinds were reported, but principally of those mentally afflicted.

This is the origin of the strange colony which is to-day so celebrated among those concerned with mental cases, and which comprises among its poor distraught visitors people of all classes and all countries. Formerly the sick were treated in the church itself, but later a sort of small hospital was built on to the sanctuary. This was destroyed by a tempest in 1541.

The "Ziekenkamer," or sick room, which still exists, is joined to the church at the traditional spot, between the first buttresses of the body of the tower, as may be seen in the photograph, and was erected to replace the former hospital in 1687. The whole story of the little colony may be said to vibrate within those walls.

The "Ziekenkamer," through which the church is ordinarily entered, consists of two small rooms, in one of which a



THE CHURCH OF ST. DIMPHNA

space, raised and railed, served as a place of refuge for those in charge of the lunatics, while solid rings of iron in the walls show where the more excitable were once chained. A small inner apartment with barred window and heavy shutter opening into the outer room, was used as a bedroom for those "under observation," their cases being thus carefully studied according to the lights of the times by the doctor in charge.

In the olden days the sick were subjected to a very long course of fasting, for in this way only it was considered there was any hope of cure. If the first "neuvaine," or nine days fast, was unsuccessful, the patient was obliged to recommence, and continue until effectual, or until his case was pronounced hopeless. Three times a day he had to make the tour of the church on his knees, and to drag himself as many times barefoot under the shrine of St. Dimphna, which stands in the

ambulatory, on a high stone support, and is painted with scenes from the life of the saint. The worn state of the pavement testifies to the constant performance of this regulation. It was also considered as necessary to the cure that the clothing should not be changed the entire time (cleanliness apparently not being considered as next to godliness in those days), and many prayers recited. When the priest judged it advisable, the patient was readmitted to the rites and privileges of the church, and he might consider himself cured.

The stray tourist will certainly find his way to the Church of St. Dimphna, which stands at some distance from the present centre of the town, and to reach which he needs must walk over such cobble stones as will leave him bankrupt of strong language for many a long day. There is no escape from this sort of torture, for there is not a paved side-path in the whole of the long straggling village; vehicles for casual hire there

are none, and so terrible are the stones that even only a two days' visit to Gheel will leave the feet frightfully bruised and tender, and the temper quite exasperated.

The church is a handsome building of the French Gothic style, with flying buttresses, a very fine old entrance, and windows with flamboyant tracery, characteristic of this particular form of architecture.

The interior has been restored and redecorated in the original manner, which looks at present very garish, but which Time's kind touch will doubtless soften. The story of St. Dimphna and her trials is repeated therein in picture, in wood-carving of ancient date, in sculpture and in stained glass. The reliquary, containing the saint's bones, is only to be seen by the kind offices of M. le Curé, who unlocked the strong room for the writer to see this fine specimen of silversmith's work, dating from 1515.

The sick being no longer treated in the church are sent on arrival at the colony to the infirmary, at the end of the town, where, in the brick building

ornamented with a statue of the saintly martyr, they are watched for a few days, until the special details of their malady have been studied. Those who appear hopelessly and dangerously insane are sent to asylums; those who are judged uncertain as to their dangerous proclivities are sent to the care of persons living in quiet retired spots outside the town; while others suffering merely from some fixed idea, but who otherwise are fairly sane, are boarded out amongst the inhabitants of the village. During the writer's visit there were only 35 women and 26 men in the infirmary. Several of these were perfectly hopeless invalids, and consequently unfit to be boarded out. These numbers are, of course, constantly varying, but as it would be contrary to the Gheel system to keep any one in the hospital who can possibly be boarded out, the numbers are never great.

The writer found the visit to the infirmary very interesting, if somewhat saddening, as are all similar institutions. It is necessary to have an order from the Minister of Justice to go over this building.



THE INFIRMARY AT GHEEL



Everything therein looks comfortable, bright, and well cared for. For patients under observation there are a number of small rooms, very similar in style to that in the church, while pleasant airy dormitories above, with white-curtained beds, testify to the great change that has taken place in the treatment of lunatics since such books as "Valentine Vox" and "Hard Cash," with their horrifying revelations, were written.

There are private apartments for those who can afford them. The hospital is managed by a governing doctor (Dr. Peeters, whose name is well known among those interested in mental diseases) and a secretary, who both reside on the premises. There are also four assistant doctors, and a treasurer. Besides these, there are six Sisters of Mercy, and five lay nurses.

The colony of Gheel consists of a large irregular perimeter containing about 60 miles, and the farm-houses and villas within these bounds are capable of receiving over 3,000 boarders. The residents who take in these strange visitors (and there are few who do not) are called "*nourriciers*," or foster-parents. No person may take more than two such lodgers, and both the insane and *nourriciers* are subject to a strict official scrutiny. The colony is divided into four districts, under the surveillance of a number of guards, and out of their respective districts the patients may not go. For this and cases of attempted escape (which do not average more than five a year), both *nourricier* and guard are answerable. It is probably the extreme freedom the patients enjoy that discourages them from trying to get away, and any one attempting this is sent away from the colony.

A "superior commission of inspection," accompanied either by the governor of the province, or his delegate, assembles at Gheel four times a year, makes a general inspection on all points connected with the invalids, and sends an annual report to the Minister of Justice. There is also a permanent resident committee, presided over by the mayor of the town (but to which neither doctors, secretary, nor treasurer may belong), to see that the instructions

of the superior commission are carried out, and to arrange all details of the boarding-out system. This committee forms two divisions, which each visit every lunatic twice a year, while the medical men see their patients at such frequent intervals as their cases require.

The poor are boarded at the expense of the State, the *nourriciers* receiving a sum varying from sixpence to eightpence a day, paid every six months. They are comfortably clothed, also at Governmental cost, and there is no doubt that not only are these poor insane creatures happier with the freedom accorded them than they would be confined in some institution, while the expense of keeping them is not so great. The wealthier boarders, and these are numerous, of all nationalities and positions, pay quarterly, and of course in proportion to the comfort and service expected. The governing doctor prescribes the daily regimen of each boarder, the amount of liberty to be allowed, the sort of occupation to be given, and even the style of amusement to be enjoyed, warning the landlord of anything that may have an exciting cause on the patient's mind.

For instance, one man was perfectly sane until the word "buttons" was mentioned, when he would instantly attempt to strip himself. In a small place like Gheel, where every one's peculiarity is well known, it is easy to substitute another word for the offending one, and no stranger, unless he happened to mention the forbidden article, would discover that the man was a monomaniac.

It is, of course, to the interest of the *nourriciers* to treat their queer guests well, for it is their payments that bring a certain ease into the family. Long experience has taught them the best way of managing their boarders, and the great number of cures prove that their method is a good one.

At Gheel it is the lunatic who is most considered in the family; for him are all its privileges and its special favours, his the most comfortable seat at table, the cosiest corner by the fireside, and when \*here is an entertainment, it is the



lunatic to whom the best place is assigned. Each is, in fact, treated like the family invalid.

If able, they work with the members of the household (though no *nourricier* may exploit a boarder in any way), they go to church with them, and, indeed, for the time being they become members of the particular family which they join. It is said that the knowledge that various little indulgences depend to a great extent on his own good behaviour penetrates the brain of even the dullest patient, and he will make the most frantic efforts to control himself. The feeling that they are trusted inspires a desire to deserve confidence, and it is seldom betrayed.

It is the "innocent" at Gheel who nurses the baby, and who is the chosen friend and confidant of the little ones, who, finding his mind on a level with

their own, regard him as another child, and are happy in his company.

The best time to study this strange colony is said to be at the change of the seasons; for when Nature prepares herself for a new phase of evolution the mad appear to suffer most, though there is at all times much to see and learn at Gheel that is both interesting and pathetic, and, it must be owned, amusing also; as, while one cannot help pitying the sufferers, it is impossible to help smiling at the queer ideas harboured by their poor distraught brains. Religious mania is very strong in the women, and the number of Holy Virgins and saints to be met is quite astonishing. The photograph represents one who fancies she is the former character, and would become extremely angry should the stray tourist appear to doubt it. She wears every colour of the rainbow, which unfortunately the picture does not show; is decorated with countless strings of beads, and much sham jewellery, as well as a pair of scarlet mittens. The other lady imagines herself of surpassing beauty, and that every one is in love with her. It is a harmless illusion, and one that is not confined to the lunatics at Gheel. Unfortunately, she was so impressed with the honour of having her portrait taken for THE LUDGATE that she could not be induced to smile at the right moment. These two board together.

One man fancied himself a silver teapot, which it was necessary to keep well polished, and was constantly diligently rubbing himself. Another thought he was likely to be poisoned. Every time, therefore, he entered a café, he called for two drinks, dealt a pack of cards to decide which it was safe to take, and threw away the other. A third runs about with a watch-key, imploring every one to wind him up.

"You'll certainly get overwound one day," says his landlord, as he gives the key another imaginary turn, "and then your works will stop."

"Will they?" asks the lunatic anxiously. "But if I don't keep wound up, I can't hear the tick inside; and if I don't keep going, no one will know the time in Gheel." And he rushes off again.



THE LADY WHO THINKS SHE IS THE  
HOLY VIRGIN

There are at the present time two English ladies sent by their friends to the colony, to whom the writer, sorry for compatriots in a foreign land under such circumstances, paid a visit. One fancies herself the Virgin of Lourdes; the other, that she is related to all sorts of grand people. These two were great friends at first, but the rival claims for precedence have become so acute that the two ladies are no longer on speaking terms—and this in a land of strangers, where neither understands the language of those around her!

Another amusing case was that of a man who fancied he was the fly for whom a spider was watching. But if he were asked why he did not use his wings to get out of the way, he shook his head, and made some irrelevant answer. His mind could not carry out the idea. There are, of course, an enormous number of Emperors, Kings, and Queens at Gheel. One patient fancies every knob and door-handle a telephone, and flies towards it to hold long conversations with some imaginary person—perhaps not more disjointed than the real thing.

Most of the patients are obliged to return home at nine o'clock, but there are exceptions, and many of them spend their evenings at the cafés, joining in a game of billiards or cards, and rejoicing in the possession of a latch-key.

It is this quiet existence in a healthy, retired spot, free from restraint and the cares and turmoil of life, "far from the madding crowd," and with all the advantages and comforts of the family circle, that has such a beneficial effect on weak or disordered brains; and the reports of the colony show that a great and humane work is being quietly carried on there.

There are so many lunatics in Gheel that a very short stay there will make



THE LADY OF SURPASSING BEAUTY

one suspicious of every one met in the street; and the stranger will at last begin to realise with some amusement that he in his turn is being regarded with doubtful looks, and that many are of opinion he is a new "case."

The traveller who visits Gheel, accidentally or intentionally, will probably not regret his visit there, and will most likely carry away a not altogether unpleasant recollection of the little Belgian town, where so many of the inhabitants suffer from that most dreadful of all human maladies—the loss of reason—and which bears the quaint title of "The City of the Simple."



He tricked the hangman by his death,  
The Devil, by his latest breath,  
Who for his soul did loudly call—  
To find that he had none at all.  
*A bas, a bas le Cardinal !*"

(*Song of Old Paris.*)

I.

**I**N the December of the year 1642, His Eminence Armand John du Plessis, Cardinal Richelieu, lay dying. He and the King had both been smitten by an incurable disease. Yet it was the lot of the Minister to depart first to the unknown land, perchance that he might negotiate peace for his vacillating master, who joined him there in the month of May following.

But now it was December, and His Eminence Cardinal Richelieu lay dying.

By the side of his bed stood a long table, and at the table a monk sat writing. This monk wrote to the Cardinal's dictation.

"And if I have done you wrong, as you seem to think, visit my bedside that I may hear your grievance, and have the opportunity to set your mind at rest regarding these matters."

The scratching quill wrote out the sentence, and stopped. The Cardinal ceased dictating. The monk looked up.

"Is that all I shall write, your Eminence?"

"That is all."

"Do you sign it?"

"No."

"To whom do I address it?"

"To Bernard D'Aubigne."

"Where may he be found?"

"I do not know. Call Francis."

The monk struck a small bell on the table. A page appeared.

"Ask him."

"His Eminence desires to be acquainted with the address of Monsieur Bernard D'Aubigne; do you know it?"

The page hesitated.

"Do you know it, boy?"

"He has been good to me, your Eminence."

"And have not I been good to thee?"

"Oh yes, your Eminence!"

"Then I may be good to him also, —perhaps. You know his address: name it."

"He is now very poor. For years he has been sinking lower and lower——"

"Ah!"

"He lives in a loft above the stable of Jules Gerbais."

"Good. Come here, boy."

The page drew nearer to the bed.

"Come close, quite close."

The page did so. His Eminence knit

his grey brows, and read the boy's face with cold, suspicious eyes. Then he lay back with every sign of great weariness.

"Take this communication, Francis," he said faintly, "and deliver it with your own hand into that of our friend" (there was a slight stress on the word "friend"), "our friend Monsieur Bernard D'Aubigne. Tell him to haste, for a dying man knows not his hour."

The monk sealed the paper with red wax, and gave it into the page's hand.

"Now go."

Francis left the chamber.

Richelieu turned very slightly towards the monk.

"Read on," he murmured; "ghostly counsels well befit my state. Religious exercises shall be my delight."

The monk took up a book and commenced to read. The book was "*De Imitatione Christi*."

Shadows gathered round the Cardinal's chamber.

## II.

The man known as Bernard D'Aubigne sat alone in his loft above the stable of Jules Gerbais. It was twilight, but he, like the Cardinal, was interested in a book. 'Twas an old, thumbed copy of the "*Songs of Lombardy*" and it had once been well bound, with a crest upon the cover and silver shields at the corners. But now, like its solemn owner, it was much the worse for wear; yet, unlike its owner, it had retained the sweetness of its thoughts, while his had grown bitter in the passing years.

The reading of this old copy of the "*Songs of Lombardy*" seemed to stir deep emotions in the breast and eyes of the reader, for could one have fathomed that breast, one would have perceived its yearning love—almost akin to pain—for the old fields of youth, and the old scents of flowers; for the old vows of faith, and the old ties of kinship. Could one have gazed into those mysterious eyes, unknowable as the uttermost parts of the sea, one would have beheld the salt waves in them—waves called tears, purifying the sight, raising visions of peace born of resignation.

For this man who read alone in the old loft had had bright visions of youth, visions of fame and a great career, till a

scarlet cassock had swept by him. And then—. And this solitary man had had two brothers, great, fine, tall men, in high places in the King's Army—but he had lost them. By death? He did not know, and dared enquire nothing. He and they had walked through dark places in the hands of His Eminence; and no man knew what door Richelieu opened at the end of a journey.

Those who intrigued with my Lord Cardinal kept sealed lips at any hazard—from fear of the axe.

Hence this man, whom Richelieu called D'Aubigne, had shut his mouth at the disappearance of his brothers, lest by opening it, he should have certainly destroyed them.

For the Cardinal had played a blind game with them all for the matter of fifteen years, setting them at a word to hunt down some quarry, like to one who loosed the hood from a falcon that it might strike an appointed victim. Once foot to foot with His Eminence in a secret path, there was no withdrawal save for a mysterious grave. It was on, on, with the bubbles of fortune just out of grasp, to be seized one day, said His Eminence (and he should have known seeing he blew them), and to burst at the touch. But this end to the chase my Lord Cardinal kept secret in his brain, according to the immemorial usage of wise statesmen.

The twilight was settling into the gloom of night, and D'Aubigne, unable to read more, closed his book of the "*Songs of Lombardy*." He stood thinking, however; the quiet movements of the horses in the stable below seeming to lull him into a peaceful meditation. He heard Jules Gerbais humming a song in the yard, and an owl in the thatch giving a hooting accompaniment. He noticed the loft filling with a soft light, and he saw the moon was up. A footstep in the yard caused Jules Gerbais to terminate his song. D'Aubigne heard a young voice. He knew the voice; it was that of Francis, a page to My Lord Cardinal.

D'Aubigné crossed the loft, and began to descend the ladder.

"Here is Monsieur!" cried Jules Gerbais. "He will answer for himself."

"Ah, Francis!"

"Good Monsieur!"

"You have come to visit me. It is kind. Now that I am off the ladder, I can salute you."

The man and the boy clasped hands with a tremor of true affection.

The note changed hands, from Francis to D'Aubigne.

The man led the boy aside to where a lighted lantern swung. He opened the sealed paper, and perused it again and again.

Then he looked down at the boy with



"HE OPENED THE SEALED PAPER AND PERUSED IT AGAIN AND AGAIN"

"How progresses the health of My Lord Cardinal?"

"He is sick unto death, Monsieur."

"It is to be regretted"—the slightest touch of irony in the voice.

"His Eminence commanded me to seek you out. He sends you this."

a similar expression to that with which the boy looked up at him. This expression was one of uncertainty.

"You will return with me, Monsieur?" asked Francis.

"Rather with you than with the Cardinal's Guards."



"Did you expect this letter, Monsieur?"

"I looked for an answer, boy."

"Then you have written to His Eminence?"

"Yes."

"And the answer is good?"

"Too good." A shade passed over the face of D'Aubigne.

"Be comforted, Monsieur."

"I have no fear."

"Nay, I know it."

Jules Gerbais came up.

"Go you forth to-night, Monsieur?"

"Aye."

The man's eyes glistened. "Perchance you will get a glimpse of His Eminence."

"Perchance."

"I would I were in your place, Monsieur. Pardon the presumption."

"I heartily wish you were!"

"Thank you, Monsieur."

D'Aubigne smiled grimly. "Come, Francis," he said.

The two men crossed the moonlit yard, and made for the chamber of My Lord Cardinal.

### III.

The chamber of My Lord Cardinal was lighted by wax candles.

The monk at the bedside was reading from "*De Imitatione Christi*." For two long hours His Eminence had kept him to the book. Perhaps he found grace in meditating on the good things he had not done. Such meditation is very beneficial to most ecclesiastics.

The chamber was strangely quiet, and the candles burnt evenly in the unmolested air.

The monk's voice grew weary, and the dull monotony of the tone lulled His Eminence into a doze.

Through his half-closed lids, the candles shone like the stars of Bethlehem upon that night of the Holy Nativity, whose remembrance in the Feast of Noël His Eminence prayed to celebrate.

The rustling of arras at the door of the chamber caused the monk to cease reading. His Eminence stirred slightly, and asked the hour. Ten of the clock.

Francis entered, followed by Bernard D'Aubigne.

The monk arose, and stood with the pair, awaiting the desires of My Lord Cardinal.

Richelieu slowly opened his eyes.

"Ah! at last! Monsieur D'Aubigné, is it not?"

"It is, your Eminence."

"Be seated, friend."

D'Aubigne sat in the monk's chair, and regarded the grey brows and wandering hands of My Lord Cardinal.

"Francis, go with the good Brother, and see that he is refreshed. And, Francis, did you tell me that Captain Despard and three men were standing guard at my door to-night?"

Francis took the hint, and bowed.

D'Aubigne pulled his moustaches, and smiled grimly. His Eminence noticed the smile.

"Ah, D'Aubigne, it is the right of all good men to be happy! Francis, give me the bell from the table, that I may call you in case I need any trifle. That is it. You are dismissed."

The monk went on his knee, and kissed the hand of His Eminence. Then he arose, and with Francis left the chamber.

The page had not dared to exchange a look with Bernard D'Aubigne.

His Eminence turned with some difficulty upon his left side, the better to converse with his visitor.

"You see before you, Monsieur, an old and broken man—a man of whom the world has said many things, good and bad; perhaps," he smiled, "more bad than good. That is well, seeing that posterity ever reverses past judgments. But you did not come that I might weary you with autobiography. No. You came——?"

His Eminence smiled enquiringly.

"I came because you sent for me."

"Ah, ah! ever faithful! One would wish for more men like you." And he pensively shook his head. D'Aubigne sprang impatiently to his feet.

The hand of My Lord Cardinal fluttered over the bell.

D'Aubigne resumed his chair.

"Your Eminence needs no protection. Your Guards can wait."

"How you misjudge me! I did but think to summon Francis. A glass of wine for you."

D'Aubigne again pulled his moustaches.

"We will come to the point, Monsieur."

"If it please your Eminence."

"It pleases me exceedingly. Let us begin then. I see you are impatient. It is a treasure of youth, and prime—this impatience. An old man lingers, Monsieur—an old man lingers." A wicked desire crossed D'Aubigne's mind to put a sanguinary ending to this lingering.

He suppressed it, however, and waited.

His Eminence pushed up the cap from his brow, and began to speak in a dry and cautious voice.

"Monsieur D'Aubigne, some thirteen years ago——"

"Pardon. Some fifteen years ago."

"You are right, you are right. A man with an excellent memory! Well, well—some fifteen years ago there were three brothers, fine, fearless, silent, ambitious men. Their names were—let me see—ah, yes, Ignatius, Baptiste, and Bernard. I remember them very well."

"Not better than they remember your Eminence."

"You are so good as to say so. Well, these three men came to me one evening—a summer evening, surely, I recollect the hour was late but the light perfect—and offered themselves for my secret service, in the cause of justice and of France."

"I liked them. With hearts that beat but to one measure—Ambition!—these were the men my mind desired."

"I took them into my service, and for fifteen years they have been faithful to me."

"They dared not be otherwise."

"True, true, you say right, Monsieur D'Aubigne—they dared not be otherwise."

"Let me speak, your Eminence. These three brothers united, worked your will as one man, for seven years. Deeds they performed—God help them!—in the dark, to what strange purposes well or ill, you only know. This life for seven years, with promises, before them! Their feet too meshed in the webs of your Eminence to allow of any

withdrawal, save through death. Aye, they have been faithful, my Lord Cardinal!"

"You speak a little bitterly, my friend."

"Suffer me to continue."

"After seven years, one brother, Ignatius—high in the army—disappeared. He fell in no battle, your Eminence. One day we saw him, and the next he disappeared."

There was a pause. The grey brows of His Eminence contracted.

"Was removed you think, by my order, for the good of France and the State?"

"I think it."

"You are wise. It is possible."

D'Aubigne sprang to his feet.

"Lord Cardinal!"

"Ah, the bell; not yet! Finish your narration, Monsieur."

"Yes, I will finish it. After seven years I lost my first brother; after ten years I lost my second brother; after five years of helpless despair I stand before you. Here I demand my brothers and my rights. I demand their freedom and my own. No longer will I wear a gag. Answer me Lord Cardinal!"

"I will answer you. It is possible your first brother was freed after his seven years. It is possible your second brother was freed——"

D'Aubigne interrupted, his face blanched: "My God!" he whispered hoarsely; "their freedom, then, was death, and by *your* order."

"Was it not impossible that they should exist longer, my friend? Their presence had become a danger to the State. They knew too much. Three men give heavy evidence. We remove two. One remains; against us he is powerless; therefore he has lived."

"You mean——"

"That *you* still exist, I think."

A terrible pause followed these words. Then D'Aubigne spoke slowly.

"Finish with me also, your Eminence, and ring down the curtain on your farce."

"Pardon, Monsieur. On my tragedy, on my most pitiful tragedy. Alas, that such things must be. The safety of the Realm is everything; true patriots must lay down their lives for their land."

"But you—you will live. We may die, but you will live!"

"Not so, Monsieur, I shall die. It will be very soon. I am dying fast, of an incurable malady. As you perceive, I must leave none behind me to tell dead secrets. We both must become as dead as they. We four have known much; two are gone and two are going. You have committed the actions, I have known them and the consequences. But the world only knows half—the consequences. If I die and you live Monsieur, the world may know the other half. This must not be. We sacrifice ourselves, therefore, upon the altar of our country."

"I am not, then, to leave here alive to-night?" said D'Aubigne in a low voice.

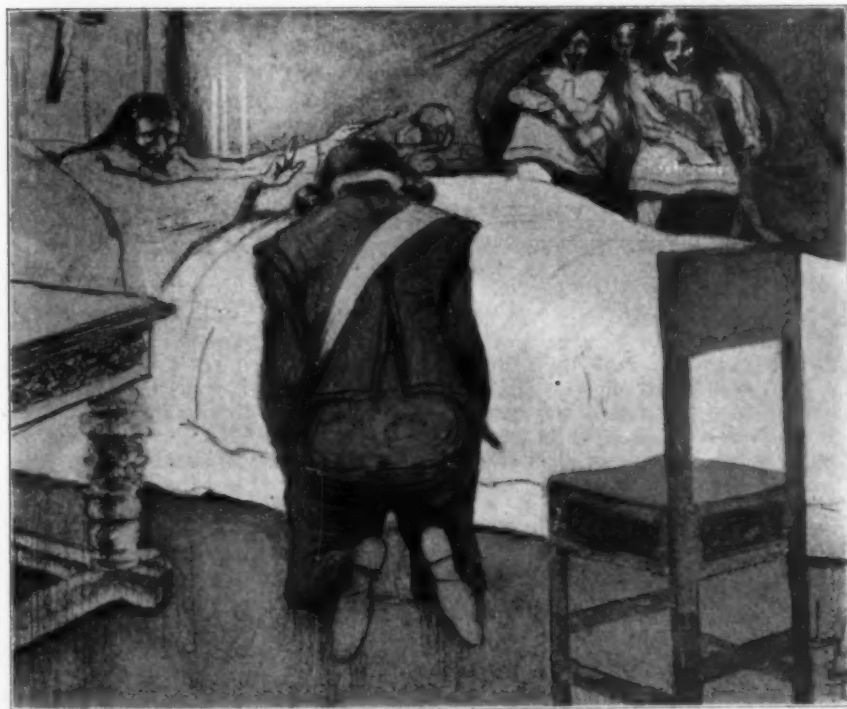
"On the contrary, Monsieur. You did not come here for assassination.

You will leave in perfect safety, and will live as long as I live—but in the Bastille. On the day of my death you will die also. I may last some weeks, Monsieur. Use your time profitably. Let me advise a careful preparation for eternity. Accept that book and read in it. That book, 'De Imitatione Christi.'"

His Eminence pointed firmly to the book. D'Aubigné, like a man asleep, took it up mechanically. "Kneel, my dear son, for my blessing. Remember I am a priest as well as a statesman. Or forget both if you will, in the recollection that I am an old man. An old man's blessing is not to be despised. And we are both so near the grave. Kneel! kneel!"

Again, like a man asleep, D'Aubigne obeyed His Eminence.

"May He bless you; may He save you; you and your brothers have given—even life—for the good of your



"A CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD AND THREE MEN GLIDED INTO THE ROOM"

country. Arise Monsieur." His Eminence struck the bell.

A Captain of the Guard and three of his men glided into the room swiftly, and without a sound.

"Capitaine Despard, this brave gentleman is Monsieur Bernard D'Aubigne, for whom I signed your warrant yesterday. Attach his person, and see that he is removed to the Bastille with what speed you may. Guard him close that he escape not. Alas! we all are frail. Let him be as well housed as is compatible with his safety. And look to it that he be well used. Give orders that he receive good fare, sent in from without; gold shall not be wanting. How say you; am I understood?"

"Perfectly, your Eminence."

"To it then."

The Captain placed his hand on D'Aubigne's shoulder.

The three men closed round. The prisoner spoke.

"Your Eminence!"

"I hear, my son."

"Spare me!"

"Those words are unworthy of you, Monsieur. Unsay them."

"No! No! Spare me! Spare me!"

D'Aubigne struggled in the clutches of the guard.

"Monsieur, Monsieur!"

"I will reveal nothing! I swear it!"

"This is not brave. Will you have me see you unmanly in this, our last interview?"

D'Aubigne ceased to struggle. He drew himself up to his full height, and faced Richelieu.

"Your Eminence," he said, "I see those words of mine were useless. Forget them. We have all been in your hands. We have all fallen at your hands. But I am a man in my prime, and death seemed far from me. With you it is different. You are old, and the sands of your life run low. Death has been at your pillow so long, Lord Cardinal, that his looks appal you not. His eyes strike no terror to your soul. Forgive then the strong man who met him suddenly, but now, and cried aloud when the eyes looked into his. Pity the momentary weakness of such an one; and forget it. Farewell, your Eminence. It is appointed for all men once to die, and after death—the judgment."

Monsieur Bernard D'Aubigne turned on his heel, and marched from the chamber in the midst of the Guard.

His Eminence lay thinking a long, long time. His secrets would be safe in four dead breasts.

\* \* \* \*

Louis XIII. was talking with his Courtiers.

"Richelieu is dying. Who shall succeed him?"

"Only one man is possible, Sire—Mazarin."

\* \* \* \*

On the day that Richelieu died, the last of the Brothers D'Aubigne died also.



# Moors at Home:

## A VISIT TO THE KASBAH OF TANGIER

WRITTEN BY GEOFFREY RHODES. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

"**P**AR ici, Messieurs!" exclaims our guide in excellent French, as he urges his pony up the stone slope.

We follow his lead, our tall mules carefully feeling their way over the loose cobbles. A high white wall suddenly arrests our progress. Our guide has disappeared through a small gateway to the right. We turn our beasts' heads in that direction and then duck our own as we slip under the low entrance, to rejoin our Moor in a kind of farmyard surrounded by eastern buildings, otherwise the court of the Citadel of Tangier.

Dark scowling faces regard us, and uncouth muskets and business-like knives meet our eyes as we once more follow our conductor.

After picking our way through the heaps of refuse, and conglomerations of human beings and animals that occupy the courtyard, we go single file down a lane. I had better at once explain that the citadel is a small walled town containing the Sultan of Morocco's palace and the residences and offices of the Kaïd of Tangier, his deputies and guards; and who together with their slaves form no inconsiderable a community.

This lane—alley would be perhaps a more expressive term for it—contains the homes of the Kaïd and Deputy-Kaïd and their extensive families.

We shout to our guide not to go so fast, for we are curious—almost as much so as the beings who line either side of the way. With the condescension of an official—for he is no commoner—he pulls in his pony and describes with numerous haughty flourishes of the arms, the rank, position, or relation to the Kaïd of some of the men who glare silently at us.

My companion asks who a finely-built well-dressed man may be. "A slave!" comes the reply with a contemptuous snap of the fingers. But the rag-swathed cripple leering from out a doorway is the Deputy-Kaïd's uncle.

We have not proceeded a hundred yards before we have left the men's quarters, and come upon the houses where the women are lodged. Numerous small children of both sexes, many of them beautifully dressed, play in the dirt. They rush towards us holding up their open hands.

Our guide repulses the slave-children and encourages the others with a *savoir faire* that is distinctly amusing.

"The Kaïd's child," he says, as a girl of six or seven waits while I feel in my pockets. My friend already has a little crowd round him struggling for half-pennies, five *centimo* and ten *reis* pieces.

The mite at my foot amuses me. Her mother must be a handsome woman if she is anything like the child. Perfect features, much more so than those of an English girl ever are at the same age, a pale transparent complexion and fine silky hair dyed black and cut Moorish fashion in a straight fringe from ear to ear across the forehead, and made into two plaits at the back. Her clothing appears to consist chiefly of a white-sleeveless garment reaching to the white leather shoes and held close to the body by a broad stiff belt covered with golden embroidery. Thick gold bracelets clasp the beautifully moulded white arms half raised towards me.

The other children so far recognise her position as to leave her mistress of the field, and she stands out in relief amid the filth and degradation all around, a picture worth remembering.

I have been finding a half-*peseta* which



I now hold tantalisingly above her reach to see what she will do. Her next move is certainly unexpected, for without a moment's hesitation she presses her lips to my dusty boot, and then glances up beseechingly. I relinquish the coin with a laugh, and ride after my friend, who, having given away all his small change has gone on ahead.

The turning ends abruptly at a second courtyard, almost as large as the first, but containing more refuse and fewer

the way is a photograph of one side of the court.

When the chief gaoler has extorted the largest sum he can get us to disburse—we give him three *pesetas* between us, which is a very big tip in Morocco—he sulkily opens a small door and allows us to look into the prison through a grating. It is a large but exceedingly low, cellar-like chamber, occupied by twenty or thirty men, squatting on the ground and busy making baskets and



COURTYARD OF THE KASBAH.

living creatures. Here we follow our guide's example by dismounting, handing our animals over to the custody of an ebon-hued old gentleman who smiles benignly to himself as he slips the red leather bridles through an iron ring on the wall.

The prison is the next item on the programme. It is to the right of the main entrance to the Sultan's palace, shown in the first illustration; which by

other small wicker objects. No food is supplied to Moorish convicts except what they pay for, so they are forced to work hard with such scanty materials as their friends or relations may bring them to earn sufficient to live. We gave two hideous fellows who crawled up to the grating a coin each, whereupon the gaoler struck them hard with a switch he dexterously handled between the bars. It would of course be useless to

remonstrate, so we hurried out into the open. The odour of the courtyard was not exactly sweet, but it was fragrant after that of the prison.

To the left of the above-mentioned photograph a kind of verandah, the roof supported by two white columns, will be noticed. This is the Imperial Court of Tangier. The old men seated on the floor are the Chief Justice and his assistants. They acknowledged the guide's salutations as we passed.

The citadel, or Kasbah, is built on a hill to the north-west of Tangier, and therefore commands a splendid view of the Moorish city. Taking us up some steps and on to a terrace the guide stretched out his arm dramatically and said in English the one word "Look."

The picture spread out at our feet was a beautiful one and justified the Moor's evident pride in it. I have a photograph, reproduced here, of a portion of it, sufficient to serve as a key to my remarks, but valueless as a representation of the actual scene.

The sky of the deep southern blue, the bay to the left of a greeny-blue, lashed into foam by the sand banks. The town like a chalk model, backed by smoke-grey mountains. The tall square tower with the palm, like a garden broom planted upside-down, beside it, is the chief mosque. The reason for its dark appearance contrasted with the white houses is that it is covered all over with small blue china tiles.

A tinkling bell is being rung on the top of the tower as we look.

The absolutely flat roofs without parapets, distinctly shown in the left hand corner of the photograph, are used by the occupants of the houses instead of gardens. The large houses have courtyards with fountains, but the less important residences lack this luxury, and the roof affords the women especially, an opportunity of obtaining fresh air more frequently than they otherwise could.

Quitting the terrace our Moor conducted us next to the Sultan's palace, which forms the centre of the Kasbah. The Sultan is very rarely at Tangier: he usually divides most of his time between Morocco City and travelling: so that the building was alike devoid of furniture or occupants. Unlocking the

door with a key obtained from an officer in the courtyard, the guide beckoned us to follow him. An empty passage led from the entrance to the fountain court in the centre of the palace. This is open to the sky and paved with marble. A covered gallery runs round it behind marble columns, and from off this gallery are the chief rooms of the palace. Two of these, audience-chambers for the Sultan and for his wives respectively, are very handsomely decorated with Moresque carvings on stone and wood, after the style of the Alhambra at Granada. But all the chambers, some no better than white-washed cupboards, are alike destitute of anything that is detachable. Not a single pot or shelf or stool that suggests the building is ever inhabited. Yes, in one corner of the kitchen there are three wooden bowls, and some fruit rinds in a bad state of decomposition.

A Moorish home is arranged on the "portable" principle, and contains no object that cannot be placed on a mule's back. Cushions, rugs, chests, cooking utensils, all are taken when the inmates travel, and the house is left stripped to its white-washed walls and tiled floors. This is easily understood when it is borne in mind that the Moors have discovered a cure for stealing. It is simplicity itself. Leave nothing to be stolen. When a Moor packs up to go on a journey, for instance, he does not lock up the empty house until his return. He recognises that to do so is to court burglary. On the contrary he leaves the front door open, after having taken off the lock if it is a good one!

The small photograph which I took of the court of the palace gives a very fair idea of the place: the doors leading off it are of cedar-wood.

We were allowed to enter the palace without let or hindrance, but on leaving it Moorish rapacity is strongly in evidence. The Captain and three other officers of the guard bar our way. A hurried discussion takes place in Arabic between the guide and his countrymen. They require two *pesetas* apiece, he tells us. We produce the necessary silver and then have to shake hands with the quartette; one of whom relocks the door after us.

We have now seen every thing in the Kasbah the infidel is allowed to see, and therefore renew our acquaintance with the fellow in charge of the mules. More bribery and corruption and we are off at last.

We leave the Kasbah by the opposite gate to the one we entered, and canter across a plateau of fine turf,

perched above the Atlantic and commanding a grand view of the Sierra Nevada.

Before we descend into the town we take a last look back at the white walls of the old citadel. The place of contrasts, the place where romance and misery, beauty and hideousness, wealth and poverty, go hand in hand.



VIEW OF TANGIER FROM THE TERRACE OF THE KASBAH.



VILLAGE STREET, GRENDON UNDERWOOD.

## *"One of Shakespeare's Haunts"*

WRITTEN BY M. E. B. BURROWES. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

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"Each change of many-coloured life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new."

**F**OR some three hundred years past much has been written respecting Shakespeare and his connection with Stratford-on-Avon and the neighbouring parts of Warwickshire, of the house where he was born, of his world-famed and time-honoured plays, of his joviality, of his deer-stalking frolic; and probably no subject has been more frequently delineated by the brush of artists than Ann Hathaway's Cottage. Colonists flock there in thousands, and few Americans consider that they have pro-

perly "done England" without having been to Stratford-on-Avon; indeed, generally speaking, this nation are much more thoroughly versed in and show a greater enthusiasm about the birth-place and home of the Bard of Avon, than is evinced by ourselves. But few, I think, know of a long, straggling, low-lying old-world village, where one might almost say that Time has stood still, so primitive are its people and their ways, by name Grendon Underwood, or, as ancient records have it, "Under Bernwode," which may proudly claim to be closely associated with this

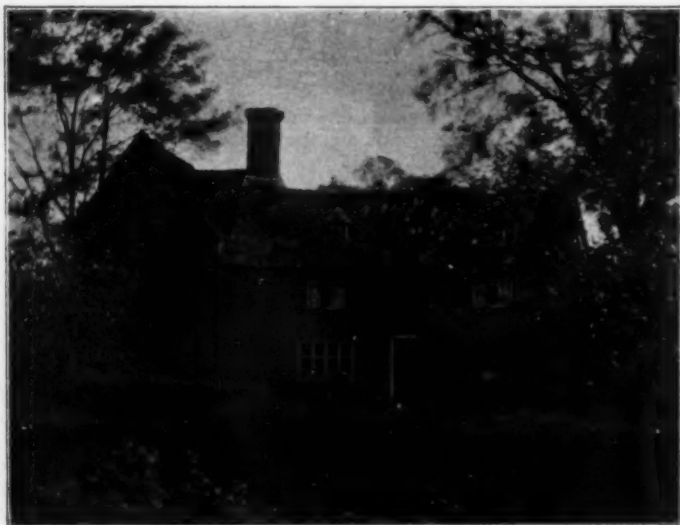
genial poet of human nature. Part of this village extends almost far enough to join the old turnpike road known as Akeman Street (the old Roman road running between London and Bicester). And it so happened in Shakespeare's many journeys between Oxford and London, and when, after resting the previous night at the Crown Tavern, in Oxford, his next stopping place would be "The Olde Shipe Inne," at Grendon Underwood, as the village is some sixteen miles distant from Oxford, and situated at so convenient a distance from the main road as to make it a convenient halting place; and in those times, when the village was a thoroughfare from the northern parts of Oxfordshire to London, the deep and miry state of the roads gave rise to the following distich:—

Grendone Underwode—  
The dirtiest towne that ever stoode,

And even to this day it still keeps up its character in this respect.

Some years back, Wilberforce, the then Bishop of Oxford, who was staying there for the purpose of holding some

service, had to robe at the Rectory, which is situated some yards from the church, there being no vestry attached to the latter, he no doubt found the ground in its usual sticky and clinging condition, which caused him to remark that it was a loving soil, and he could well sympathise with the ladies. But to return to our subject. At one end of the village, not far from the church, or "up town," as the villagers call the upper part of the village street, is an ancient three-storied house built of brick, with blackened beams intervening; this in the olden days was "The Olde Shipe Inne," afterwards converted into a farmhouse, and in these later days known as the "Shakespeare House." It was here that Shakespeare stayed when journeying from Stratford to London; and Aubrey, the antiquary, affirms that it was here that Shakespeare picked up some of the humour for his "Midsummer Night's Dream," from the constable of the place, whilst passing a night at Grendon Underwood. And certainly some of the local allusions in this play do strongly point to, or appear to be connected with Grendon Underwood.



"THE OLDE SHIPE INNE"



For instance, when the scene of the play is laid at Athens, and a wood not far from it—

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.  
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight,  
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin.

The sylvan scenes here depicted appear to refer to the Doddershall Wood and its environs, which lie on the east side, on the outskirts of Grendon Underwood; and here, in one spot, may still be seen banks well covered with the dark-leaved wild thyme, with its small magenta-coloured blossoms, and on a hot summer's day clusters of spotted snakes may be seen basking in the sun close under the hedge, just outside the wood. Here also grow in wild and unkempt luxuriance large oxlips, dog-violets, and also the deliciously-scented red, white, and blue violets; and overhanging are masses, closely intertwined and growing together, of honeysuckles and roses. And, again in "Midsummer Night's Dream," we find three expressions as still used in North Bucks. "Loffe"; this is very common and peculiar there, the people frequently pronouncing words spelt with an *a* as if with an *o*, as they will say *Boker* instead of *Baker*, and to "fright me," and I am "awearry"—they still use these words instead of the more modern "tired" and "frightened." The Welsh also seem to claim some right to Shakespeare's inspiration of this play, as in an old book published some years ago appears the following, viz., "Puck." The Welsh Pucca is evidently the same as the English Puck, and is known in some parts of the principality by the name of Brocci. In Breconshire, a whole glen bears his name, Crom Pucca, and it is traditionally said that from this spot Shakespeare drew some of his materials for the "Midsummer Night's Dream," through the medium of his friend Richard, the son of Sir John

Price, of the Priory of Brecon; but we will still hope that Grendon Underwood has the prior and original claim.

Another local story, connected with Grendon Underwood, is that on another occasion Shakespeare arrived in rather a jovial and frolicsome condition, intending to sleep the night in the village; but, finding his means less than he thought, he retired to rest on one of the seats inside the church porch, and



GABLED END OF "THE OLDE SHIPE INNE," ONCE OCCUPIED BY SHAKESPEARE.

there fell asleep; whereupon the two village constables, finding him thus, accost him, and, roughly awakening him, accuse him of intending to rob the church. He then asked them to show him the interior of the church, which they did; and he, vaguely looking round the building, and seeing nothing of any value, remarks that they are making "Much Ado about Nothing." No doubt these were the two whom he

afterwards immortalised as Dogberry and Verges.

Only a few years ago, some old stocks were shown in the same place, in which tradition said that Shakespeare had been imprisoned for disorderly conduct; but, sad to relate, these same stocks were burnt by a man in the village about twelve years ago, who was Goth enough to look upon them as untidy rubbish, and better out of the way. Nearly one hundred years have elapsed since the old house was used as an inn, and in those days of long ago it contained no less than forty rooms.

A large room, two stories below this, on the ground floor, has an elliptical-arched fireplace of stone, and two windows, one latticed, in which are the remains of old painted glass. This room is traditionally stated to be the one in which Shakespeare spent many pleasant hours; and no doubt many there sat unconsciously for his after-weaving of the characters of Starveling the Tailor, Snug the Joiner, Quince and Bottom, the Carpenter and Weaver, Flute the Bellows-mender, and Snout the Tinker.

Many years ago, when one of the



THE CHURCH, GRENDON UNDERWOOD, SHOWING THE DOOR FROM NEAR WHICH THE PORCH WAS REMOVED.

Many parts have fallen into decay, although the centre of the original house and one gabled end remain, this latter part being so closely connected with Shakespeare, and undoubtedly this portion is in much the same state as it was in 1593.

High up in the third story, in the gabled part, is a curious little oval window with a quaint old fastening, which lights the rather dark apartment where Shakespeare slept; and there are still remains of the old oak staircase, with its quaint balustrades, by which it is approached.

owners of Grendon Underwood first came to live at the place, he asked an old inhabitant what she knew about Shakespeare, when she replied that the only thing she had ever heard was that "They catch him at Buckingham!" And Shakespeare's memory in these parts is rather of a roving, jolly vagabond than that of a poet.

The church porch in which Shakespeare was found resting was pulled down in 1833; but before it was removed Lord Spencer had a drawing made of that part of the church, as a memento of its connection with the poet.

In connection with the ancient hostelry at Grendon Underwood are carefully preserved, by the owner at Buckingham, the following ancient relics:—The old signboard of "The Shippe Inne"; and a quaint candlestick, said to be made from the old mulberry tree, many years ago, that used to be in the old garden, and under which Shakespeare used to sit; the table of the hostelry; and a weather vane.

Some time ago a proposal was made, offering to restore these mementoes to the old Shakespeare House, on condition that it is kept up and dedicated to the nation.

Many years ago now, another very interesting relic of Shakespeare (a brooch, or buckle) was found by a poor man named Smith, living in Sheep Street, Stratford-on-Avon, near the old residence of the poet. This brooch, or buckle, was considered, by the most competent judges and antiquarians in and near Stratford, to have been the personal property of Shakespeare. The plain side is the back part, and there were faint traces of the letters, which were nearly obliterated by the man who found the relic, in order to ascertain whether the metal was precious, the whole of it being covered with gangrene, or verdigris. Fortunately, the "W" at the corner was

preserved. The front of the brooch has red stones in the top part, which is similar in shape to a coronet; the other stones are blue and white, varying in hue, and all set in silver.

If they could be told, many extravagant and stirring tales there must be that Grendon Underwood could unfold to us, for close above this low-lying village is Brill Hill, where some of our early kings resided; and there still exists a charter signed by Thomas à Becket, dated from the Palace at Brill. And at the far end of the village, standing back from the side of the road, is a very old wayside inn, called "The Crooked Billet." Above the main entrance hangs this quaintly-worded signboard:—

Mary Uff, who sells good beer,

And that's enough.

N.B.—A mistake here:

She sells spirits, as well as beer.

It is here that one day, a few years ago, after hunting with the Bicester hounds, the late Duke of Clarence stopped, and was refreshed with tea. Needless to say, the cup he used is regarded, and shown, as one of the most prized possessions of the innkeeper. The large old oak tree immediately opposite this old inn, in Wotton Park, formed a portion of the old royal forest of Bernwode.





*From Photo by PAUL LAFOLIE.*

## *Paul Bazelaire*

WRITTEN BY GEORGINE M. RHODES. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



TWO summers ago I was staying, as usual during my summer holiday, at Wimereux, one of the most charming of little French watering places, which has had much attention directed to it of late, as the spot selected for making the first experiments in wireless telegraphy between France and England.

About one hundred guests had just sat down to dinner, when some newcomers were ushered in, and places shown to them. Now it so happened that newcomers often arrived at the

dinner hour, and were welcome. The little fluster caused by chairs being pressed together to make more room at the already crowded tables, and the whispered criticisms on the appearance of the additions to our circle, helped to while away the time we had to wait for the passing round of the dishes—a time which seemed doubly long when the sea air had made our appetites ravenous.

In this case, the newly arrived family consisted of a quiet, mild-looking father, a small, alert, intelligent-looking mother, and two little girls. The one wore knickerbockers, the younger petticoats. The knickerbockers were accounted for

as being probably some form of bicycling costume.

My attention was at once attracted by the remarkable look of power in the elder child's face, the wellbred and dignified air which carried off the awkward costume, the assertive steady gaze of the large blue eyes, almost contradicting the very modest and amiable expression.

I was much struck, and being naturally on the look out for fresh sensations to enliven our very simple life, I decided to make the acquaintance of this apparently interesting family as soon as an opportunity should offer itself.

Before luncheon the next day we were already on friendly terms. I learnt that the girl in knickerbockers, with the attractive face, was a boy, that his name was Paul Bazelaire, that he was barely eleven years old, and had already carried off the first prize at the Paris Conservatoire for that difficult instrument, the violoncello.

We spent some pleasant days together : we had music and walks and romps, and we parted with a promise to meet again in England.

The promise was kept, as Mr. Newman, always on the alert to introduce new talent at his Queen's Hall concerts, engaged young Paul Bazelaire to play at those concerts this summer ; and on my return to town in the autumn, hearing of his great success and the enthusiastic welcome which had been accorded him in London, I was anxious to add my congratulations to the many he must already have received.

A very short walk from Kew Gardens station brought me to the villa which is Paul Bazelaire's temporary English home. Seeing me at the gate, the whole family rushed to make me welcome, and I was ushered into the little drawing-room, where the place of honour was given to a fine Broadwood grand piano.

We had much to chat about, as, besides applause in his own country, success had followed in Germany before the visit to London. Advised by some highly-placed personages in Paris, Paul's mother had taken him to Berlin with an introduction to Princess Radziwill. The Princess was much impressed by his talent, and engaged him to play at her

birthday party, when the Emperor himself was to be her guest. His Majesty, who is an amateur of music as well as of other arts, was highly pleased with Paul, and commanded him to play at a party at the royal palace. And not only was the Emperor warm in his praise, but he showed his interest by asking many questions about Paul's training, his tastes, and especially enquired where he was born. "*A Sédan, votre Majesté,*" answered the boy quite naively. This name seemed to amuse the Emperor. He turned with a merry smile to make some remark to the officers near him. The Imperial appreciation took the form of a magnificent emerald and brilliant scarf pin, and five hundred francs for cab fares.

Then came London. I asked how he had liked the English audiences, and whether he felt satisfied with his reception here. London he does not much care for. He prefers the simplicity of his home-life at Vincennes. But his reception at Queen's Hall? Ah!—his face suddenly illuminated and he clapped his hands. "Ah! I should think I did like the audience at Queen's Hall! It was beautiful!" By which I gathered he had not been treated coldly. I wanted to know what he had been doing lately. Composing several pieces. A fugue, some melodies, and a concerto of fifteen pages. As I was expressing astonishment at all this to his mother, she laughed and said: "He is already the composer of fifty works." Accepting the fact of his being at twelve years a recognised artist and composer, I felt interested to know at what age he had commenced his musical training, and whether there was any heredity to account for his marvellous gift. His mother, who is no mean pianist, and a successful teacher, was his earliest professor. When he was five, she commenced teaching him piano and *solfège*. At seven he learnt to play the violoncello. At ten years of age he was admitted as violoncello student at the Paris Conservatoire, and only eight months after his admission he carried off the first prize for that instrument, being the first time that any child so young had gained this distinction. His musical instinct was early developed, as his first work was composed when he



was only nine years of age. His professor, the well-known Diemer of the Paris Conservatoire, says he has acquired harmony by instinct.

There is no doubt that heredity does count for something in his unusual musical development. His father, though holding an appointment in the Civil Service in France, is a poet and a musician. His grandparents on both sides possessed unusual musical talent, and a sister of his mother who had the same easy gift as Paul, would probably have

The nature of his special musical gift will be better understood when I say that his compositions are never written at first. When the impulse seizes him he rushes to his piano or violoncello, and, as if inspired, puts his musical ideas into tone as we might put our ideas on paper. When after varying some phrases he is satisfied that he has interpreted the idea he means to convey, he leaves the unwritten work alone to be actually recorded at some future time. So imbued is he with the spirit of his



PAUL BAZELAIRE AT HOME

*From Photo by R. W. THOMA*

been known to fame had she not been cut off in her early girlhood. His younger sister, who is now ten years of age, is a clever violinist.

The great charm of Paul Bazelaire's personality lies in his utter unconsciousness; and this probably comes from the absence of all effort in his musical education. Indeed he is not allowed to practise much, and while he was playing at the Queen's Hall concerts his violoncello lay untouched between one public performance and the next.

ideas that his memory rarely fails him.

While we were chatting he had picked up a Persian kitten and was nursing it, now and again jumping across the room with it. This led the talk on to pets and spiders, for which I knew he had a great fondness. Then we went on to the delightful bicycle rides he and his little sister take every morning into the country beyond Richmond. The temptation however was great to come back to music, and I asked him who is

~ Disce a Mademoiselle d'Elor ~ ~ ~

## Chanson d'automne

(or 22) *Andant.*pour piano  
par

Paul Bazelaire



## THE LUDGATE



Vendredi 19 Mai 1899.

Paul Sanglier

his favourite composer. Unhesitatingly and enthusiastically—"Beethoven," he said, with a wonderful light of fondness for the great master in his eyes.

I wanted to hear him play again, but his violoncello was not there. However, he sat down to the Broadwood, and played to me two of his own simpler compositions, "Spring," and "Autumn." They were both tuneful and full of feeling. I told him I thought them very pretty, and I should like to be allowed to have one. He looked distressed for a moment, and turning to his mother said: "You know I have left all those papers at home." "But you can write it out for Madame." He again hesitated, saying it might take him rather a long time to write it out nicely. I was pressing, telling him what pleasure it would give me to have his own manuscript, although mentally I feared I was putting him to a rather severe test. He was anxious, however, to please, and here

comes an instance of his really marvellous facility. While his mother and I were dropping into conversation on various outside subjects, he fetched music paper, pen and ink, and sitting down, wrote off, there and then, from memory, one of the pieces he had just played, and which I have been allowed to give here.

His mother was desirous that I should hear something more ambitious. The little sister was told to fetch her violin, and I sat and listened to a delightful duet for piano and violin, the young composer warming up as he urged his sister on in the quicker passages, rewarding her with a smile when the last chord had softly died out.

The afternoon was drawing to a close and I had to make my way back to town, so with pleasant greetings on both sides, I said good-bye to my friends, certain that some day I shall hear great things of Paul Bazelaire.



# County Cricket and Cricketers in 1899

## SOME RECORDS AND RECORD MAKERS

WRITTEN BY E. ANTHONY. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



THE past cricket season will doubtless be handed down to posterity as a season of phenomenal scoring. With batting records so strongly in evidence, drawn games have often played a monotonous accompaniment, and as a consequence the sporting papers have been fairly inundated with correspondence dealing with the old, old theme, how scotch the deadly draw. The majority of cricketers agree that something must sooner or later be done, but there is considerable difference of opinion as to what particular shape the reform should take. Personally, I believe it to be almost as dangerous a practice to meddle with cricket reforms as to allow children to play with fire. Both parties are equally liable to burn their fingers. Surely, after all is said and done, the clerk of the weather holds the key to the situation, and who can number amongst their acquaintance a more uncertain sort of customer than Mr. Jupiter Pluvius. This being so, and there appearing to be little likelihood of his turning over the aforesaid key to the authorities at Lord's, we must move warily in our pursuit of wisdom, bearing in mind that our summers are not always to be relied upon. Meanwhile why not recognise that our countrymen have much to learn in the matter of bowling and field-

ing. Let us perfect these branches of the game, and maybe the difficulty which to-day confronts cricket in England, will be satisfactorily surmounted.

In my review of the season's cricket, I shall award pride of place to the leading batsmen and their more notable performances, opening the ball with a brief sketch of Major Poore, whose wonderful batting has landed him high and dry at the top of the averages. In his younger days the Major played comparatively little cricket, a fact which makes his subsequent successes all the more remarkable. However, whilst with his regiment in India and South Africa, he quickly demonstrated his ability and liking for the game, and here it was that he laid the foundation of his great reputation. Nothing more natural therefore than that on his return to England last year he should take his place in first-class cricket. Hampshire found him a distinct acquisition, his steady defensive play assisting him to an average of 34.68. This season his batting has exceeded the wildest expectations, having come on to such an extent that he can claim the phenomenal average of 91.23, whilst for his county, his figures actually give him a record of sixteen innings, four times not out, 1,399 runs, average 116.58. Standing 6 feet 4 inches in height, the gallant Major apparently strikes terror into the heart of the most fearless bowler. In June he joined the strictly limited circle of cricketers who have achieved the proud distinction of scoring two centuries in a single match, subscribing 104 and not out 119 against



Somerset; a feat he promptly followed up with 111 against Lancashire, thereby contributing three centuries in succession. Then, as if these records were not sufficient for one season's work, Major Poore in the return with Somerset further manifested his partiality for the Westerners' bowling by means of a huge innings of 304, a wonderful display of batting and physical endurance. The latter encounter between the two

has been marked in right royal fashion, as becoming the advent of the "Black Prince." Considering the number of innings he has played, his average of 63.18 is a truly marvellous one, more particularly seeing that he has taken part in all the leading contests with the Australians. His aggregate of 3,159 is of course unprecedented in the annals of the game, though to my mind it cannot be compared with W. G.



MAJOR POORE

*From Photo by AARON PICKERING, Leicester*

counties is not likely to be forgotten in a hurry, as it produced the second highest partnership on record, Major Poore and Capt. Wynyard putting on 411 while at the wickets together, the Captain's share realising 225. That their cricket must have been of a brilliant description is apparent when I add that they were associated for less than four hours and a half.

The return of Ranjitsinhji to England

Grace's 2,739 in 1871, as the Indian went to the wickets on no fewer than fifty-eight occasions this season, as against "W. G.'s" thirty-five innings of nearly thirty years ago. Bear in mind too that in the old days run-getting did not approach the gigantic proportions it has since assumed, not half the number of runs being scored. Ranjitsinhji's centuries this summer total eight, consequently it is im-

possible to enumerate his many fine efforts. He saved England from defeat in the first test match, for which we owe him a deep debt of gratitude. Reference must also be made to his 197 against Surrey, when, ably backed up by G. Brann, he again saved his side from defeat, the pair putting on 325 before being parted. The match was also notable for the consistent batting of the Surrey men, every member of the side scoring twenty and over, a record only approached by Lord Londesborough's Eleven against the Colonials in 1886, when with the exception of Barlow, who scored 16, 20 runs were exceeded by the entire eleven.

Tom Hayward, to-day, is a greater batsman than he ever was. A few years ago and he was indisputably the finest all-round professional. Since then, however, as so often happens, his bowling has somewhat suffered by comparison, consequent on his advance as a batsman. Lovers of the game benefit by the transaction, for Hayward's versatile batting is a liberal education in itself. Blessed with a charming style, his free and elegant cricket delights the crowd, who are never happier than when watching his powerful and clean off-drives. Assuredly the popular Surrey man's repeated successes in the test matches afford one of the most gratifying features of the season, and he is to be warmly congratulated on his century contributions for England at Old Trafford and the Oval. In the latter fixture, F. S. Jackson and Hayward established a first wicket record for a match of the kind, the pair subscribing 185 before a separation was effected. Thanks to their three-figure contributions, both batsmen have now twice exceeded the hundred in test matches decided in this country, a distinction previously only held by three such giants of the game as Grace, Murdoch, and Shrewsbury. That Hayward's brace of centuries should have been scored in consecutive innings presented him with yet another record.

The "Guv'nor," as Abel is familiarly called by his friends and admirers, has for the fifth season in succession registered over 2,000 runs in first-class

cricket. The little man possesses a wonderfully sound defence, yet he cannot be fairly termed a slow scorer, although he never—well, hardly ever—runs risks. Neither Abel nor Major Poore were selected to do duty for their country in the test matches. Whether one or other should have been chosen is a matter of opinion, suffice to remark that the Selection Committee were generally acknowledged to have shown rare judgment in the difficult task set them.

C. L. Townsend owed his first appearance in the Gloucestershire ranks to his school reputation as a bowler. Now his fame rests rather upon his prolific scoring. A right-handed bowler and a left-handed batsman, when only nineteen years of age, the Old Cliftonian's "slows" met with such conspicuous success that had the Australians been on a visit to these shores, he would have most certainly been selected to assist the Old Country. At that time his leg breaks presented remarkable difficulties, and on slow wickets he was often irresistible. In the following season of 1896, his bowling showed marked deterioration, and it is quite possible that he had over-bowled himself. Be that as it may, he is now seen at his best bat in hand, having made in this direction rapid strides to the front during the last few seasons. He is the only cricketer, except Grace himself, who can point to an aggregate of two thousand runs and a hundred wickets, as the result of a season's cricket, and curiously enough, this record of Townsend's would never have been accomplished but for "W.G." himself, who kept the youngster on an unconscionable time in the last match of the season. Taking advantage of the situation, the batsmen meted out severe punishment to the Gloucestershire slow bowler, but his turn was at length served and the hundredth wicket duly captured. Throughout May, Townsend seemed utterly unable to set himself going, but since then his play has been of such a steady and consistent character, that he has scored more centuries this season than have fallen to the lot of any other player.

Although hardly maintaining his form



WORCESTERSHIRE HEADQUARTERS

*From Photo by G. POTTER, Worcester*

of 1898, C. B. Fry has oftener than not played superlatively attractive cricket, and it is no small exploit even for a Fry, to have taken part in all the test matches, to have aggregated over 2,000 runs, and to have contributed the highest individual innings scored against the Australians, to wit 181, for Sussex at Brighton.

Another great favourite with the cricketing public is G. L. Jessop. On several occasions the Cambridge skipper has scored with his wonted freedom. Against Yorkshire, in May, he fairly got going, scoring at a wonderful rate, at one stage actually making 52 out of 53 runs. To carry out your bat for 171 out of a total of 246, takes a lot of beating, and while Jessop was piling on runs at an express speed, A. M. Sullivan was at the wickets an hour and twenty-five minutes for a modest three runs—a remarkable example this of vigorous attack and steady defence.

Most extraordinary was the record achieved by the brothers W. L. and R. E. Foster for Worcestershire v. Hampshire, at Worcester, when each brother it will be recollected scored a double century, W. L. Foster getting 140 and 172 not out, and R. E. Foster 114 and 101 not out. The feat has never been approached, let alone by a couple of brothers, and it is very questionable whether it ever will be.

The glorious uncertainty of cricket has assuredly never been so sensationally exemplified as on the occasion of the visit of Kent to Lord's this June. Middlesex secured first innings, but Bradley and Mason bowled with such success that wickets fell rapidly, nine of the side being out for 55. At this point R. W. Nicholls was joined by Roche, and the pair began to play so confidently, that it was not until 230 runs had been put on for the last wicket that Nicholls put up a ball to Bradley. This great performance exceeds by nearly 60 runs the previous highest stand for the last wicket, Briggs and Pilling's 173 for Lancashire v. Surrey, at Liverpool, in July, 1885. Regardless of the state of the game, the batting display given by Nicholls and Roche was admirable, but when the circumstances under which the runs were obtained are taken into full account, the performance approaches the marvellous.

With a succession of perfect wickets up against them, our bowlers have every reason to remember the season of 1899. Several of them have, however, emerged from the ordeal with flying colours. First and foremost comes Albert Trott, who has created a world's record by completing 1,000 runs, and capturing 200 wickets in one and the same season, a record, by the way, W. G. Grace had a good try for in 1875, when he claimed

an aggregate of 1,498 runs, and 192 wickets. Trott "mixes" his bowling very cleverly, or his victims would never have totalled 239, a number which has only been eclipsed by Tom Richardson, Jack Hearne and Turner, the "Terror," whilst his average of 17.09 places him virtually top of the bowling averages. Thus he stands *facile princeps* in this department of the game, besides which he enjoys an enviable reputation

delivery, easy action, delivering a medium pace ball. He changes his pace well, is materially helped by the peculiarity of his flight, and when assisted by the ground, can get any amount of spin on. Very unassuming, Rhodes' success is a deservedly popular one amongst his brother-professionals.

The Essex authorities made no mistake when they bought Young out of the Royal Navy, and promoted him



A. E. TROTT

*From Photo by A. PICKERING, Leicester*

for downright hard hitting, having, amongst other tall hits, driven a ball from Noble clean over the pavilion at Lord's.

Next to the Anglo-Australian in the bowling averages comes Rhodes, only beaten by the merest fraction. Unknown at the beginning of May last year, he at once sprang into fame, and bids fair to rival that prince of left-handers, Peate. The Yorkshireman bowls with a high

into the County Eleven. Placed under the wing of Robert Peel, Young came on rapidly, and early in the season electrified every one by means of a wonderfully fine performance against the Australians. At least, it was the destructiveness of his medium to fast deliveries, which won the match for Essex. Much above the average height, the sailor lad bowls and bats left-handed, and, like Trott, is a terribly dangerous

trundler on a crumbling wicket. Very hard-worked throughout the season, it is not surprising to find Young fall away towards the close of the summer, the Essex "pro." evidently having had quite enough of it.

A new bowler of great promise has arisen in Gloucestershire in the person of Paish, who for several seasons was engaged by the Clifton Club. A slow left-handed bowler, small in stature like Peel, he varies his pace, and is not afraid to pitch the ball well up, often deceiving the batsman with its flight. Whether Paish will add to his laurels remains to be seen, for young bowlers often do best in their first season, when their little tricks and peculiarities are, as it were, an unknown quantity. On the other hand, it seems reasonable to suppose that he has a big future before him, as in a season peculiarly ill-adapted to the requirements of a slow bowler, Paish is credited with the splendid record of 137 wickets, at a cost of only 18·54 runs apiece.

Deplorable though it is, England at the present moment has no really great fast bowler who stands out head and shoulders above his *confrères*. Richardson is not the Richardson of yore; Kortright, the Essex "Express," has been laid on the shelf, the victim of a bad strain; Lockwood requires careful nursing; and Mold's delivery is not beyond suspicion. This leaves us with Bradley, whose 156 wickets for less than 20 runs a-piece establish him among the first flight straight away. A hard and cheerful worker, his long run and swinging arms are enough to inspire a nervous player with dread; whilst, trusting as he does to his pace and powers of bumping, he can generally be regarded a dangerous element on a wicket at all inclined to show signs of wear. Before finally dismissing the subject under notice, I would like to call attention to a fine performance by another of the school of fast bowlers—Bland, of Sussex. This youngster, if inclined to be a little erratic, has nevertheless proved himself to be capable of great things; and playing against Kent in June of this year, he took all ten wickets for only 48 runs. One feature of this performance is worthy of special

notice. After disposing of eight of the batsmen, a stand between Alec Hearne and Huish constrained the Sussex captain to take him off, but the other bowlers tried were unsuccessful in effecting a separation; and so Bland had perforce to return to the attack, and he secured the last two wickets with successive balls.

The County Championship now calls for a few words. Overshadowed to a certain extent by the visit of the Australians, the competition has yet excited unbounded interest, more particularly since the completion of the test matches. For many weeks a ding-dong struggle was waged between Yorkshire, Surrey, and Middlesex, and so keen indeed was the strife that it was left to the final fixture of the campaign to decide the Championship, Surrey's draw with Warwickshire allowing them to regain the premier position which they had not held since 1895. The hard wickets admirably suited the Surrey men, who I am inclined to think would not have finished above Yorkshire had the elements held out signals of distress oftener. Middlesex owe their position to the marvellous play of Trott, and had only Jack Hearne bowled up to something like his best form, we need not have looked beyond the metropolitan county for the victors. Hearne was palpably stale the latter half of the season, and he evidently tries to squeeze too much cricket into the twelve months. Pity he cannot see his way to enjoy a rest, instead of rushing off to India as soon as hostilities cease here. Reverting once more to Surrey, Lockwood, on recovering from his strain, bowled better than ever. He accomplished the curious feat of obtaining his 100th wicket and 1000 runs on the same afternoon. As we all know, the county has a superabundance of batting talent at its command, even their new men having the happy knack of turning out trumps. Striking evidence of this assertion is to be found in the fact that H. C. Pretty was the second Surrey man this season to perform the rare feat of getting a century on the occasion of his first innings for his county. Passing reference may also be made to the successful inclusion of Wor-



cestershire in the ranks of first-class cricket.

The luck of the game is proverbial. Within a week the Players defeated the Gentlemen by an innings and 36 runs, and the Gentlemen returned the compliment also by an innings and 59 runs. W. G. Grace has been provided with all too few opportunities of distinguishing himself, so that his success in the Lord's match was hailed with delight. His masterly innings of 78 was a really great effort, and it was a thousand pities to see it ended by J. R. Mason foolishly

running the Champion out. In this match Ranjitsinhji brought his aggregate in first-class cricket to 10,000 runs. "W. G." by a curious coincidence, on the same day made his aggregate 50,000. The greatness of the feat may be more fully realised when it is considered that no other cricketer—not even Shrewsbury with his frequent visits to Australia—has yet totalled 24,000 runs in first-class matches. With such overwhelming evidence of the "Grand Old Man's" greatness the curtain may be rung down on the cricket season of 1899.



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## Vacancies to Order!

WRITTEN BY R. ANDOM, author of "We Three and Troddles," "Martha and I," "Side Slips," etc., etc. ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY ALDRIDGE.

**I**T was Mac who told us the story. We were lolling about the studio as usual—Slater, Mackenzie, Murdoch, and myself, and our presence and occupation would have been a perpetual and insurmountable blight on the owner had he relied upon any actual work for his income. But Mac didn't. A purblind public and a deaf and dim-sighted race of editors between them contrive to keep Mac handsomely in return for his insolence and a casual contribution of shaky and erratic lines on odd bits of old cardboard which Mac calls his "picchewers," and we describe variously as "not half bad, old man," or "rot," according to our mood.

Slater began it! Slater had heard of a rattling good billet on the weekly *Comfit* just two months too late to get it, and he had been dwelling rather bitterly on the rough luck which had deprived him of a chance of getting £450 per annum for doing nothing daily, instead of doing it for nothing as he had been for the past five months.

Previous to that Slater had had a passably decent billet on a religious weekly which filled him with contempt, even though his effusions filled its pages. The manner of Slater's enlargement is so characteristic of Slater that I venture to digress just to detail it in brief.

Well, one day when Slater had been

more than normally irritated by a move on the part of his proprietors which they deemed politic and Slater didn't, he protested in no measured terms.

"Mr. Slater," said the proprietor in suave, measured tones, "that is our concern. If we choose to adopt *any* plan of operation, and we are willing to pay for it, surely we are free to do so, without consulting yourself, for instance."

"Yes, I suppose so," murmured Slater; and then with that terribly icy incisiveness that makes most of us very careful indeed how we ruffle Slater's prejudices, he added; "but it prevents one from having anything like a complete sympathy with that certain man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves."

"Why?" queried the puzzled proprietor.

"Because he did well," said Slater spitefully. "He might have come to Navy Street and fallen among fools, you know."

But to return to the matter in hand. I had casually enquired if the man who had taken the place Slater might have had was robust, and I had suggested that Slater might make his acquaintance and take him out cycling.

"Or," said Mac, from his place of rest on his back on the couch, "you might adopt the scheme of Jubbins."

"Who was Jubbins?" we enquired, "and what was his scheme?"

"Jubbins was a friend of mine, and an ass," began Mac.

"Of course," quoth Slater; "that goes without saying. Birds of a feather, you know."

Mac slung a palette-rag at Slater and knocked a bit of his own property into everlasting smithereens, which was good and fitting, and exactly as it should be.

"I was saying," continued Mac impressively, "before I was interrupted by his stable companion, that Jubbins was an ass. He was an ink-slinger in a small way of business, also.

"For a time this contented him, and then he took to hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt and fell. He didn't call them flesh-pots. 'A snug little billet on the *Boomerang*, my boy,' or 'A cosy corner on the *Curler*,' was generally his direct and picturesque allusion to what he thought he most required. But all these little niches were filled by men with cast-iron constitutions and a morbid love of life and occupation that rendered any idea of suicide or resignation absolutely silly in connection with themselves. So Jubbins went on yearning, in the intervals of turning out short stories or doing an occasional assignment for a weekly he had an outside connection with.

"Left to himself, Jubbins was harmless enough. He hadn't the wit to devise things, let alone put them into operation; but in Cranely he found just the element he required to make a dangerous combination.

"Stephen Cranely, when I first knew him, was a medical student. I used to call round on him in his chambers in Chelsea when I had a fit of the blues on and felt a special desire for something frolicsome. There was always positively certain to be a skull or a hand well in evidence, on which Cranely was working up questionable details concerning joints and ligaments or something, and sometimes on rarely fortunate days I would drop in when there was an arm or some other piece of anatomy undergoing dissection.

"Many fellows, precisely on this account, fought shy of Cranely's chambers. They said they had no objection

to meeting their fellow-creatures in rational ordinary everyday intercourse, but they decidedly did object to visiting anywhere where odd fragments were liable to be pushed on one side to make room for the tobacco-jar; or where the host would say:

"'Excuse me, Twiddy, old chap! I'll just shove this foot out of the way, and that will make room for your hat.'

"I don't mind these things much myself, or at least I didn't use to in those days, and I used to spend a good deal of my leisure time in Cranely's company, partly for that reason and partly because we had many ideas in common.

"In the first place, we were both impecunious, with that chronic impecuniosity that knows no pay day and teaches the victim to dodge his tailor by instinct and to lie to his landlady with a brilliance and variety not to be met with in any other stage of life.

"There are several other things that we were together, Cranely and I; but it is not worth detailing them here and now. Certainly we were a first-class pair of young fools, one living by his wits and the other by his pencil—which means the same thing, only that it has a more respectable and reputable sound about it. This balance of credit, it is perhaps unnecessary to explain, rested with me; but there was one thing Cranely possessed by way of compensation which far out-balanced any superiority I could lay claim to. He was the glorious owner of the finest, the most unique, and the most attractive phase of madness that it has ever been my lot to witness.

"There was nothing of the lunatic about Cranely that was perceptible to even more than casual acquaintances. In fact, fellows who called themselves his friends used to remark that his capacity for borrowing odd five-pound notes and evading their just restitution in due or any other season betokened a shrewd and hardened business intellectuality as well as a darned unprincipled impudence, even though they agreed that he was too clever for a professional career and too lazy for a commercial one.

"His phase was to my mind evinced by an absolute and callous disregard for

others. He had the instincts of the vivisector, and the tender-heartedness of the baby-farmer—not wantonly cruel, mind you, but absolutely indifferent in attaining his ends whether he was cruel or kind. That is my idea of madness, or moral obliquity, which is the same thing running in a different direction.

"Jubbins was a later arrival than myself. In fact, I believe I introduced him to Cranely; but they hung together so closely when they did come to know each other that I speedily got to be an outsider.

"Well, one evening we were sitting together in Cranely's room, amidst the usual ghastly paraphernalia and medical student's books, which described all manner of gory horrors in picture and letterpress on every other page. Cranely had just begun to take an active interest in germs then, and it was a rather trying thing to keep up the relationship during the time it lasted. That very evening, I recollect, while Jubbins and he had got absorbed in some abstruse problem anent the working of the brain, I had discovered a pot of red currant jelly, and was getting interested in that on my own account, with a paper-knife and some mixed biscuits, when Cranely awoke to the nature of my occupation, and summarily interrupted it.

"He seemed rather annoyed about it, and said I had swallowed the finest pot of 'cultures' he had so far succeeded in rearing. He didn't know exactly what the 'cultures' were, but if they were not cholera, he was pretty sure they must be yellow fever or something tropical of that sort. I endeavoured to soothe him by pointing out that however much he might regret the affair he couldn't be justly held responsible for it, and I tried to comfort him by the assurance that as I was fairly robust and germ-proof, I might get through right enough.

"'You?' he queried in blank astonishment. 'Oh, you be hanged. I was thinking of the "cultures," not you. They are expensive, and take no end of trouble to rear, and now you have gone and upset my work for the past five months.'

"And I was his friend, too!

"There was no doubt about Cranely's madness! I said as much, and I intimated that a big, strong, grown-up man ought to have some better occupation than doddling round pollywogs. Jubbins sided with Cranely, and in the argument that ensued, he became almost as offensively devoted to the dirty research as Cranely himself. I thought it was just to spite me at the time; but later I came to believe that an idea was slowly developing in what passed with Jubbins as his intellect.

"Anyway, I know they became trying enough between them over the craze, and I began to drop off. I don't care for that sort of thing, personally, and I could have barely tolerated it in them had they been a bit trustworthy and careful over it. But they weren't! They would mix things up and forget where they had put them, and at last you couldn't take a bit of bread and cheese in their company without running the risk of having one of them start speculating as to whether the cheese we were eating was the edible cheese, or the winter quarters of something new, and costly, and precious in the germ line, that had lately come over from the South Seas, or India, or somewhere. They would argue it out between them in a cold-blooded, indifferent fashion, while I sat with my bit of cheese poised on my knife awaiting in agonised suspense to have it decided whether I had eaten Cheddar or Cholefoouperloloos, or something simple like that.

"They usually left it to me to determine. If at the expiration of ten days cold shiverings with flushed countenance and rapid pulse, and symptoms of tetanus set in, with an expiring scene in awful agony three hours later, then I could be very well assured that I had swallowed a Cholefoouperloloos, etc.

"It never did, and I began to get case-hardened after a time and take molecules and 'cultures' and other oddments of this nature philosophically, though I think both Cranely and Jubbins experienced one or two distinct disappointments over my providential escapes. Once when I did go a bit sick, shortly after a dubious banquet of Cranely's providing, they both came rushing round in intense and ghoulish

eagerness, and they seemed to hold me responsible when my doctor pledged them his word that it was only the influenza. But I am straying."

"You are, very much so," quoth Slater. "What has all this jargon of microbes and animalculæ and incipient sawbones to do with my affair or your assinine friend, Jubbins?"

"Well, there is as much connection as there is, ordinarily, between a hard frost and a pair of skates," said Mac. "To wit:—"

gummed little bits of pale green jelly on to the fringes of his MS. Even then I didn't grasp the nature of his manœuvre, and Jubbins didn't enlighten me.

"He talked instead of some snug and remunerative appointment that was looming for him in this or that direction, and when I suggested that it was already filled Jubbins laughed sardonically and lit a fresh cigarette. He began to take a keen interest in the obituary notices of the literary papers too. And then I tumbled, though I couldn't take



"HE SCANNED THE PAPERS"

"Some few weeks after the pollywog mania had reached its limits, and was on the wane as far as Cranely was concerned, Jubbins matured his inspiration. He laid in a stock of 'cultures' of various brands on his own account, and hunted up some of his rejected short stories and 'doctored' them. It was interesting to watch his process of cultivation, and many a night I sat and smoked in his rooms and looked on while he jabbed his morphia syringe into essays, sketches, and poems, and

Jubbins seriously, especially as for a long time nothing came of it. I suggested that the soil was uncongenial, and that no self-respecting microbe could live happily and do good and useful work cramped up in the stifling piffle which was Jubbins's normal standard of production.

"Of course Jubbins repudiated this suggestion indignantly; but, all the same, I repeat, nothing came of it until —"

Mac left off here and went, or pre-



tended to go, to sleep. That is Mac's ordinary way of telling a story—a sort of "his funeral's to-morrow" style of climax.

We waited a bit, but no sequel seemed to be forthcoming, so we set out with a walking-stick and a sofa cushion in search of one. Mac surrendered at discretion!

"Jubbins's endeavours had been chiefly directed against the *Musel*," he said, with an irritating drawl. "He bombarded that unfortunate editor with yellow fever, and scarlet fever, and milk-blue fever, and magenta fever, and cholera, and other 'cultivations,' and they lost no end of readers, besides two office boys, three printers, a postman, and the office cat during the siege. And then the editorial chair fell vacant and Jubbins got it."

"What a villainous thing," said Murdoch indignantly.

"What a thundering lie," said Slater, who is of coarser fibre and fond of truth, naked and forceful, and doesn't mind lending her expression at a pinch.

"Jubbins was editor of the *Musel* for a fortnight and three days," persisted Mac. "He might have gone on a bit longer only he inadvertently sat down on a germ which had escaped and was wandering round the editorial chair. It was a typhus germ of notoriously

savage disposition, and it sprung at him and bit him so that he died and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. For further particulars see small handbills."

The other fellows were wild with Mac, especially Slater, who said he knew of a handier and more direct way of clearing out vested interests and creating a vacancy. He said he rather fancied Mac's job, and would give a practical demonstration there and then.

It was done with a cudgel, he told us.

"Stay a minute and then let the execution proceed," said I. "In the interval, Mac, would you very much mind telling us what became of the original editor of the *Musel*? Was it germs or otherwise?"

"I don't really remember," quoth Mac with a grin; "but I rather think it was August holidays. Any way, if you don't believe me, I will introduce you to Jubbins himself, and make him tell you the story."

"But," said I, in blank astonishment, "what about that savage microbe, and the grave in Kensal Green, and the pathos of it?"

"Oh, get out," said Mac. "How the deuce do you think a fellow can do any work with a parcel of lazy loafers hanging round him like this? Clear off, I say—this isn't the casual ward."



# Round about Bushey

WRITTEN BY W. F. WAYTE.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. W. M. MILLER

**W**HEN one considers what a factor the advent of a railway is in the development of a district, it is necessary to have a knowledge of the district before and after it has been touched by the trail of the iron horse. The Great Central within the last few years has effected a wonderful alteration in the appearance of the district round St. John's Wood and Lisson Grove; whole streets of houses have been pulled down, cuttings and bridges made, large industrial buildings erected, together with a palatial hotel, in fact a very large area in one of the busiest parts of London has been metamorphosed. To say that the opening of Willesden Junction Station did for Harlesden what the Great Central has done for Marylebone would be extravagant, but it is interesting to recall the difference between now and thirty years ago. There are still green fields round the station, but the many trains which pass through every day testify to its great importance. When first opened the spot was truly rural, there were not more than ten trains per day passing through, and any adventurous citizen who had ventured out for a day's jaunt into the country, took great care to be back in town by dusk. There were two reasons contributing to this state of affairs, one, that Harlesden was a very quiet place indeed and there was nothing to tempt a stranger to stay, and the other that the district had formerly suffered the reputation of being a halting and biding place for highwaymen, footpads and kindred folk. Both Willesden and Harlesden are supposed to take their name from famous highwaymen, named respectively Willes and Harles, who were leaders of formidable bands of robbers, hence the

sites of the lairs came to be known as Willesden and Harlesden. There is still a lane running from above Kingsbury into the Harrow Road called Forty Lane, supposed to be named after the Forty Thieves of Harlesden. In the corner of a field skirting Forty Lane there are the remains of a tower of what was probably at one time a castle, and local tradition runs that this was the thieves' castle, where they mustered and whence they sallied forth to waylay travellers on their way to and from the City. The railway has been a great factor in the advancement of the locality. At first Willesden Junction possessed but two porters and a station master, and the latter considered he had done a very good business if he booked eight passengers in a day. A gentleman rejoicing in the sobriquet of "Old Spinks" was station master at this time, and the legend runs that when he first took up his duties, he suffered from being lame; but one afternoon chancing to collide with an engine, he was, perhaps not unexpectedly, knocked down, but what was unexpected, he got up and walked all right ever afterwards. The present Willesden Junction was opened in September 1866, but was not completed in its present form till 1894. It is related that Captain Huish, the General Manager of the London and Birmingham Railway, together with the Chairman and District Superintendent, spent nearly the whole day when it was first opened, watching the working of the trains, and when returning to Euston in the evening, he made the remark: "Well, Mr. Chairman, I think we shall be lucky if we take £100 a year in bookings and goods at Willesden."

Before the High Level Island platform was finished in 1894, the station was noted for its dingy appearance and for its

intricacies. Many a passenger arriving from the North or the South, and wishing to catch a suburban train just due out, has had a bad five minutes spent in frantic efforts to locate the desired platform. Only those who knew the old station can appreciate the great alteration in the disposal of the platforms. *A propos* of this, there was an old tale current which, if not exactly true, was at least "*ben trovato*."

At rare intervals, the officials of the railway Company inspect passengers' tickets, and on one of these occasions, a middle-aged gentleman "flashed" a "season," the colour and form of which was not recognised by the inspector, who quickly asked that he might be allowed to examine it. The traveller handed it up. "Here, what's this?" sharply demanded the official. "This is ten years old. Where's your proper ticket?"

"That is all I've got," was the reply.

"Oh, no hanky-panky tricks, if you please. I must ask you to pay."

"The fact is," replied the passenger, with a sigh, "I bought that ticket when I was a young man, and I've been trying ever since to get out of Willesden Junction Station, and have not succeeded. I am quite prepared to give it up if you have any official competent to show me the way out of the station."

Beyond Willesden, the country becomes interesting. First, Harrow-on-the-Hill, with its world-famous school, which has sent out many men who have won and maintained reputations in various spheres and walks in life. The view from the top of the hill across the Racquet Courts, is indeed splendid, and repays amply the trouble expended in reaching the summit. A little further on is Pinner, an exceedingly pretty place, which is fast coming into favour as a residential spot for City men, for, with the first class service supplied by the London and North-Western Railway, the merchant is enabled to reach Broad Street, or the solicitor Euston, in half-an-hour. There is a large school here for the education of sons of commercial travellers; it is a fine building, and worth visiting. Harrow and Pinner are both fairly familiar, but the district immediately beyond is not so well

known. There are some charming spots all round Bushey, and being out of the beaten track of the ordinary sightseer afford the jaded Londoner the possibility of enjoying a half-holiday in a truly rural manner. Bushey Park, in Middlesex, is much visited by the tourist and average Cockney, and the connection of Cardinal Wolsey with Hampton Court and the Park is equally well known; but the Hertfordshire village can also claim historical associations, for the Manor of Bushey has been held at different times by Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the great King Maker, by George, Duke of Clarence, who, as the story runs, was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine, and also by King Richard III.

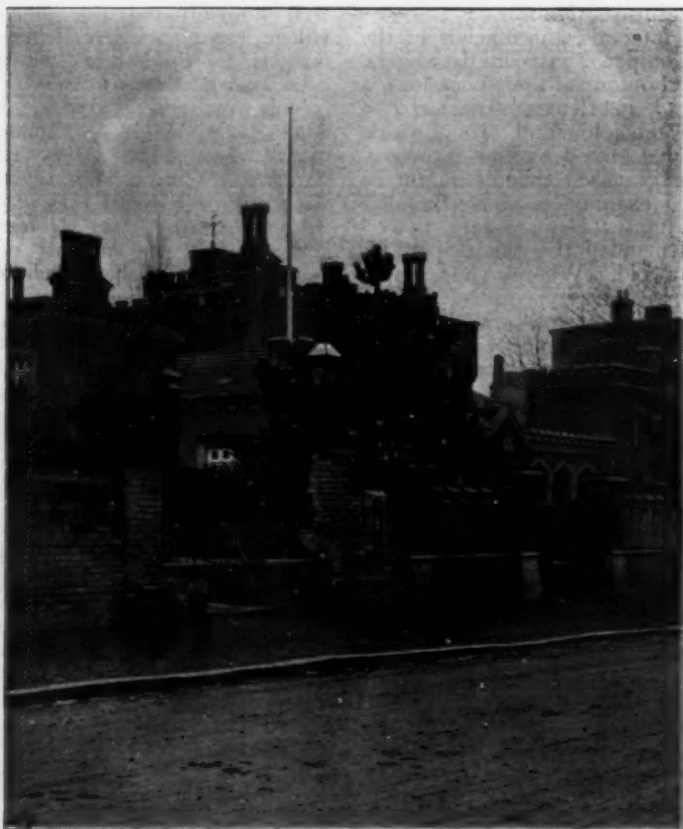
It is at Bushey that Professor Herkomer, with the instinct of artistic genius, has established a school of art, the students of which form a prominent part of the community, being, in fact, a colony of artists. They live in the small houses of the village, and impart quite a Bohemian touch to the rustic surroundings. These students enjoy a thoroughly unconventional existence. They call on and pass pleasant afternoons with one another; chaperons are not in evidence and are not wanted. To have the privilege of passing an afternoon with some of these knights and dames of the brush affords a charming contrast to the ordinary "at home" where the stilted methods of society are *de rigueur*.

Professor Herkomer's studios, where pupils are inspected, abut on the road, and the general picturesque appearance is sufficient to attract the attention of the most casual passer-by, as may be gathered from the accompanying photo. Behind the studios, the skilled professor resides in a mansion designed by himself. This is a magnificent building both in design and construction, and though in striking contrast to its surroundings, is not conspicuous from the road, as it lies in a secluded spot and is well sheltered by trees. A fine uninterrupted view is obtained from the north side of the Professor's house over the Colne Valley and away to Aldenham. In the meadows below are the Colne Valley Waterworks. Water is drawn from a well 235 feet deep, and being of a hard

quality, is softened by Dr. Clark's process and pumped up to a reservoir on Bushey Heath.

In Bushey Churchyard is the grave of Mrs. Elizabeth Fuller, who founded a free school in the neighbouring town of Watford. This Mrs. Fuller was born in 1644, at Tiverton, in Devonshire, and was a relation of Peter Blundell, founder

quoives and blue aprons of lindsey-woolsey." That was before School Boards were thought of, and when educational parties worked on cheaper lines. Until quite recently, twelve loaves were given away on Mrs. Fuller's tomb every Sunday morning, and it was the custom for the master to attend Bushey Church with six free scholars



PROFESSOR HERKOMER'S STUDIO

of the famous Blundell School, Tiverton. The Watford School was founded in 1704, and maintained a master, mistress, forty boys and twenty girls, at a cost of £52 per annum. This included cost of clothing, which was, for boys, "habits of lindsey-woolsey, with bonnetts tyed with orange-coloured cardus ribbon; and for girls, holland gowns with bands and

one Sunday in every April, to see that just weight, and the correct number of loaves had been given away during the year, and also, to see that the good lady's tombstone was maintained in good repair. The observance of this custom, till within quite a recent date, indicates the old-world character of the place.

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OLD AND NEW BUSHEY

From Bushey to Stanmore, through Bushey Heath, the road is fringed with houses of varying styles and architecture; here a row of sprightly villas with neat gardens in front, there the well known rough stone cottages with white fronts and outside shutters; and again old wooden houses with long gardens in front, whilst there is even to be found a sample of the up-to-date suburban town cottage with the rooms abutting right on to the road. Public-houses follow one another in quick succession, and bear testimony to the fact, that whatever opinions may obtain now a days, obstacles were not placed in the way of our forefathers when possessed with a desire to satisfy their thirst. "Old and New Bushey." affords a comparison of the variety of buildings. On the right are two public-houses close together, with their sign-boards well displayed, whilst opposite, dividing some old houses from a specimen of the modern builder's handiwork, is a large brick building used as a police station. This must have been built more with an eye to future than to present requirements.

Aldenham Church, to the north, is well worth a visit, for there are some curious monuments, erected in a style which was more affected and appreciated in

the olden times than it is to-day. One may be given as a sample. A female figure in a shroud, has a label issuing from her mouth, inscribed, "Sarah Smith," and below are these words:

Death parts the dearest lovers for awhile,  
And makes them mourn who only used to  
smile;  
But after death our unmixed love shall tie  
Eternal knots between my love and I.

I. R.

I, Sarah Smith, whom thou didst love alone,  
For thy dear sake hath laid this marble stone

When following the road eastwards towards Stanmore, the traveller will be struck by the clean and pretty view afforded at "Sparrow Herne." This place may be found indicated on very old maps of the district, and probably was as large and important in those days as it is now; it is the connecting link between Bushey and Bushey Heath. The scenery just round here is diversified and exceedingly pretty. The Church of St. Peter's is Chapel of Ease to Bushey Parish Church.

With plenty of time on hand there are many interesting places around Bushey, which to all intents and purposes forms a most interesting centre. To the west of Bushey is Moor Park, a noted place, and formerly held under the Abbey of St. Albans, Cardinal

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## EXAMPLES OF CURES.

### INDIGESTION AND BILIOUS HEADACHE.

"I have suffered very much from bilious headaches. For many years I was ill and continually run down. I had indigestion very badly, so severe at times as to render it nearly impossible for me to breathe. I had severe pains after eating, and my stomach was constantly filled with wind. I always had a very bad taste in my mouth, when I would awake in the morning, and had but very little appetite for my meals. This was my condition for years. Twelve months ago, in February, 1898, a friend of mine recommended me to try Phosferine, and I bought a bottle at Day's Drug Stores at Camberwell Gate, where I was then living. I had taken about a bottle before I noticed a change for the better, then my symptoms gradually left me, until I became, as you see me now, thoroughly well, with a good appetite, and never the slightest sign of any of my old maladies. If I ever feel out of sorts I immediately fly to my bottle of Phosferine, and it always sets me right. I have recommended it to many of my friends, and would not be without it on any account. I shall do all in my power to induce anyone suffering as I have done to give Phosferine a trial, as I am sure they will bless the day they did.

"(Signed) THOMAS BYTHEWAY.

"37, The Green, Stratford, 11th February, 1899."

### NEURALGIA CURED BY THREE DOSES.

"Allow me to testify to the wonderful efficacy of your valuable medicine—Phosferine. I have been a sufferer from severe attacks of Neuralgia all my life, and for the past three months it has never left me, although I have tried several well-advertised remedies, but which proved to be of no use in my case; I nearly gave up all hope of ever getting anything that would ease or stop the pain, but seeing your advertisement, I determined to try a bottle, which I did, with the following results: The first dose eased the pain; the second nearly took it right away, or the pain only returned now and then; the third dose, which I took an hour afterwards, completely cured me, and I have not had a return of it since.

"Yours truly, HENRY L. COMPTON."

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The 2s. 6d. size contains nearly four times the 1s. 1d.

Wolsey being at one time its tenant. It passed to the Cary family, and was then sold to James, Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II. The Duchess was living here when her husband was executed, and she is said to have ordered the tops of the trees to be cut off in token of mourning for the event. A subsequent owner, a Mr. Styles, who made a fortune in the South Sea Bubble, spent £150,000 in improvements, which however did not meet with general approval, one unapproving critic being no less a personage than Alexander Pope, who dropped into poetry when expressing his views. Watford, with its Orphan School, and Cashiobury Park, four miles in circumference, the seat of the Earl of Essex, are both within easy distance. To the east of Bushey is a large wooded, unenclosed tract of land, which according to a large board which faces the road is Stanmore Manor. This Manor is "looked after" by an ancient keeper named Hughes, who waxes sarcastic anent the high-sounding title of "Manor" given it by the sign-writer. It has generally been known as Stanmore Common, but whatever its name, it is well worth a visit. It is a favourite rendezvous for the students of Bushey, and they may be seen there

in the summer time, busying themselves with the reproduction on canvas of very charming scenes indeed. Not the least interesting part of the Common is the keeper himself. Mr. Hughes is a typical "father of the land," and the picture of his house may convey some sort of idea of his splendid isolation. Turf and corrugated iron form the materials of the construction, and the only light obtained is through the door shown in the photo; the pipe projecting horizontally on the left is the chimney. The house is right on the Common, surrounded by bracken and trees, and one has only to see the characteristic proprietor and appurtenances, to believe that the scene might be hundreds of miles away from the hum and bustle of the madding crowd. How long this spot will retain its rural aspect it is difficult to say, for with the march of the iron horse goes civilisation. Up-to-date villas will probably ere long commence to spring up, and the advent of the jerry builder means farewell to rustic beauty. For the present, being such a short distance from town, Bushey and the vicinity may well be recommended to those who seek a short respite from the whirligig of "Modern Babylon."



HUGHES' COTTAGE.



## WELL-DRESSED WOMEN.

LADIES who must dress well, but whose means are limited, will find the Ideal Dress Agency, of 104, Victoria Street, S.W., of great assistance in enabling them to dress smartly with the smallest possible outlay.

Every one knows that many ladies moving in good society spend many hundreds of pounds annually upon their dress, and often do not wear the same costume more than once or twice.

Now many of these ladies subscribe to this Agency, which undertakes to realise these practically unsoiled costumes on their behalf.

All that is necessary for you to do, is to send to the Agency whatever you wish to sell.

Your things are then exhibited in bright, pretty show-rooms, daily crowded with purchasers.

The only trouble you are put to is the cheerful duty of endorsing your cheque, when you receive it.

In return, a small fee is charged for each article sold, according to the price obtained for it.

A system such as this obviously works advantageously to both parties concerned; and the attention and courtesy with which the Ideal Dress Agency meets its customers, in conjunction with its extreme usefulness, leads us to believe that many of our readers will be glad to know of the existence of a place such as this, for there are not more than one or two of its kind in London.



## WHAT TO DRINK.

---

ENGLAND has been rightly called the country of tea drinkers.

In spite of the enormous quantities already used, the consumption increases yearly.

In view of these conditions, it is difficult for any thoughtful person to regard the future without considerable misgiving.

As it is, diseases of the nerves in some form or other are one of the features of the times we live in; and I venture to say the habit of tea drinking has a good deal to do with it.

Tea, unless perfectly prepared (which it hardly ever is) has a most injurious effect upon the nervous system and digestion—slowly, but none the less surely, weakening both.

A good many people are probably unaware of the injurious results caused by drinking their favourite beverage; but, when once realised, they will quickly

turn their attention to some other less innoxious tippie.

This will be found in cocoa—a far superior drink, without any injurious after-effects resulting from its use.

Cocoa in its pure form is unequalled as a beverage; it is comforting, soothing, and highly nutritious; and has only to be once tasted to be appreciated.

Be sure and get the real article while you are about it, and not one of the many so-called cocoas—really mixtures—that are to be found everywhere.

Cadbury's Cocoa will be about the best you can go in for.

It is what it purposes to be—a pure cocoa, free from any adulteration, and of great strength.

Insist upon your grocer supplying you with it.

Take no other, and you won't be disappointed.





## DISINFECTANTS.

THE discovery and use of disinfectants in the treatment of wounds and infectious diseases has proved of immense value in the saving of life and limb.

Previous to their use, many patients with wounds that would now be considered trivial died from blood poisoning; and where a number suffering from injuries were confined together—as in time of war—a dreadful fever would frequently break out amongst them, the mortality from which was fearful.

With the advent of carbolic acid, these conditions became things of the past; and the use of a good disinfectant in the treatment of wounds or infectious diseases is now generally recognised as being essential to their cure and well-being, and to the safety of those brought in contact with the patient.

Their use has now become quite common.

No household worthy of the

name is without them in some form or other.

Should the drains suddenly get out of order, a good disinfectant will prevent any harm arising before they can be repaired; and in the sick-room they are invaluable, keeping it sweet and pure, and preventing any danger to the nurse or doctors.

One of the best disinfectants for general use that we know of is "Sanitas," manufactured by the Sanitas Company, Limited, Bethnal Green, London, E., and for sale at all chemists and stores.

Besides thoroughly destroying and disinfecting disease germs, it possesses the advantages of being non-poisonous, and not leaving any stain when applied.

It is put up by the Company in various forms, so as to be suitable for all purposes where disinfection is required, and should be kept in every household, so as to be ready for any emergency.

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**NEURALGIA,  
TOOTHACHE,  
HEADACHE,  
SCIATICA,  
AND  
ALL NERVE PAINS.**

**TESTIMONIALS.**

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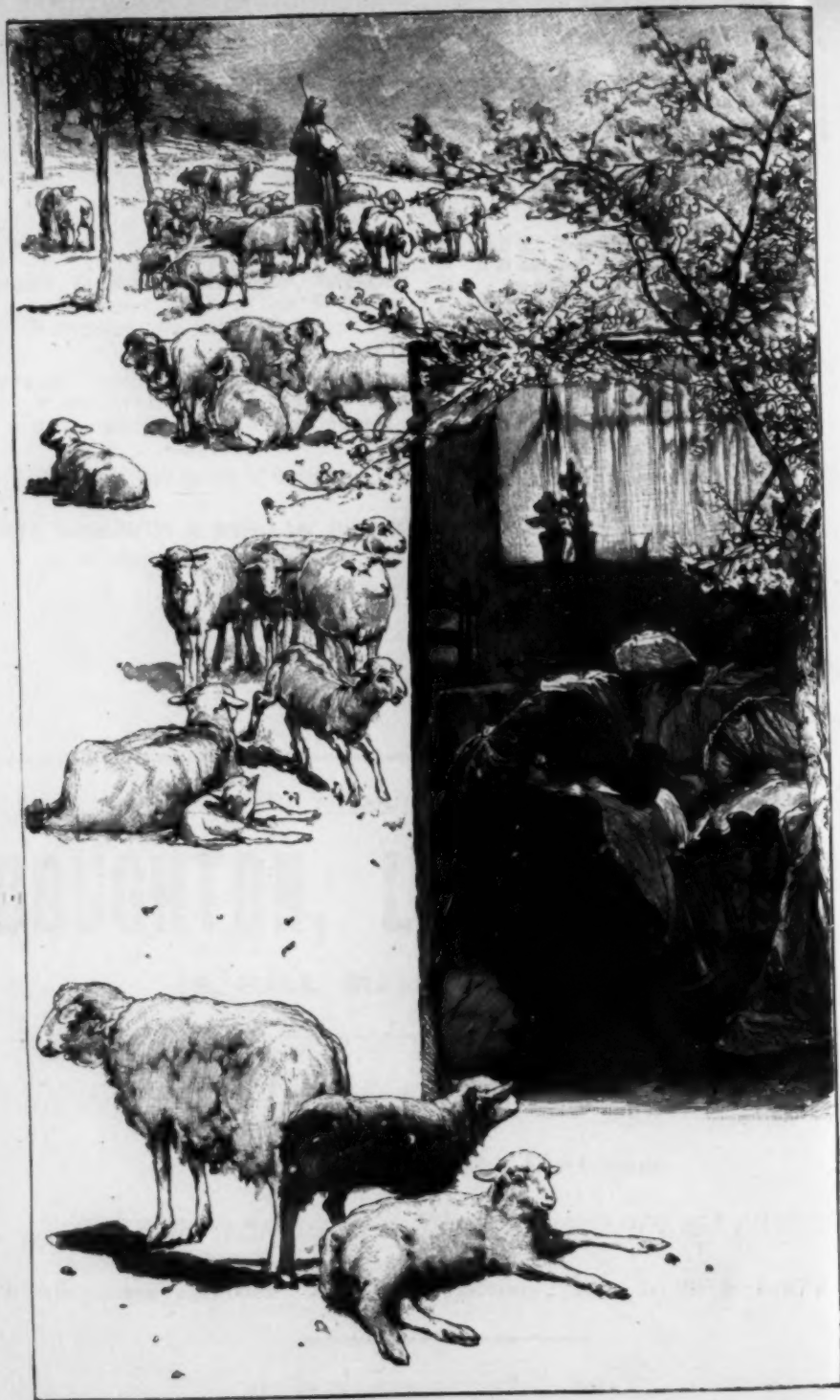
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FRONTISPIECE



MISS VESTA TILLEY

*From Photo by ROLAND WHITE, Birmingham*

## *"The London Idol":*

MISS VESTA TILLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**N**O title was ever more appropriate than that of which Miss Vesta Tilley is the owner, its only defect being that it is not sufficiently comprehensive.

In order to give an adequate notion of her vast popularity it requires some wider term, one that would in fact convey the idea that she is the idol, not of London alone, but of all England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, not to mention the majority of the United States of America. The name, however, with which she was originally dubbed

by her father, and which has since been adopted by an appreciative press and public, is, as far as it goes, a happy one, for few people have been more idolised. In her case, too, the idolatry is not wasted on an image of wood or stone, and certainly not one of brass. It might, from the point of view of the managers, be said with truth that she is an idol of gold, seeing what wealth her talents pour into their coffers; but it is with the public we are concerned, and to them she is not only a magnetic attraction, at whose shrine they love to



worship, but at the same time a faithful servant and a valued friend. If she has secured an enormous amount of her audiences' affections, it is the result of her having always untiringly and unceasingly used her utmost efforts to give them satisfaction, in fact devoting her whole life to their amusement, and though her popularity is so amazingly large it is only in just proportion to her genius. There is no spurious cleverness about her performance, everything she does is the result of keen observation and study; the extraordinary power she has of losing her identity in that of the type she is representing, and the insight she gives us of the varied characters that form the subjects of her repertory being results which can only be attained by an absolute devotion to the art of which she is such a past mistress.

Miss Tilley's father, Mr. Harry Ball, a native of Worcester, was a well-known comic singer, and at different times manager of halls at Gloucester and Nottingham. It cannot be said, however, that she comes of a theatrical stock. The only member of her family, besides her father, who ever trod the boards was a sister who, after having performed for a short period in the music halls, not under the name of Tilley, retired on her marriage. At the present time Miss Vesta Tilley has no relations upon the stage. Born at Worcester, the artist made her first public appearance when she was three years old, at the St. George's Assembly Rooms, Nottingham, under her father's management. Mr. Ball appears to have been of the opinion that you cannot embark upon a career in which you intend to succeed at too early an age, and in the case of his daughter at any rate the theory has proved absolutely correct. Naturally she cannot herself remember much of this important event in her life, and it is impossible to say whether any friendly prophet foretold the greatness that was to be her future lot. At any rate she does not seem to have met with discouragement, as she continued to appear and has been doing so ever since. Though her recollections of "her first appearance upon any stage" are hazy, she very well remembers the occasion on which she made her bow before a

Metropolitan audience. This was at the Royal Music Hall, Holborn, where her success seems to have been gratifying from the outset. What was the first song with which she favoured the London public we cannot say, but it was probably one of the "swell" type, which has always been her great forte. The little dress-coat worn by the infant prodigy, for she was only five years old, is still in existence, and is one of her treasures. That she was excellently got up and looked exactly like a little boy is proved by the following circumstance, which is also interesting as being the reason of her adopting the first name, which has since become so celebrated. Up to this time she had always appeared as "The Great Little Tilley," and it was thus that she was known for the first week or so of her engagement at the Royal. The management of that place found, however, that though this title was well enough to identify her by, it was not sufficiently descriptive to satisfy the curiosity of the British public. It left an uncertainty as to the sex of the little artist, and enquiries were continually being made as to whether she was a boy or a girl. Her father was therefore approached with a view of his making some alteration in her name, and various suggestions were made of others more or less suitable, by which she could be known, that of "Little Lady Tilley" finding most favour. Fortunately, however, this idea did not at all commend itself to the young lady, who found no charms in a spurious nobility which would lead to merciless chaffing in the dressing-rooms. She therefore put her tiny foot down at once and vetoed it. Something had to be done, however, and her father decided that if she refused a peerage a distinctive first name must be sought. Not knowing exactly where to find one which was suitable and at the same time not in common use he was reduced to looking in a dictionary. Whether it was a Latin one or not we can't say, but at any rate somehow he luckily stumbled across "Vesta," which seemed to him eminently suited for his purpose. On his proposing it to his daughter her ears were at once tickled by its novelty, for at that time no other music-hall singer

was known by the same name. It was forthwith decided that she should use it, and it was put into the programme for the next week. From that time forth the artist has been known as Miss Vesta Tilley, and the two names have now become so inseparably connected in the minds of all music-hall frequenters that it is impossible to hear one of them without immediately thinking of the other.

Though from this very early period of Miss Tilley's career there have been no backward steps, it must not be imagined that everything has been rose-coloured for her from the start. There was her mother as well as brothers and sisters to be provided for, and only her father and herself to do it. In the life of nearly every great artist there is at some time or another this same struggle to be endured, either for self alone or for others as well. It is so often the case, that one is inclined to doubt whether the really fine performer can be made without going through it. But though she had to put her youthful neck to the collar, we are quite sure that it must always have been the smartest of collars, and fortune does not at any time seem to have been very unkind. The first engagement in London was of course followed by others of frequent recurrence; but the provinces claimed an equal if not a greater share of her services. It was then that Miss Tilley began to acquire the enormous provincial popularity which is her unique possession. In the case of most other artists, success in the country is founded on past or present successes in town; but with her it is different. She has worked for provincial audiences always as earnestly as she has worked for London, and when it is said they fairly worship her it is no exaggeration. From the time she entered her teens, her name has been well known in the great towns of the North and Midland Counties, her popularity at the present time far surpassing that of any other music-hall star, male or female. If evidence of this were needed it is amply furnished by the fact that for two whole years she did not appear at all in London, simply because it was better worth her

while to stay in the country, and she only returned to town when the Metropolitan managers offered her a salary equivalent to what she was earning elsewhere.

That Miss Tilley's talent for acting pure and simple is very great is fully shown in the by-play and descriptive action she employs while rendering a song. She has, however, except on two occasions, stuck all through to the branch of her profession in which she started, never appearing on the boards of the theatrical stage except at Christmas. As a pantomime boy she has now for years been without rival, her engagement at the theatre of any of the large cities being quite sufficient to ensure the success of the production in which she is taking part. Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, in fact all the great towns have claimed her services in turn, and it would be quite impossible to say in which she is the biggest favourite. On every occasion when she has played in pantomime, the artist has assumed a masculine character. Offers have frequently been made her to play leading girls' parts, notably that most popular of heroines "Cinderella," but though there is no doubt that she would be equally fascinating in skirts, she considers that the delineation of the youthful male is her mission, and she has unswervingly adhered to it throughout her career. The number of fairy heroes is not large, and she has naturally gone through the entire series in the course of her experience. She is rather diffident about her attainments, and fancies some characters much more than others, "Dick Whittington," "Aladdin," and "Robinson Crusoe" being her favourite parts, in the first named of which she has never been equalled.

The provinces have not, however, entirely monopolised the pantomime services of the London Idol, but unfortunately for her cockney votaries she has never had the same chances of distinguishing herself afforded her in London as elsewhere. Twice retained for Drury Lane pantomime, Miss Tilley has on neither occasion been given a proper opportunity for displaying her talents. This will appear strange when

it is said that in each instance she was engaged for the part of principal boy. Fate, nevertheless, seems to have been against her. It was the custom of the late Sir Augustus Harris to secure a number of artists of the same or similar calibre, to play one character; he would then choose from among them whichever suited his fancy when the moment came for finally allotting the

"Sinbad the Sailor," and being for lead, the hopes of the young artist must have run very high indeed. Though still little more than a child she had already made conquests all through the provinces, and was an established favourite in the London music halls. It is hardly to be wondered at then if she looked forward to an easy victory at the National Theatre. The company



MISS VESTA TILLEY

*From Photo by DRAYCOTT, London and Birmingham*

parts. The result was rather painful for the artists themselves, that is, for those who had to go to the wall. It seems curious that with such a genius at his command, Druriolanus, who knew so well the commercial and artistic value of a performer, should have ever placed the acknowledged chief of pantomime heroes in a secondary position. He did so, however, in the following circumstances. The first engagement was for the pantomime of

of which she was to form one included Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. James Fawn, Miss Constance Loseby, the Sisters Mario, and finally the late Miss Nellie Power. It was the last-named member of the company who proved the stumbling-block in Miss Tilley's path, but though the difficulty arose from her engagement it was not of her making. Miss Power, though now almost forgotten, so soon do the public lose sight of their favourites, had at that

time an immense vogue in the music halls. Originally a burlesque actress of repute, she had been on the variety stage for some years, and was at the zenith of her success. She had sung "La-di-da, or the City Toff," a ballad which, though its title does not sound encouraging, had a great mode a few years before, but at the date of which we are speaking all her previous efforts had been eclipsed by "Tiddy fol-lol," a song of the same kind, but infinitely its superior as regards words and music, if equally inane in its title. The tune was sung and whistled everywhere, and so great was its popularity that nothing would do for the manager of Drury Lane but that the song and the original singer must form part of his pantomime. Accordingly to Miss Power was entrusted the part of principal boy, without thought of the prior claims of the younger artist. The latter entered a vigorous protest, but it was no good. Sir—then Mr.—Augustus Harris was omnipotent in the world of pantomime, so she had to make the best of a bad bargain and content herself with the second boy's part. This must naturally have been a bitter disappointment, but her troubles did not end here; when rehearsals began she found that she was not even to be allowed to sing one of her own songs. Again she protested and petitioned, but all in vain; the manager was adamant and she was coldly informed that she must enact what the author had put down for her, no more and no less. It was useless for her to say that the song given her did not suit her in any way, and that in rendering it she could neither do justice to herself nor to the theatre; her pleadings were not listened to. Finally she had to give way, in so far that she consented to learn it, but though she appeared to acquiesce, in reality, she struck. When Boxing night arrived, and the time came for her song, she went on and sang it—absolutely correctly but without expression or action of any kind. The result may be imagined. Sir Augustus, who was standing at the wing, metaphorically, if not actually, tore out his hair by handfuls and on the singer leaving the stage, told her she might have her own way and sing whatever

song she liked. Accordingly at the next performance the original song, the very name of which has been long forgotten, was placed on the shelf, and in its place she sang "When will old England be herself again?" with the greatest success.

Miss Tilley's second taste of the glories of appearing before the London public as leading light of Drury Lane was hardly more gratifying than the first. Though at this time her position was too assured to admit of her being relegated to an inferior part, again circumstances arose which reduced her chances of distinguishing herself to a minimum. The original engagement was to play "Dick Whittington," her favourite part, but unluckily for London it was never fulfilled. Harris was not only always on the alert to seize the latest novelty or celebrity in the theatrical market, but he did not scruple to entirely upset his preconceived plans in order to turn his capture to the greatest pecuniary advantage. The name of Lady Dunlo (late of the charming Sisters Bilton of the halls) was just then almost more celebrated than any other all over England generally, and London in particular, so at whatever cost she had to appear in the pantomime. When the arrangement was once made there came the problem of how to give her talents such prominence as would satisfy the public. Her ladyship's physique and general style were not suited to a boy's part, and even if she had consented to take one, her patrician soul would have revolted against playing second fiddle to any other performer. Play a girl then she must; but the part of the Alderman's daughter in "Whittington" was not one that would give her sufficient opportunities, so the whole pantomime had to be changed. The choice of subjects in which the girl takes the lead is very limited; "Red Riding Hood" is not usually considered sufficiently strong to go on her own merits without being interwoven with some other story, and the "Sleeping Beauty" is hopeless from a modern point of view. There remained, therefore, only "Cinderella" and "Beauty and the Beast," and as the former of these had been



played only a year or two before, with Miss Kate Vaughan as the heroine, that also was placed out of the question. Now the story of Beauty's self-sacrifice, though one of the most charming of the old fairy tales, is not a good subject from the point of view of the pantomime producer, the main reason for this being that for nearly the whole of the performance the principal boy is not on the stage. He is turned into the beast in the first scene, and in that sad plight he remains till the last. It was this character that fell to the lot of the best principal boy in England, and for the second time deprived her of the chance of showing the London public how far she is ahead of every other artist as a pantomime hero.

But though she has met with disappointments in London, Miss Tilley's pantomime engagements in the country constitute one long series of successes. The enormous enthusiasm she has aroused has not confined itself to the theatre alone, but has spread all over the town in which she has been at the time appearing. Not contented with shouting themselves hoarse while the performance was proceeding, the audience has often waited, almost to a man, and escorted her back to her hotel. On one of these occasions, if not more, the horses have been taken out of her brougham and she has been dragged home in a procession which for genuine enthusiasm would have rivalled one of the triumphs of the Cæsars. In fact, so much do her audiences love her, that in some instances their admiration has caused them to be rather too exacting. As a case in point, last year when she played at the Prince of Wales's, Liverpool, she took part in nine scenes out of ten, and sang no less than five songs, which alone is no light task for an artist who puts so much work into a song as Miss Tilley does. Even with this the audience would not be satisfied, and their favourite had often to make them a speech before they would allow the performance to proceed. When it is added that this pantomime ran for thirteen consecutive weeks, that is a whole quarter of a year, it is hardly surprising that she has decided for the first time since she can remember, not

to play in pantomime at all this year but to "take a rest" by singing at two or three London music halls.

As has been already said, however, except twice when she went on tour with burlesque companies of her own, and for a few weeks each Christmas, Miss Tilley's whole life has been spent on the music-hall stage; and though her pantomime records are brilliant, it is as a music-hall singer she has really to be considered. Granted the genius for her work, which she undoubtedly possesses, the artist has had few, if any, unusual advantages. Of teaching she has had practically none; her father taught her to walk on and off the stage, but there her theatrical training ended. Singing, elocution, dancing (which she can if she likes, though she does not often), and last, but not least, acting—all appear to have come to her quite naturally; with what happy result is amply proved by her enormous success, both here and in America, where she has been christened "the Irving of the Halls." It is difficult to say in what she most excels. She can be quietly satirical or broadly comic, patriotic or pathetic, as occasion demands. The character, however, with which her name will be always inseparably associated, is that of the fatuous swell—what used to be called a masher, and is known in America as a dude. In this she is unapproached and irreproachable. Everything is perfect, from the fit of her coat to the management of her eye-glass. The silly drawl, the self-conscious giggle or attempted bluster, are all drawn to the life, and only sufficiently accentuated to raise them from the plane of stupidity to that of the really ludicrous. No one has ever been more happy in depicting the jerky walk, the studied ogle, and the would-be rakish air of the youthful lady-killer; and it is astonishing to find that a woman should have such an accurate appreciation of the manners and movements of one of the other sex. One is almost tempted to use the word photographic in describing these impersonations; but it is an inadequate term, as they are endowed with a touch of genius, which lifts them above the level of mere reflections of the characteristics of a class. It is as a singer of de-

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scriptive songs, however, that Miss Tilley fully shows how really great are her acting abilities. Simply attired in an ordinary morning or evening suit, she will depict, by means of action and expression, the whole series of characters which form the subjects of the different verses. In turn, she brings before our mind's eye, by the merest suggestion of voice and manner, the shop boy

driving rain. One is just beginning to think that hot brandy and a foot-tub full of mustard and water are the only things to save her life, when with a flash of her little hand the collar is turned down, the hair tidied, and she is once more the smart young gentleman, bowing his acknowledgments to an enthusiastic house. Of course, apart from this class of song, she has given us



"THE LONDON IDOL"

*From Photo by BROWN, BARNES & BELL, Liverpool and London*

masquerading as a millionaire, the barmaid to whom he pays attention, the burglar, the miser, the race-course tout, or the unlucky devotee of the turf. She has only to turn up her collar, pull a lock of hair over her forehead, make a wry face, and turn up the bottoms of her trousers, one loses sight of the foot-lights and the painted marble hall in which she is singing, to picture her trudging through oceans of slush in the

many excellent character studies, in addition to her "Piccadilly Johnnies," of which "The Militiaman," "The Eton Boy," and "My friend, the Major" are good examples. The latter is specially interesting, as having been studied from an actual man, and the song written round the subject to order. In all these impersonations, though she expends such care upon them that one can only compare it to miniature painting, there

is never anything in her style to suggest over-study, nor is she ever mechanical.

Of course, Miss Tilley gives most attention to the acting, so to speak, of her songs, but she does not let her care end there. Not the least of her accomplishments is that she has fully acquired the art of dressing, which is shown not only in the clothes she wears, but in the way she puts them on. As a rule, a woman in the clothes of an ordinary man is a lamentable sight, a veritable calamity of calamities. Nothing is so ill adapted to show her natural form to advantage, and in no other garb is it so difficult for her to disguise it. With the London Idol, however, things are quite different. When in her ordinary clothes nothing could be more feminine, but with her male garments she seems to put on the man altogether. Though, happily, she is *not*, as has been often reported, in a consumption, or suffering from any fell disease — indeed, she says she was never better — Miss Tilley's figure is naturally slight; but it is not only this that makes her appearance so much more successful than that of other performers who attempt the same line of business. Everything she wears is of the latest cut, and is made in the last cry of the fashion, rather in front of it, in fact, than otherwise. Nothing is more applicable to her than the words of one of her recent songs, beginning :

The very latest thing in collars, the very  
latest thing in ties.

Hat, boots, gloves, all are perfect; and yet  
however faultless may be the costume,

the effect is never that of a fashion plate or a tailor's dummy. Due credit for this should be given to the tailors, Messrs. Samuelson, of Maddox Street, who have for some time assisted the artist to make herself the glass of fashion and the mould of form. How the rapid changes of these elaborate suits are effected between the songs is a mystery. Every thing is made exactly as it would be for wearing in an ordinary way, and very often there is an entire alteration of dress, even to a different shirt. When one thinks of what one considers a rapid change of one's own clothes it is hardly surprising to learn that it takes Miss Tilley and two dressers to do it. It was said that on the occasion of her third and last visit to America, the whole of the stalls for the opening performance were taken by young men, who sat and took in every detail of her clothes, for the purpose of ordering Vesta Tilley suits the next day, but how far this is true we do not know. One thing we do know for certain about this engagement, namely, that it was for two months and that she remained nine, drawing a salary of three substantial figures the whole time. So great was its success that offers are continually being made to the artist to return, £400 a week having been refused by her quite lately. She prefers to stay in England at any rate for the present, and we are selfish enough to hope that she will never leave us for very long, for people who have brought their art to such perfection as Vesta Tilley has done are not easy to find, and we treasure them accordingly. Would that there were more like her.



# THE AUTOMATON.

WRITTEN BY REGINALD BACCHUS AND RANGER GULL

ILLUSTRATED BY A. WALLIS MILLS



ABOUT the middle of this century public interest in the game of chess received a remarkable impetus from the arrival in London of a man named Greet, a Jew from Poland, who brought with him an automatic chess-playing figure. This figure had been first exhibited at Prague some six months before, and its subsequent tour of the great cities on the continent of Europe had excited an extraordinary interest. Most of the best-known masters of the game had taken up its challenge in St. Petersburg, Paris and Vienna, but one and all had suffered a defeat, inexplicable in its suddenness and completeness.

Mr. Greet now announced that his figure was ready to play against, and beat, any one in England who should care to oppose it. The Automaton (for this was the name that the public had given to the figure) was exhibited a number of times in London, and on each occasion a crowded and mystified audience witnessed the uncomfortable spectacle of an image made of wood and iron, defeating in an easy and masterful manner several well-known exponents of the most difficult game in the world.

The machine consisted of a large

figure of wood, roughly hewn and painted to resemble a man. It was about twice the size of a full-grown human being, and when playing was seated in a chair made on a very open design. It was quite motionless, except for the jerky movements of its arm and of the two long steel pincers that served it for fingers. It made no sound save the one word "check," that rasped out from its wooden throat, and the final "check-mate," pitched in a higher and more triumphal key.

This soulless machine was a master of all the known gambits, and seemed to play them with a supreme inspiration not granted to any living professor of the game. Public excitement about the matter was acute, and speculation ran high as to the probable methods employed to bring about so marvellous a result. Every facility was afforded to the public for inspection. Before and after each game the figure was opened in full view of those among the audience who might care to come upon the stage, and the closest scrutiny revealed nothing but a mass of cogs and wheels, among which it was quite impossible for a man to be concealed. Moreover, Mr. Greet was quite willing to allow the Automaton to be moved about on the stage at the direction of its opponent, so that

the theory of electrical communication with a player concealed beneath the platform, had to be abandoned by those who had conceived such an opinion. During the games, Mr. Greet sat or walked about on the stage, but two members of the audience were always accommodated with chairs by the chess table, and it was obvious that there could be no communication between the figure and its proprietor. In this way the public mind became unpleasantly harassed, and Mr. Greet's purse grew to a comfortable fullness with the entrance money of the hundreds who blocked the door at each performance. The uncanny nature of the whole affair attracted numbers to the spectacle who did not even know the moves of the game, and many a man set steadfastly to the learning of chess, and the baffling of the problems proposed in the weekly papers, that he might better comprehend the nature of the mystery that was puzzling London.

So with a *clientèle* composed of professors and amateurs of the game, engineers and scientists, and the great General Public that loves a mystery, Mr. Greet might have remained in London for a long period of great pecuniary satisfaction. Then, without any warning, it was announced in the papers that the Automaton had made its last move, for the present at any rate, in the metropolis, and would shortly set out on a tour through the principal towns of the provinces.

Birmingham, Manchester and all the great centres of the North and Midlands were visited with the usual triumphs, and one morning the public were startled at their breakfast-tables with the brief announcement that Mr. Greet would back his Automaton against any chess player in the world for £2,000 a side, the match to take place in the Theatre Royal at Bristol within three weeks' time.

No one had been more completely mystified or more intensely amazed at the triumphal progress of the Automaton than Mr. Stuart Dryden, considered by most people to be the leading chess player in England. He had himself refrained from hazarding his reputation in a contest with the thing, for, after

carefully watching the easy defeat of those noted professors who had been bold enough to put its skill to the test, he had been forced to confess that in this machine, by some unfathomable means or other, had been placed an understanding of the game that he could not hope to compete with. He felt, however, that a time must come when he would be obliged to court the defeat that he knew to be certain, and the growing nearness of the contingency embittered every day of his life. He worked ceaselessly at problems of the game, and studied with the greatest care the records of the matches that had been played against the Automaton, but he found it quite impossible to coax himself into the least degree of self-confidence.

Professor Dryden was a bachelor, possessed of a small regular income, which he had always supplemented largely with his earnings at chess by way of stake-money and bets. He was a man of solitary habit and lived much alone in a small house in the north-western quarter of London. An old woman attended to all his wants; he was surrounded by a large and complete library, and between his little house and the St. George's Chess Club he spent almost the entire portion of his life. It was his custom to rise early every morning, and after a long walk in the Regent's Park to arrive at the Chess Club about noon. There, as a rule, he stayed till about ten o'clock of the evening, when he would return to a quiet supper and several hours with his books.

On the morning that Mr. Greet's announcement had been made public to the world, he left the house very early indeed, before the arrival of the daily papers.

On this morning he was in an exceptionally bad temper. He was by nature a sullen man, and the continued triumphs of this Automaton, that pointed to a probable reduction in his income, had been gradually making him more and more sour. Then, to complete his misery, he found last night, on his return from the club, that by the failure of a company, considered sound by the most sceptical, his small private

means had been reduced almost to a vanishing point. All night long he had lain sleepless with anxiety, and as he tramped the Regent's Park this morning his head burnt feverishly and his heart was very bitter against the world. The glorious freshness of the morning kindled no spark of happiness in his morose mind, and the children who met him stalking along the path ran nervously from his dour expression. He examined the future with care, but could see nothing but ruin before him, as what now remained of his private income would be quite insufficient for his support. Moreover, in confident expectation of a successful season at the chess-table, he had of late allowed himself many extravagancies, and his creditors were beginning to put unpleasant pressure upon him. Several tournaments, from which he was confident of gain, had been put off, since all interest was centred in the Automaton, and a mere contest between man and man fell tame after the almost supernatural strife with Mr. Greet's image. Poor Mr. Dryden was unable to compose his ruffled temper or to suggest to himself any plan for the future, and wearying of the monotonous greenness of the park he turned his steps towards the club, though it was much earlier than he was wont to go there.

The St. George's Chess Club was a temple sacred to the upper circles of chess-players. The social or financial position of a member mattered little, but it was essential that he should be a real expert in the practice of the game. In this way a very motley and cosmopolitan gathering was usually to be found in the comfortable club-house situated in an inexpensive street near Hanover Square.

Mr. Dryden walked straight upstairs to the smoking-room, and was astounded to find it, usually so empty in the morning, quite crowded with an excited throng of members. All of those present had attained or passed the middle age of life. Every face carried some strongly-marked personality, and a rapid conversation was being carried on in different languages.

Mr. Dryden was inexpressibly an-

noyed. He had promised himself peace and had found chaos, and his ugly face assumed a still more repulsive expression. He looked the very embodiment of friendless old age; a sour, tired old man whose death would conjure a tear from no single eye.

A little Frenchman was the first to notice Dryden's entrance. He leapt to his feet and waved his hand towards him.



"THE VERY EMBODIMENT OF FRIENDLESS OLD AGE"

"*Tiens, Dryden!*" he exclaimed; "*voilà notre sauveur.*" The babble of the room stopped at the words, and all faces



turned to the door. The old man stood there, slowly furling his umbrella and looked enquiringly round. Then he spoke slowly.

"You will pardon me, gentlemen, if I do not quite understand. "Why saviour, and of what?"

"Why, *our* saviour! We're going to try for Greet's dollars," drawled a voice from the corner. "You're the only man for us. We'll put up the chips."

"Once more I am at a loss," said Mr. Dryden; "M. Laroche and Mr. Sutherland, you have puzzled me. I presume you are talking about the only Greet that interests us. What new thing has he or his Automaton done?"

Twenty members shouted the explanation, and, half smothered in newspapers, Mr. Dryden was forced into a chair, and formally asked if he would act as representative of the club and take up Mr. Greet's challenge.

"It has beaten all the rest of us," said the President sadly, "but surely in the first chess association in Europe there must be one player who can get the better of that infernal machine. There *shall* be one, and you shall be that one, Dryden. You can take a line through this. I know by exactly how much you are my master, and that thing showed about the same superiority over me. So you'll start about square. This is the scheme we've arranged. The club finds all the money if you lose. If you win, you take half and we pocket the rest. That's fair enough, is it not?"

Mr. Dryden did not take long to decide. However sure he felt that he was no match for the mysterious intelligence that guided the hand of the Automaton, the temptation of the money, and his own straitened condition left only one course possible to him.

"I accept," he said; "make all arrangements in my name, and let me know time and place and anything else that may be necessary. For these three weeks I will shut myself up. If there is anything about the game that I do not already know, perhaps in this absolute seclusion I may wring it from my brain. I suppose that I shall see you all, or most of you, on the appointed

day. *Au revoir*, gentlemen. I thank you very much for the honour you have done me."

The members rose in a body, a motley crowd of all nations, each one greatly excited, and congratulations in every tongue smote on the back of Mr. Dryden's head, as, shielded by the President, he walked sedately down the staircase.

Left to himself, he set out in the direction of Charing Cross, for he entertained the notion of paying a visit to an old friend in the country. This gentleman, the Rev. Henry Druce, was incumbent of a village cure in Kent, and though his name was unknown to the public, he enjoyed among the professors of chess a high reputation as a master of the game. In the seclusion of Mr. Druce's peaceful vicarage Mr. Dryden felt sure that he would find rest for his worried brain, and valuable suggestions for the work that he was to do.

The train wandered happily out of the suburbs into the pretty county of Kent, and after many tiresome waits drew up at last at a tiny wayside station, all white in a gorgeous setting of many-coloured flowers. The glare of the sun's rays that beat back from the glowing platform into Mr. Dryden's tired eyes staggered him for a moment, as he stepped out of the gloom of the carriage. The hot quivering atmosphere was very distinct to the eye, like the hot-air waves that one sees above a shaded lamp. The country was full of dull, murmuring noises, and among them the voices of the porters and the rumble of the train seemed indefinite and unreal.

Mr. Dryden was unable at once to assimilate himself to the new surroundings, and long after the train had banged over the points and glided away into the haze he still stood looking vaguely over the broad fields, scattered with lazy cattle, that lay against the railway on the other side. He was startled into consciousness by a voice asking if he wished to travel on the omnibus that was about to start for the village. Following the man to where, in the dusty road, a boy in a big straw hat was lazily flicking the flies from the two

sleepy horses that stood dejectedly in front of the little yellow omnibus, he was presently jolting into view of the scattered houses of the hamlet. The vicarage was an old-world house in an old-world garden, and as Mr. Dryden walked up the white-flagged path to the porch, he was afforded a view of Mr. Druce, comfortably disposed for his afternoon nap in a long chair by the window. The vicar was, however, delighted at the intrusion, and very excited by Mr. Dryden's tale of Greet's challenge and his own acceptance. They talked for a while about the mysterious figure and its inexplicable victories, till suddenly Mr. Druce, who throughout the conversation had been somewhat hesitating and shy of manner, turned to his visitor and said:

"It appears to me that in London you have ceased in a measure to enquire into the reason for these wonders. You are beginning to accept the victories of the Automaton as inevitable, and to believe, I am amazed to find, that the thing is in reality an almost supernatural triumph of science. Now surely, Dryden, you cannot think that that steel hand is guided by any other than a human intelligence. It is absurd; you might just as well believe in magic and the black arts. I have not seen it, but I read, and am told, that facility is given to the audience for examination; that it is opened, and is apparently empty of aught save machinery; that it is detached from the stage or its chair; in fact, that its secret is so clever that every-one has been baffled. Now it is quite plain to me that somewhere, either inside it, or close at hand, is a man, possibly unknown to us all, but obviously a chess player of extraordinary brilliance, who by some means or other plays the Automaton's game. That is quite certain. The problem is, therefore, who is the man? The names

and the movements of all the great players are known to us through the papers. I can tell you in a minute where is Ifinski, or Le Jeune, or Moore. Besides, there are not half-a-dozen men in the world who could have played the games so far recorded. Now I have a theory. I am a good Christian, I believe, both by profession and practice, and I have hesitated long in my mind before I was compelled to believe in this theory of mine. It brings me to think evil of a man who has been my friend, and were I not so certain, Dryden, I would never breathe it to a soul. You are the first to hear. Listen. Of course, I long ago gave up the supposition of a wonderful scientific discovery, or anything of that sort. Since then I have simply been trying to find out the man. I have compared the games played by



"COMFORTABLY DISPOSED FOR HIS AFTERNOON NAP"

Mr. Greet's figure with those played by most of the greater living masters, and I have found in one case a striking similarity. Even then I should not have spoken had not coincidence aided me still further; had not, in fact, my friendship for the man I suspect enabled me to follow his movements and be privy of his disappearances. It is—and I am grieved that he should have lent himself to such a deception—Murray."

Mr. Dryden gave a gasp of astonishment.

"Murray!" he said, "Philip Murray of the Queen's Library, the bibliophile, the old white-haired gentleman who comes sometimes to the club and plays a game or two. I can hardly believe it, Druce."

"It was hard for me to believe it myself," said Mr. Druce, "and I have only told you half of what I know. In my mind the truth of the thing admits of no doubt. I will tell you more of my proofs."

"But the man couldn't have done it," broke in Mr. Dryden; "he couldn't have beaten these men, he couldn't have played the games. I've seen him playing in the club, he is no extraordinary player. No, Druce, find some one else for the spirit of the Automaton."

"Don't be so impatient, and don't be led astray by the idea of Murray's incapacity," said Mr. Druce. "You don't know him properly, neither you nor any one else at the club; but I do. He cares nothing for notoriety. Chess is his recreation, not his business; but I can tell you, Dryden,—and many hundreds of games have Murray and I played together,—that he is the first master of the game in England. Enough for his ability. Listen to these facts. How long ago is it that the Automaton was first exhibited in Prague? Eight months exactly. At that time Murray disappeared from England and was absent for six months, precisely the length of time that Greet was taking his figure through the big cities of Europe. The fact alone of his disappearance may be only a coincidence, but look at this. My sister Lizzie's husband is at the Embassy in Vienna. She saw Murray three times in the streets during the time that the Automaton was there. She mentioned the fact in a letter to me, because, she said, he seemed to avoid her in so strange a manner. Tom Rollit, writing from Antwerp, told me how he met Murray in a *café*, and how constrained he seemed. The day was the second day after Greet and his figure had begun their matches in that city. I didn't pay much attention to this at the time,

but after the Automaton had come to London, and I had repeatedly called on Murray to have a chat about the thing, and been as often told that he was away, I became suspicious. He is a man who has all his life been most reluctant to leave his home, and after the first time that in my study of the games I had noticed a resemblance between Murray's play and that of the Automaton, my suspicions became very strong. It was then that I remembered his several journeys to Europe just before his long absence. He has always professed an extra distaste for continental travel. I remember too, how I had met Edouard Roulain, the man who has had such an extraordinary success in Berlin as a prestidigitateur, in the hall of Murray's house on the occasion of one of my visits. When I asked him about the man—for I should like to have met him—he changed the subject at once and somewhat rudely. Again—it is really wonderful how so much circumstantial evidence has come my way—he was in Manchester when the Automaton was there. I was calling, and I could not help noticing that the maid who showed me to the drawing-room carried a letter addressed in his handwriting, that bore the postmark of that town. Mrs. Murray put the letter quickly in her pocket, and when I asked her where her husband was, she told me that he had gone to Edinburgh about a book. You must agree with me, Dryden, that that is enough. Well, I've got one last proof, the most conclusive of all. When they went to Birmingham, I followed and took a room that commanded a view of the stage door of the hall. All day long I sat in that window, concealed by the curtains, and every day, sometimes only just before the show, sometimes two or three times during the day, I saw a man, heavily bearded and with spectacles, walk into the hall, with Murray's walk. Once I saw him with Greet, but generally he was alone. That that man was Murray I have no doubt at all. He is the brain of the Automaton. Philip Murray has worked one of the biggest deceptions on the world that has ever been conceived, and I doubt not he has nicely feathered his own nest in the

working of it. What do you think of my story?"

"I own that I am fairly astounded," said Mr. Dryden, "and I cannot think how it is done. I tell you I have looked inside the thing, from both sides, and it's full of wheels. I've pushed it about the stage; and I've sat there during the play and never taken my eyes off it."

"Did Greet let you put your hand inside and touch the machinery," said Mr. Druce.

"Well, I never thought of doing that, nor, when I come to think of it, did any one else; but I saw wheels, and cogs and springs, as distinctly as I see you."

"That can be arranged by an elaborate system of mirrors, some improvement on the Pepper's Ghost idea. Edouard Roulain is quite clever enough to fool any one by a trick of that sort. It's my belief that Murray gets inside it, I don't think it could be worked by any other means. I expect that the plot was conceived somewhat after this fashion. Edouard Roulain, in the course of his investigations, stumbled on a really exceptionally brilliant idea for an optical delusion. It then occurred to him that this idea might be put to more profitable use than mere exhibition. How he hit on the notion of the chess-playing Automaton, I can't think. He has been a friend of Murray's for some time, I found that out; and very likely he told Murray of his find and asked for suggestions. Murray may have got it from some old book, or perhaps thought it out himself. Wait a minute though, I never told you how I proved Roulain's connection with the affair. When the Automaton was in London, I met him repeatedly about the town; but that was before I was so sure about Murray, and I didn't think much of it. He had grown a moustache, but I recognised him easily. I daresay he's gone now, he wasn't in Birmingham."

"What about Greet?" said Mr. Dryden.

"Oh, he is only a figurehead; perhaps he doesn't even know the secret. He has been an operative manager all over Europe and the States; he took Roulain to New York when he made his

first great success there. He is about the best business manager they could have."

"Well, I suppose I must grant you that Murray does work it—exactly how he does it doesn't matter much. What I want to think out is, how does this knowledge help me? Suppose that you or I give the thing away, what do we gain? Have you thought of doing it yourself?"

"No, I have not. To tell you the truth, I have rather been enjoying the joke, and were it not for my orders, I should have in time thrown down the gauntlet myself. If there is one man in England who knows Murray's play, it is myself, and I think I might have got the better of him. The feeling of mystery that has surrounded the Automaton has helped him immensely; he would not have had so complete and easy a success if his opponents had not been frightened out of their best game. I could see that by studying the records of the play. As it is, I shall do nothing; but if this knowledge will be any help to you in your game, you are most heartily welcome to it. Believe me, that I shall so far escape from my seclusion as to be a most interested spectator of the match at Bristol."

"I am immensely obliged to you, old friend," said Dryden; "I will make it no secret from you that I am in a very bad way for money. A totally unlooked-for misfortune has deprived me of the greater part of my regular income, and the interest that has followed this Automaton has caused several of the important tournaments, that I should have made money out of, to be abandoned. If I can win this match, I get £1,000, which will set me straight, and from my victory I shall gain a reputation that will put me in the way of much future gain. If I were to write a book on chess, it would enormously enhance its sale."

"I am sorry to hear of your distress," said Mr. Druce, "which I had never suspected, and I am the more glad that I may be of a little use to you. You will stop to dinner, of course, and before you go I will give you the records of a great many of Murray's games. He has had enough of his mysterious



triumph, and it is quite time the joke came to an end."

Dinner was quiet and pleasant, and though the presence of Charles Cunliffe, the curate, who was fresh from Magdalen, and cared for nothing except stamped leather bindings and the fine embroidery of a cope, excluded chess from the conversation, the three men found the subject of continental travel a convenient exchange for opinions. Mr. Cunliffe had in undergraduate days paid several visits to Boulogne, and held elaborate ideas on the subject of racial distinctions.

Mr. Dryden bade farewell to the two clergymen in the little station, now cool and pleasant in the moonlight, and during the seventy minutes of his journey to Charing Cross, examined feverishly the bundle of papers that Mr. Druce had given him.

For the next week he kept himself strictly from the world and held unceasingly to his task of investigating Mr. Murray's methods. At the end of that time there came to him the conviction that he had met his master. As before he had known that the uncanny spirit of the Automaton would surely beat him, so now he realised with a pain—all the worse because it swept away the hopes that Mr. Druce's story had inspired—that in the brain of the little old Scotch librarian was the same power, none the less real now that it had lost its odour of mystery.

Meanwhile his creditors had become more instant in their demands, and poor Mr. Dryden, crushed with despondency and overwhelmed with debt, conceived a hatred towards the automatic figure and its inmate that increased in bitterness as each day brought him nearer to the contest which

he felt certain would prove his Waterloo.

For the three weeks he kept entirely to his own house and held no communication with the outside world, except for a short correspondence with the President of the club on the matter of the challenge, and the arrangements for day and hour. He received one short letter from Mr. Druce, wishing him good fortune and assuring him that he would be among the audience to watch the downfall of the Automaton.

Whatever mistrust of his powers he might entertain, it was not his own



"THE COMING MATCH HAD AROUSED EXTREME INTEREST IN THE TOWN"



money that he would sacrifice by abandoning the match, and in the interests of the club he was bound to go through with the affair.

Four days before the match he came to Bristol and took apartments in a house in the Hot-wells, that faced the river. The coming match had aroused extreme interest in the town, and crowds were continually assembled about the station at Temple Mead, in hope of a prior view of the Automaton.

On the day after his arrival he sat for many hours at the window, watching the tall spars of the ships show stark against the cliffs as the vessels were towed to and from the city. The chatter of the riverside loafers that reached his ears treated always of the Automaton, and the improbable speculations that were hazarded brought a weary smile to his face. About sunset he left the house, and, following a winding path, climbed the edge of the gorge, coming out upon the Clifton Down. For a little while he sat there, watching the silent beauty of the scene. The dying sun had lent a greater glory to the city that sloped from the sides of its seven hills to the hollow beneath him, and the Avon traced a line of rosy flame through the gorge, till it lost itself at last in a forest of masts and the dull smoke-cloud of the furnaces. Then the sun seemed to grow in size and rush quicker to its bed. For a moment it hung over the Somersetshire woods, firing every tree into a glory of a moment. Then it was suddenly gone, and the white coolness of evening came directly over the country and the town. The majesty of hill, champaign and valley, lent an infinite composure to the trouble of Mr. Dryden's thoughts, and presently he began to take the road to the city, purposing a cheerful dinner at some inn. A merry party of travellers filled the coffee-room at the "Greyhound" in Broad Mead, and their amusing conversation about the Automaton induced Mr. Dryden to disclose his identity. He became the centre and hero of the party, and two hours passed with a pleasant speed.

About nine o'clock, a little rosy with wine, he set out on his way homewards. The mischance of a random turning led him from his proper road, and presently

he came out upon the open space of the Queen's Square. The comfortable freshness of the air invited him to stay, and he sat for some time upon a convenient seat. He had come into a pleasant reverie, in which the Automaton played more the part of a comedian than of the villain, when a rumbling noise lifted his eyes to the roadway. A large cart of the strangest conceivable shape, somewhat like the body of a grand piano set upon its edge, was being driven past. It swung round the corner that led to the theatre, which was close at hand, and he heard it clatter for a little over the cobbles before it came to a sudden stop. He had a strong idea that this must be the arrival of the Automaton, and without quite knowing why he did so, got up and followed. On reaching the theatre he saw the cart drawn up a little beyond it. He hesitated to go nearer, and then noticed that the gallery door stood a little upon the jar. In a pure spirit of adventure he pushed it back and made a difficult progress down the long dim-lit passage and up the dark rickety staircase. When a plump of cold air upon his face told him that he had won the entrance into the body of the house, he made his way delicately to a seat and sat awaiting possibilities. He was not long in suspense before he heard distant voices and a considerable noise of a heavy body being advanced over rollers. Then a light came out from the wings and went across the stage. It seemed a tiny speck of flame in the great blackness of the theatre, lighting little save the face of the man who carried it. Mr. Dryden made out a heavy moustache and concluded at once that this must be Edouard Roulain. The man stooped and lit a few of the centre footlights, which turned a square patch of light on the stage. A hand lamp was burning in one of the wings, but through the rest of the house the darkness thickened backwards till it wrapped the gallery, in which Mr. Dryden sat, with an impenetrable gloom. Presently the noise of rollers began again, and two men came into the patch of light, pushing the great painted figure of the Automaton.

One, a person of ostentatious figure,

he recognised immediately as Greet, and with a thrill of excitement he realised that the other, a little bearded man of a peculiar gait, could be none other than Murray himself. The language of the three men was deadened by the distance, but he saw that the one whom he supposed to be Roulain was busied about the mechanism of the figure. When the clicking of the wheels stopped, Mr. Murray walked up to the figure and spoke a few words to Greet and Roulain. Mr. Dryden could not hear distinctly, but a loud laugh came from the two men on the stage. Then Mr. Murray took off his coat, opened the Automaton and stepped inside it. Presently its arm began to move and the steel pincers of its fingers to shift about on the table.

He was only inside for a few minutes, and as soon as he reappeared, Mr. Dryden, in the fear that they might make it a business to see to the closing of all doors, began to fumble his way out of the theatre. Providentially the door of the gallery entrance was still open, and when he had gained the street, he hid in a doorway a few yards distant from the stage entrance. The men were talking as they came out, and he recognised Murray's voice at once. "That will be all right, Greet," it was saying; "you had better come and see me in the morning. I am staying in Bedminster—42, Leigh Road; it's across the river, you must take the ferry."

They passed down the road, and when they had gone out of sight, Mr. Dryden began his journey back to the rooms in the Hot-wells.

Though nothing had been revealed to him that he had not been already cognisant of, the fact of having been with his own eyes privy to the secret of the trickery, made him greatly excited. He was conscious of a distinct hatred for Mr. Murray that he had not before experienced. There was something of jealousy in his anger. He bitterly grudged the old librarian his invention of the Automaton and the money that was coming to him from its exhibition. If he could only beat it, he thought, and then the dreadful feeling of hopelessness, that had left him during the varied excitements of the last few hours,

came back and beset him with redoubled force. The much-needed repose of sleep was denied him, for all through that night the nightmare figure of the Automaton was with him in his dreams, and when, late next morning, he left his bed, his face was drawn and haggard and his mind a maelstrom of hatred and despair.

The day was very wild for the season, and continual thunderstorms gathered and broke their fury about the crags of the Avon Gorge. Mr. Dryden did not leave the house, but watched from his window the thunder-clouds drive through the funnel made by the cliffs, and scatter over the houses and fields beyond. He felt a companionship in the ill-humour of the elements, and the shrieking of the wind played a fantastic accompaniment to the bitter theme of his thoughts. Hatred of Murray was echoed in every scream of the gale, in every splash of the driven rain against the window-panes, while the roaring menace of the thunder fashioned his anger into an ever-growing self-confidence. All through the afternoon, as the rage of the storm grew stronger his spirits rose higher, and at dinner a brilliant idea came to him. He would surprise Mr. Murray in some quiet place on his way to the theatre, and make known to him his discovery of the trick. The knowledge that the secret was out, coming to him at so critical a moment in the career of the Automaton must, he felt sure, have a deterrent effect on Mr. Murray's play, while his own knowledge that within the painted figure his invisible rival was uneasily fearful, would lend a confident strength to himself.

The prospect of meeting the spirit of the Automaton in the flesh awoke other possibilities in his mind, and at first he cursed himself for not having conceived a plot for the kidnapping of his antagonist. However, it was now too late, and he dismissed the idea with the reflection that even had he thought of it before he could have with difficulty found trustworthy accomplices. About half-past seven he set out for the meeting that he promised himself. The gloom of the day had in no way abated and it was already quite dark. What

he had overheard of Mr. Murray's conversation with Greet suggested the river ferry to him as an advisable place, and there, about eight o'clock, he commenced to wait. The match was to be played at 9.30, and the doors were not open to the public till half-an-hour before that time, so he judged it quite certain that Mr. Murray would start for the theatre some time between eight and nine. The loneliness of the place lent horror to the storm, but Mr. Dryden cared little for the drenching rain or the flaming lightning as he staggered against the wind to keep his post by the ferry. Some twenty minutes had gone when a vivid flash lit the surrounding scene into half-a-minute's uncanny radiance, and he saw the figure of a man detach itself from the black shadow of the houses and come to the top of the river bank. Then all was dark again. The wind blew him the sound of a familiar voice shouting for the ferryman, and through the noise of the gale he seemed to recognise the rasping intonation of the Automaton's "Check." A lighted doorway gave up another figure carrying a lantern, and he could just see the two grope their way down the greasy flags that led to the boat. The tide was nearly at its lowest, and long oily rolls of mud sloped from the roadway on either side to where the last of the ebb hurried on its race to the sea. The power of the current made the crossing a long one, and he could only see the intermittent twinkle of the lantern through the rain. For a long way it moved slowly up the stream and then edged gradually back towards the opposite landing place. There was a grating noise, the chink of a coin, and Mr. Dryden saw the figure of a man that limped a little come laboriously up the difficult path. He waited in the shadow, and when Mr. Murray came full into the light of the lamp that marked the ferry-place, stepped forward and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Ah, Murray," he said, "we are well met; for though this evening brings us another meeting, I had rather I found you here. I have a matter to discuss with you."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the other, in a voice that shook with ill-

repressed astonishment. "You have made a mistake. I do not know you, nor is my name Murray. I beg you will excuse me, I am about a business that presses."

"Don't be foolish, Murray," said Mr. Dryden. "I tell you I recognise you; you've as much time as I have for a talk."

"Again, sir, I repeat that you are wrong," said the other. "I am not Murray, and your interference is impertinent. Good night."

"Oh, you aren't Murray, aren't you; you think to face it out!" said Mr. Dryden; "but I know you, you fraud. What about these?" And, making a rapid step forward, he caught at his companion's beard with both hands. It came away at once, jerking the spectacles with it. They fell and shattered on the pavement.

"Now are you Murray?" shouted Mr. Dryden in a voice of passion. "Damn you, you *shall* own it! I've found out all about you and the Automaton trick, and I've come here for a little business talk. If you'll only be sensible, we can soon come to terms."

"You have discovered my identity and you have me at a disadvantage," said Mr. Murray. "What do you want of me? Tell me quickly, for the time presses."

"There can be no match till I come, so you needn't hurry," said Mr. Dryden. "Listen. I must have that money, and it's just possible that you may beat me. I didn't come here to threaten, only to frighten you out of your play by discovering my knowledge. It was your refusal to acknowledge yourself that gave me the idea. Now here is my proposal. You let me win, and I say nothing; beat me, and I expose you. An exposure would cost you a lot more than the £2,000 you lose to me."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Mr. Murray; "you make a great mistake if you think you can bully me. I had known you, Mr. Dryden, as a gentleman of good manners and repute. I am sorry to find out my mistake. You may do your worst, prove the trick if you can. Now let me pass."

"You refuse then; well, you shan't go.



"THE FACE SHOWED WHITE ABOVE THE BLACK WATER"

Curse you, Murray, I must have the money. Don't struggle or I shall hurt you. Oh, you will, will you? Take that, then."

Swinging his heavily-mounted stick, he struck the old librarian a crushing blow behind the ear. The old man fell headlong, and, rolling over, came upon the mud slope. Down this he began to slide, gathering force as he went, till Mr. Dryden, who was watching, aghast at his action, saw the stream catch the feet and swing the whole body round into the river. For a second the face showed white above the black water. Then it was gone into the darkness.

For a short time Mr. Dryden stood thinking. He found to his astonishment that he knew no remorse. One

thought alone possessed him; that now he must win the match and the money. The conditions of the game distinctly stated that, should the figure make no move, the victory went to its opponent.

He gathered up his victim's hat, and the false beard, from where they lay on the ground, and stuffing the dripping hair into the hat, flung it out over the river. Then he turned and walked quickly towards the theatre.

Mr. Greet and Monsieur Roulain arrived at the theatre a few minutes only before the time appointed for the match. Roulain unlocked the door of the Green Room, which had been reserved for their private use, and they went in to find the Automaton ready seated in its chair. They both con-



cluded at once that Mr. Murray, as was his habit, had arrived earlier and was already concealed within the figure. Roulain contented himself with opening the outer panels, in order to make sure that his invention of mirrors revealed nothing to the public but the accustomed mass of machinery. When he was satisfied he rapped twice upon the back of the figure, and after a few seconds an answering knock came back to him. It was the signal he had arranged with Mr. Murray. Then, summoning two attendants, he had the Automaton wheeled on to the stage. Directly afterwards the curtain was raised, discovering to the audience, that thronged every corner of the house, the solitary figure of the Automaton in its chair. Mr. Greet stepped forward to its side, his comfortable figure resplendent in an evening suit that glittered with jewels, and after bowing unctuously in response to the plaudits that rang out, made a little speech in which he recapitulated briefly the conditions of the match. He finished with the usual invitation to the audience to come on the stage and examine the figure. This ceremony was quickly disposed of. People throughout the country had come to accept the mystery of the Automaton, and flocked to the performances merely as amateurs of a new sensation, without seeking to further probe the secret. Some score of folks, chiefly of the lower middle class, sought the nearer view that the stage afforded, and after Mr. Greet had courteously delayed the over-inquisitive fingers of a countryman from Clevedon, he retired, to appear again with Mr. Dryden.

Mr. Dryden, whom the action of the storm had reduced to a condition of unhealthy dampness, appeared in a spare suit of Mr. Greet's, which hung upon his angular figure in a succession of unexpected creases and folds. The audience, unprepared for this element of the grotesque, mingled their applause with a ripple of merriment; but Mr. Dryden, in whom the conflicting emotions of triumph and fear waged an incessant battle, was entirely unconscious of any influence outside his own brain. He bowed to the house and cast a look

of surveyal across the floor and round the tiers. In a box that overlapped by some feet on to the stage, sat Mr. Druce, a little hidden by a fold of curtain, the ample contour of his face creased into a twinkle of expectant merriment. Mr. Dryden paid him a mechanical salute and then became conscious of Mr. Greet's voice proffering an introduction to two gentlemen of the press who were to occupy seats upon the stage. He shook hands with the politeness of habit and sat down amid a silence of attention, so great, that the concerted breathing of the audience came upon his ear with a distinct and regular ebb and flow of sound.

The mood of simple curiosity with which former spectators had watched the Automaton's triumphs was on this occasion changed to an intense fervour of interest that threatened in many cases to lapse into hysteria. When on former occasions competitors had climbed the platform, like yokels at a village fair sheepishly certain of defeat from the professional wrestler, the public had speculated pleasantly on the probable duration of the contest, and been content to laugh and wonder at the unusual spectacle. But this was no matter of a lightly-accepted challenge, or of an end which admitted of no serious contemplation. Here were two thousand pounds a side at issue, and the picked chess player of England set down to do battle for fame and fortune against the all-conquering intelligence of the wooden sphinx.

Mr. Dryden sat, his wrists resting lightly upon the edge of the table, gazing intently into the calm features of his lifeless *vis-à-vis*.

The thing was immeasurably unpleasant.

Little attempt had been made to conceive more than the roughest image of man. The forehead sloped backwards, and the long crooked nose that rose above thin tight-set lips and a hard chin had a flavour of the American Indian, while the whole aspect of the morose, seated figure, one arm clasped to the body and one poised forwards with half-bent elbow, conveyed a haunting suggestion of some hawk-faced god of Babylon. A cold sweat came over Mr.



Dryden's brow as his nervous fingers stretched over the chessmen, for he was to make the first move. The full disaster of his affairs was unpleasantly real in his mind, and something burning seemed to press on the back of his eyes. Then the scene on the picture-sheet of his brain shifted to the ferryside, and as he saw again the tide catch the body of Mr. Murray and whirl it out to sea, self-recovery came to him at once. He straightened his arm and advanced a pawn upon the board. As he did so the familiar click of the released mechanism of the stop-watch, brought an aspect of custom, and he sat back in his chair in the tranquil knowledge that the end of the time limit would find the Automaton still motionless, and the wager his. Behind it, at a little distance, sat Greet, in a like comfortable confidence, while the two pressmen, their bodies bent forward, their hands clasped between their knees, brought near to Mr. Dryden the air of intense excitement that hushed the silent hundreds at his side. The stop-watch had marked four minutes when there was a creaking noise in the Automaton. First the shoulder and then the elbow began to move, and to Mr. Dryden's unspeakable horror the pincers of the hand unclasped, and, poising for a moment, clipped the Queen's Pawn and rapidly moved it forwards. The murderer's face grew ashen grey with fear, his eyes blinked rapidly and his heart stood still.

His first thought was that Murray was not, after all, the guiding spirit of the Automaton, that he had killed an inoffensive man for no reason. He heard again the dull sound of breaking bone, and the sucking noise of the rolling body on the mud. He could think of nothing else, till the far-away voice of the umpire, announcing that four minutes had gone, pricked his brain into a little consciousness. He hastily stretched out his hand and made a rapid, unconsidered move. As he did so his fingers came for a brief moment in contact with the iron paw of the Automaton, and at the moment of touching he knew who his adversary was. He felt so strange and terrible a message flash to his brain that his whole body became cold and rigid in a moment.



"MR. GREET NOTICED SOMETHING STRANGE IN MR. DRYDEN'S ATTITUDE"

He could not keep his eyes from the lens-like eyes of his adversary, and he felt rather than saw the intelligence that looked out at him, for he knew he was playing with no earthly opponent.

He made another disastrous and hurried move. Then the head of the Automaton trembled, the lips parted, and it said "Check" loudly and distinctly. The voice was Mr. Murray's voice.

At the end of the five minutes Mr. Greet noticed something strange in Mr. Dryden's attitude. Going hastily up to him, he saw his eyes were wide open but without sight, and when he touched his hand it was cold and stiff. Mr. Dryden was quite dead. The curtain fell, and they carried the body to the green room, while in a terror-stricken silence the vast crowd left the theatre. Their last footsteps were still echoing on the other side of the curtain when Greet and Roulain came back to the stage. The doctors and attendants were trying to restore the body of Mr. Dryden in the little room at the back. Greet opened the panel of the figure and called in hoarse, agitated tones to Mr. Murray to come out. There was no answer, and Roulain fetched a candle and they looked into the hollow in surprise. There was no one there!

## Valuable Pets

WRITTEN BY GLENAVON. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**S**OONER or later most of us fall victims to the fascinations of some kind of hobby, and a hobby, if not over-ridden, is often a source of much pleasure to ourselves and perhaps to others also. At the present time live-stock hobbies are the fashion. Keeping valuable pets, breeding and exhibiting pedigree cats, dogs, cattle or canaries, as the case may be, has become much more general than formerly, and many ladies devote a considerable amount of time and money to the cult of some particular creature, which they endeavour by dint of careful selection of stock to bring to a state bordering on perfection. To possess what is termed "a flyer" is the darling ambition of many a feminine soul.

And, from the point of view of a genuine lover of animals, this tendency on the part of our society leaders to take up some particular "fancy" must be regarded with favour, for undoubtedly it will do much to ameliorate the lot of many a so-called pet by the introduction of a commendable spirit of emulation amongst owners.

Contrast, for instance, the fate of some poor canary imprisoned in a tiny, dirty cage—kept "to amuse the children," and actually dying by inches from neglect or ignorance, or both—with the pet of a fancier. While the former is hung up in a draught, with a drop of stagnant water to relieve its thirst, and for food a meagre supply of stale "mixed" seeds, half of which are positively injurious to its constitution, the slim bright-plumaged bird of the man who means to win first and special at the next local show, is well cared for; it enjoys the luxury of a daily bath, a wholesome and liberal

diet of properly selected seeds, varied by plenty of lettuce, water-cress, ground-sel and fruit. The owner of this canary has taken the trouble to read up the subject of cage-birds, with the result that his favourite leads a happy, because healthy, existence, and is moreover a source of profit to him. Many a well-known fancier of poultry, cats, or canaries belongs to the working class, and has taken up a live-stock hobby by way of amusement in his leisure hours. And there is so much chance about breeding that sometimes a winner is produced from parents whose cost has been but trifling. I was told that a certain successful cat-fancier in Bath purchased his first Tom for the ridiculous sum of two shillings; so there is hope for all. On the other hand, very large sums of money have been paid for furred and feathered favourites; £70 was given, I believe, for a famous Norwich crested canary, "King of Champions," and Dr. Martin paid £40 for "Prince of Wales," another crested bird. £20 has actually been refused for a canary only four months old! It is, perhaps, needless to add that these are merely fancy prices; one might purchase a perfect canary for £5. Exorbitant prices are the result of keen professional rivalry.

"Taking one consideration with another," a pussy's life, like that of the policeman in the song, is "not a very happy one" as a rule. Tormented by boys, chased by dogs, neglected by its owner, many a poor cat comes at last to a miserable end. The wanton cruelty of leaving puss to starve when the family goes out of town after the season is only one example of the kind of treatment our "movable mousetraps" receive at the hands of people who presumably

consider themselves *human* beings. The organisation of cat shows at the Palace and elsewhere, and Lady Marcus Beresford's Cat Club, must surely have accomplished something on pussy's behalf, if only by showing to cat-owners the latent possibilities of their pets.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, when cat shows were in their infancy and when pedigree pussies were comparatively rare, Mrs. Drummond, of Weston, Bath, began to breed Persians, and her "Silver Prince" and "Silver Princess" were the progenitors of many a prize-winner. Mrs. Drummond (now Mrs. Frost) still lives in Bath, but she rarely shows her pets. Silver tabbies are in great request and fetch good prices. Several of Mrs. Frost's kittens, after changing hands, have distinguished themselves on the show bench. "Corridor Tom," a Bath celebrity, deserves to be introduced to the readers of this magazine. He was—for, alas! he has joined the majority—a very popular character. He belonged to Mrs. Overton, who for many years had a toy-shop in the Corridor. "Tom" was a huge tabby, very handsomely marked and extremely dignified in appearance. His favourite seat was the back of a big rocking-horse, from which point of vantage he solemnly regarded the entrance and exit of the customers. Children were more delighted with the "real pussy" than with the tempting array of playthings around, and as may be imagined he received enough admiration to turn the head of any cat. Mrs. Overton refused an offer of £10 10s. for her pet, which now lies buried in the pretty garden of his mistress's private residence. "Corridor Tom" is by no means forgotten, though he has now been dead many years. Dozens of his portraits have been sold, and people revisiting Bath often call at the shop (now Barleys') to enquire for their old friend, and are grieved to hear of his demise.

All live-stock keepers are agreed in the opinion that pets require light, air, space, exercise, perfect cleanliness and proper feeding, if they are to be healthy and beautiful. No one should keep creatures unless they are prepared to treat them kindly.



*From Photo by ERIESE GREENE*

I don't know of any better cared for animals than those belonging to Miss Acton, an only daughter, who lives with her father at Limpley Stoke—one of the prettiest spots on the Somersetshire Avon. Miss Acton has an existence which would appear idyllic to most girls. She has pets galore, from a handsome high-mettled hunter called "King Tom," down to Belgian hares and poultry. Belgian hares are very fashionable pets just now, and £25 is not considered an out-of-the-way price for a good buck. Miss Acton has for some years been a breeder, and occasionally an exhibitor of old English bob-tailed sheep-dogs. The one whose portrait has been taken with her mistress in the accompanying photo is "Nellie Grey"; she is a perfect beauty, and though shown only five times has gained six firsts, a championship, a premiership, and many special prizes. There are several other sheep-dogs, of which my own particular chum is "Lady Hearts-

ease," who has the gentlest and most affectionate manners imaginable, and is of that blue merle colour which is so much admired. Two of these dogs always accompany Miss Acton to church, waiting patiently outside till the end of the service. Her latest triumph has been the hand-rearing of two piglets, which, the litter being unusually large, were to have been destroyed. Day and night they were fed every hour with warm milk out of a

attacked Miss Acton's dogs, and though she sat up for ten nights with her favourites, and had two veterinary surgeons in attendance, only one of the six patients survived, and she estimates her monetary loss at £50.

Some of the finest deerhounds in England belong to Mrs. Davis. "Champion Wulphilda," whose portrait is given, is a grand animal and was bred at Winsley, where until quite recently Major and Mrs. Davis resided.



MISS ACTON AND NELLIE GREY

*From Photo by LAMBERT & LAMBERT*

baby's bottle. Eventually they grew quite fat and were sold for eleven shillings apiece. Miss Acton lives close to the river, and keeps a boat called the "Peppermint," in which she constantly takes expeditions, with the dogs racing along the banks beside her. Not long ago a terrible epidemic of distemper, which was raging in the neighbourhood,

They are both devoted to their big pets, which, however, are extremely well-mannered and accustomed to be in the house. As many as three of these fine dogs make their appearance at afternoon tea, and visitors are always delighted with them. "Wulphilda" is an excellent example of what is most popular on the show bench to-day. Deerhounds are



"CHAMPION WULPHILDA"

From Photo by LAMBERT & LAMBERT

so very dignified in appearance that one inevitably pictures them as lying before the wide hearth-place of a baronial hall, or pacing the terraced walks of my lady's garden, so it is irresistibly mirth-provoking to see one of Mrs. Davis's pets sitting in a rather small armchair, in which cramped position the long-limbed creature looks very grotesque.

Another lady who has been devoted to pets from her babyhood, and is well able to indulge in her various live-stock hobbies is Mrs. Hebe Carthew, of Vastern Manor, Wootton Bassett, Wilts. Her portrait is here reproduced, and that of her favourite hunter, "Tally-ho," a beautiful mare for which she has refused 300 guineas. Mrs. Carthew belongs to a family (the Bedwells) who for generations have been associated with all forms of outdoor sport. When only three years old she was mounted on a big hunter called "Kitty." When ten years old she was given a horse of her own, which was afterwards well known in many a hard-run field as "Beeswing." At twelve she made her début as a dog-owner, having purchased with her own pocket money the Irish terrier registered as "Rugby Vic." Deerhounds and Dalmatians are the

breeds most favoured by Mrs. Carthew at the present time, and she has been very successful with both. A visit to the stables and kennels at Vastern is a great treat to any one who loves animals. I went over there in July, and saw amongst other favourites a beautiful silver roan hackney called "Cigarette," and her foal "Queen Bee." Anything more entirely fascinating than the latter at the age of six months it would be difficult to imagine. These beautiful pets have Arab blood in them, "Cigarette's" sire, "Sunshine," is still being used as a polo pony in India, though seventeen years of age!

Mrs. Oliphant, of Chatley House, Norton St. Philip, makes bloodhounds her speciality, but she has also some good bull-dogs. No doubt one re-

quires to be educated up to bull-dogs; personally I admire them immensely. There is no pleasanter way of spending an afternoon than being taken by Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant on a tour of inspection to the stables, kennels and farmyard at Chatley, where, besides horses and dogs, a herd of Jersey cattle, poultry, pigeons, and ducks are each and all worthy of notice. Some of my readers may remember that at the bloodhound trials, at Ravenscar, in the autumn of 1898, which attracted so much attention in sporting circles, Mrs. Oliphant's two dogs, "Chatley Regent" and "Chatley Consort," won the "brace stakes," and the former won also "single hounds free," thus gaining two out of three prizes offered. Mrs. Oliphant has issued an open challenge to match two of her puppies in a similar contest with any other hounds in England, but the challenge has not been taken up.

Man-hunting trials are extremely interesting to all sportsmen and sportswomen. The method is as follows: A man is sent across country (often he is a perfect stranger to the hounds); when the scent is from two to five hours old, as the case may be, one hound (or more) is set on to the trail, and eventually tracks him to his hiding place. Inasmuch as these



contests bring out the sagacity of the hounds, without even the sacrifice of an unfortunate fox, they appeal to many persons who have but little sympathy with sport as a rule.

Of course, to bring hounds into such perfect working order as "Chatley Regent" and his kennel companions, involves a very great deal of care in training. Mrs. Oliphant's puppies are

tures, with their serious, not to say melancholy expression, and their wrinkled brows. They are quite the reverse of ferocious, allowing visitors to pet them (at all events when their mistress is at hand to vouch for the stranger's respectability). They are very fond of Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant and also of the keeper. When they track the latter, he generally rewards them by



MRS. HEBE CARTHEW ON HER FAVOURITE HUNTER "TALLY-HO"

*From Photo by H. WILKINSON*

sent out, of course, with older hounds, at the early age of four months, to learn their work. Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant spend much of their time with these animals, sometimes taking all the bloodhounds out (and at the present time there are twenty-four of them) before breakfast. They are very swift; in fact the horses are generally more tired than they after the morning run. There is something very attractive about these crea-

a piece of biscuit from his pocket, "just to show there is no ill-feeling."

A bloodhound pup is worth from £7. 7s. to £12. 12s., and Mrs. Oliphant has but little difficulty in disposing of her surplus stock. Mrs. Oliphant's little daughter, aged six, knows no fear of anything on the place; she has a spaniel of her own, which has been her constant and faithful companion ever since she was in long clothes, when the

dog took a most extraordinary liking to her. The Jersey cattle owned by Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant are not exhibited; but I had the pleasure of seeing two very beautiful Jersey cows at Glynde, Sussex, not long ago, which belong to Admiral the Honourable T. S. Brand.

"Joyful Girl" was imported from the island; she took £35 in prize money and a gold cup, value £10, for her owner in one day at Tring Park, and another very valuable cow, called "Rose of Sharon," has been exhibited twelve times, and has gained no less than fifteen prizes, including the Blythwood Bowl; so that

even the useful dairy cow may become not only a thing of beauty but also a cherished pet.

Many ladies own and exhibit Jersey and other kinds of cattle, and after a time often become experienced judges of stock. That women should take an intelligent interest in the welfare of all animals is most desirable, but any tendency to adopt "horsey" dress and manners should be sternly repressed. Knowledge has indeed been dearly bought if in its acquisition one jot or tittle of a woman's innate refinement and grace has been lost.



## TO A LADY, WITH A PRESENT OF FLOWERS

(TWO SONNETS FROM RONSARD)

## I.

WHEN old, by tapers' flare and faggots' glow  
You'll hum my rhymes at evening as you wind  
The wool, and, marvelling, call old times to mind,  
Saying, "Ronsard sang my beauty long ago."  
Then all your maidens, as they sit and sew,  
Drowsing or wrangling o'er each task assigned,  
Hearing my name, in whispers low and kind  
Will deathless praises on your name bestow.

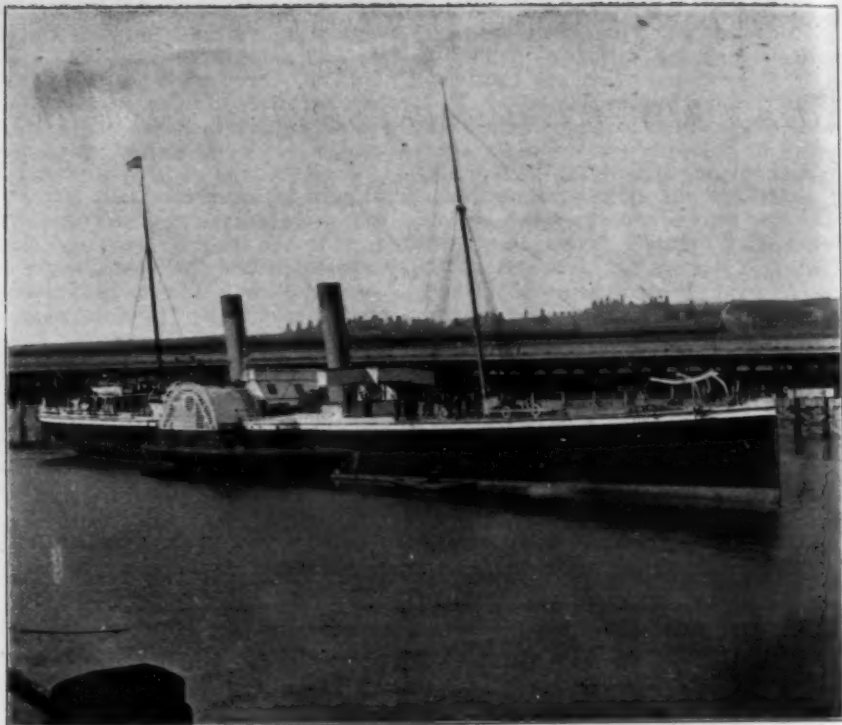
Then where the myrtles rustle I'll sleep forlorn,  
A shade, from laughter and love deep hidden away,  
While you, crouched o'er the fire, peaked, wizened and grey,  
Bewail the hour you met my love with scorn.  
Trust me, nor tarry till to-morrow morn,  
But garner up life's roses from to-day.

## II.

To you I send a posy wov'n of flowers  
New-blown, by mine own fingers chos'n with care.  
At evensong I culled them, lest the air  
Of early morn should slay them in their bowers.  
Learn thence how short the lapse of adverse hours  
Ere you, however young, however fair,  
Must view your charms, as buds the wind lays bare,  
Seared by the frosts of age, life's storms and showers.

For time flits ever, swallow-like, and leaves us  
Scant space for love. Nay! time lags, we—we go;  
A little while, and then the grave receives us.  
And once we're dead and buried, none may know  
More of this love which gladdens us, yet grieves us;  
Then, young and beauteous, love me while you're so.

J. J. ELLIS.



THE L. & N. W. RY. CO.'S STEAMER WHICH CONVEYED MR. TREE'S COMPANY BETWEEN HOLYHEAD AND DUBLIN ON THE OCCASION OF HIS RECORD TRIP FROM BALMORAL TO THE IRISH CAPITAL

## *How Theatrical Companies Travel*

WRITTEN BY D. T. TIMINS. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

THE man who is sinful enough to break the Sabbath by expending a penny upon the *Referee* will find in that paper a column headed "On the Road." The contents thereof will most probably strike him at first sight as being uninteresting, for they are nothing more nor less than a list of journeys to be made on the day in question by various theatrical touring companies, together with a record of the

trains, special or otherwise, by which these companies propose to travel.

But of the stupendous amount of work involved in the arrangement of their journeys, and of the importance of theatrical traffic from a railway point of view, he has probably no idea.

Naturally those actors and actresses who play more or less regularly at the great London theatres are especially "in the public eye," but they represent a very small section of "the profession."

The great bulk of players are members of various touring companies, ranging in importance from "the original London Company, with full scenery and effects, from the Frivolity Theatre," down to the humble little "fit-up" troupe consisting of five or six players, who will give a tragedy, a farce, and a comic opera all at the same performance.

It must be stated at the outset that at least 99 per cent of theatrical touring companies travel every Sunday during the whole of their tour. Let us suppose that we have booked dates at a series of provincial theatres for the appearance of the company we have engaged to tour with that "gigantic London success" entitled "Till the Crack of Doom."

Of course, we have tried to so arrange matters that the various towns we visit shall come in regular geographical order, but it is by no means possible to do so in every case. Be that as it may, we hand in a list of the places we propose to visit to the theatrical traffic manager of the line we elect to honour with our patronage. That gentleman will arrange for all the journeys, both over his own and other companies' lines, issue a specially printed set of tickets which will embrace the whole of the tour from start to finish, and quote the average fare to be paid weekly. This fare will be at the rate of three-fourths of the sum payable by ordinary travellers, provided our troupe consists of not less than ten persons, whilst each member of it will be allowed to take 1½ cwt. of luggage free of charge. (The same privileges are extended to music-hall artistes travelling in parties of not less than five between two given points.) If we are either a very important or a very numerous company, the theatrical traffic manager will arrange for us to retain the use of one special train throughout the whole of our tour. *A propos* of the foregoing it may be remarked that certain actors invariably travel by certain lines. For instance, Sir Henry Irving always journeys with his company by the London and North-Western; George Alexander by the Midland; and so on. Companies of this class are provided with special trains, which usually consist of a drawing-room, saloon and sleeping car for the use of the principals, and

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|    |                                                                                                                                                                      |
|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 00 | N. E. RY.<br>EAST LYNNE COMPANY.<br>On or before March 21st, 1899.<br>Newcastle-on-Tyne, York, and London.<br>One Passenger. THIRD CLASS.<br>Issued by G.E.E.        |
| 00 | N. E. RY.<br>EAST LYNNE COMPANY.<br>On or before March 21st, 1899.<br>Huddersfield, Manchester, and London.<br>One Passenger. THIRD CLASS.<br>Issued by G.E.E.       |
| 00 | CAL. RY.<br>EAST LYNNE COMPANY.<br>On or before March 21st, 1899.<br>Sheffield & Huddersfield.<br>One Passenger. THIRD CLASS.<br>Issued by G.E.E.                    |
| 00 | HIGHLAND RY.<br>EAST LYNNE COMPANY.<br>On or before March 21st, 1899.<br>Liverpool to Glasgow & N. W. S.<br>One Passenger. THIRD CLASS.<br>Issued by G.E.E.          |
| 00 | N. E. RY.<br>EAST LYNNE COMPANY.<br>On or before April 1st, 1899.<br>Aberdeen, Glasgow, and London.<br>One Passenger. THIRD CLASS.<br>Issued by G.E.E.               |
| 00 | N. E. RY.<br>EAST LYNNE COMPANY.<br>On or before April 1st, 1899.<br>Glasgow to London (Change Train).<br>One Passenger. THIRD CLASS.<br>Issued by G.E.E.            |
| 00 | O. A. & G. S. RY.<br>EAST LYNNE COMPANY.<br>On or before April 1st, 1899.<br>Glasgow (Change Train) to Leicester.<br>One Passenger. THIRD CLASS.<br>Issued by G.E.E. |
| 00 | G. N. RY.<br>EAST LYNNE COMPANY.<br>On or before April 1st, 1899.<br>Leicester & Rugby Cross.<br>One Passenger. THIRD CLASS.<br>Issued by G.E.E.                     |
| 00 | G. N. RY.<br>EAST LYNNE COMPANY.<br>On or before May 1st, 1899.<br>King's Cross to Sheffield.<br>One Passenger. THIRD CLASS.<br>Issued by G.E.E.                     |
| 00 | M. & S. L. RY.<br>EAST LYNNE COMPANY.<br>On or before May 1st, 1899.<br>Sheffield to Hull.<br>One Passenger. THIRD CLASS.<br>Issued by G.E.E.                        |
| 00 | N. F. RY.<br>EAST LYNNE COMPANY.<br>On or before May 1st, 1899.<br>Hull to London.<br>One Passenger. THIRD CLASS.<br>Issued by G.E.E.                                |

SET OF TICKETS

a family saloon for the other members of the company. Sarah Bernhardt—who gives a good deal of trouble, but



pays well for doing so—is furnished by the Midland Company with a specially fitted up series of cars called the "Palace Car Train," in the composition of which the Prince of Wales's saloons are used.

Sir Henry Irving's company is one of the largest of the touring combinations, numbering usually ninety persons, whilst he requires eleven trucks for the conveyance of his scenery. Among other very large troupes may be mentioned the Carl Rosa Opera Company, who travel 100 strong; the Royal Italian Opera Company of 132 artists; and the Moody-Manners Opera Company, which consists of 80 performers. The largest company ever conveyed by rail was, however, the one engaged for the production of Oscar Barrett's "Cinderella" pantomime, at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross. The entire troupe, consisting of 144 actors and actresses, was transported to Hull in two special trains, seventeen truck-loads of scenery and dresses being also carried.

In former days theatrical companies were only allowed to travel by slow trains, and neither sleeping nor dining cars were ever provided for them. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Fast special expresses, offering the most luxurious accommodation, are now the rule rather than the exception where the votaries of Thespis are concerned. In cases in which the journey is a long one, and it is not practicable to run a dining car, the railway company always arrange through their Hotel Department for the special opening of the refreshment rooms at suitable points *en route*. Which fact is reminiscent of a dog story.

During the stoppage of a theatrical special in Peterborough Station, an actor descended therefrom and proceeded to the buffet, accompanied by his dog. When "Take your seats, gentlemen, please!" resounded along the platform, Ponto was nowhere to be found, and after making a thorough search, thereby greatly delaying the train, his owner was compelled to go on without him. Just as the train was leaving the station, however, the dog appeared, and rushed off down the line in pursuit of the fast-disappearing carriages. His master saw him, and

upon reaching King's Cross immediately caused the following advertisement to be printed and circulated:—

"£1 REWARD!

"LOST!

"A black and white fox terrier in or near Peterborough Station (G.N.R.). Last seen following the 5.15 p.m. Great Northern train to London." (!)

It is satisfactory to know that the actor safely recovered his pet next day.

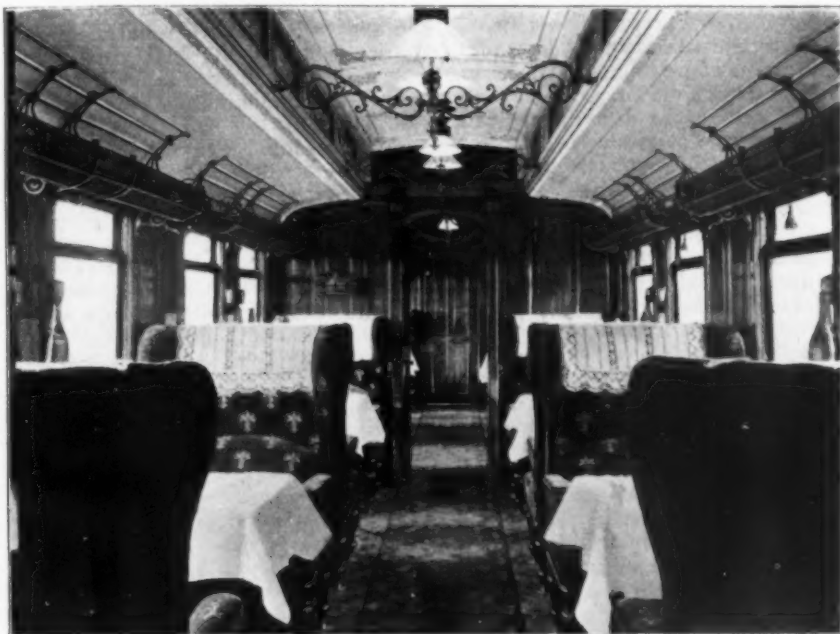
The conveyance of touring companies is now an exceedingly important item in the railway traffic returns. In arranging the working time table the railway companies endeavour as far as possible to utilise their ordinary service for the theatrical traffic—indeed the new Sunday express trains to the North, which are regularly run by the North-Western, Midland, Great Northern, and Great Eastern Companies, are an outcome of their efforts in this direction. But it is quite impossible to provide sufficient accommodation without introducing special trains, and the number of the latter has increased enormously of late years. Taking an average Sunday in the busy season, *i.e.*, between the August Bank Holiday and the second week in December, we find that the Great Northern now convey from 50 to 60 companies over various parts of their system in from twenty to twenty-five special trains, figures which show an increase of 40 per cent. over those for a similar Sunday in 1890. Again, upon the London and North-Western Railway the theatrical traffic has more than quadrupled itself since 1892, an average of 114 companies now travelling every Sunday in thirty-six trains. In 1897 they carried 60,000 theatrical passengers and 2,000 truck-loads of scenery, exclusive of horse boxes. The Midland, too, are called upon to provide accommodation upon the same day for from 60 to 65 troupes of mummers, requiring from twenty-four to twenty-seven trains for their conveyance, and can boast of an increase in their theatrical traffic of 50 per cent. in the last two years. The "record" of the last-named company for a single Sunday stands at thirty-two

trains, which transported no fewer than 50 different companies.

The Southern companies, by reason of the comparative smallness of their respective systems, cannot hope to rival the above figures; but nevertheless, the London and South-Western Railway find it necessary to provide accommodation for from 25 to 26 companies every Sunday, as against for from 5 to 6 on the same day ten years ago. Upon a recent Sunday the 11

busiest "exchange" stations for theatrical traffic. It is not at all an uncommon thing to see as many as from 14 to 20 companies, all bound for different destinations, in either of these stations simultaneously. Many are the unexpected meetings, the renewals of former friendships, and the partings for aye which take place all unexpectedly at junction stations every Sunday.

The railway companies find it necessary to employ a special depart-



INTERIOR OF G. N. R. FIRST CLASS DINING CAR USED BY SOME THEATRICAL COMPANIES FOR JOURNEYS TO AND FROM SCOTLAND

a.m. train ex Waterloo, due into Exeter at 5.30 p.m., consisted of 22 coaches, 7 trucks of baggage, and 12 horse boxes. Besides ordinary passengers, 160 actors and actresses travelled by it, belonging respectively to Ben Greet's "Sign of the Cross" Company, "The Prisoner of Zenda" Company, Bateman's "From Scotland Yard" Company, and Arundel's Circus Troupe.

Crewe and Derby are by far the

mental traffic manager, with a staff of clerks under him (whose office is attached to that of the superintendent of the line), in order to deal satisfactorily with the theatrical traffic.

And most admirably are all the arrangements carried out, though the journeys performed by some troupes are calculated to turn the hair of the most hardened railway official white in a single night. For instance, Miss Fortescue's Company made the follow-

ing nice little trips, amongst many others.

Consecutive Journeys { Jersey to Douglas (Isle of Man).  
Douglas to Folkestone (via Liverpool), not leaving Douglas until Monday morning and performing in Folkestone the same night.

Clacton to Llandudno.

Southampton to Liverpool (via Waterloo.)

Plymouth to Aberdeen.

Amongst other examples of long and difficult journeys may be cited those of the "Tom, Dick and Harry" Company, from Whitehaven to Folkestone, and from Eastbourne to Cork; of Mr. E. Lockwood's "La Poupée" Company, from Ramsgate to Jersey; and of Mr. George Edwardes' "Circus Girl" Company, from Cork to Bristol. The last does not sound a very long trip, but as there are no boats between Cork and Milford on Saturday or Sunday nights, the company were compelled to travel from Cork to Dublin, to cross from Dublin to Holyhead, and then to proceed to their destination via Crewe, Hereford, and the Severn Tunnel!

Small wonder is it that upon journeys as complicated as the above a truck-load of scenery should now and again go astray, and that the "Guilty Glue Pot" Tragedy Company should find to their dismay that they have exchanged their own scenery and wardrobe for that of the "Miss Park Paling's" Musical Comedy Company. But there are astonishingly few instances of anything of the kind actually happening, though perhaps one or two of those few are worth relating.

When Miss Ida Millar's "No Man's Land" Company was travelling from Exeter to Liverpool, a truck loaded with scenery went wickedly astray and turned up at Ipswich, of all places. It was with the utmost difficulty, and only by dint of frantic wiring and superhuman exertions on the part of the Railway Company, that the truant finally arrived at Liverpool in time for the opening performance.

George Edwardes' No. 1 "Circus

Girl" Company also had an unpleasant experience. They were travelling one Sunday by the 10 p.m. express from London to Edinburgh. Just north of Lancaster the discovery was made that one of the trucks of scenery had by some means or another caught fire. The train was obliged to run for another two miles before water could be obtained, and by that time the contents of the truck were completely incinerated. The manager of the No. 1 Company immediately wired to London, directing the scenery of the No. 2 Company (which fortunately had not yet left town) to be forwarded at once. It was duly despatched by the 5.15 a.m. newspaper train from Euston on the Monday morning, and reached Edinburgh at 3.5 p.m. the same afternoon. By dint of tremendous labour, the stage carpenters were just able to set it in time for the ringing up of the curtain.

A mishap no less awkward overtook John Douglas' "Dark Secret" Company whilst *en route* one Christmas Eve from Gateshead to Jersey. During the run between London and Southampton the glass tank used in the famous water scene was damaged. The mischief was not discovered until the company had arrived in Jersey, and the repairs were only completed within *ten minutes* of the time advertised for the commencement of the performance.

The members of the "Night Out" Company had a very narrow escape upon March 6th last. They were travelling from Exeter to Plymouth, and when nearing Tavistock the train suddenly left the rails, owing to some obstruction having been placed upon the line. Both driver and fireman courageously stuck to their posts and succeeded in bringing the train to a standstill. In spite of the fact that there were people in the carriage next to the engine, no one was seriously hurt, and the passengers presented testimonials to both driver and fireman, in recognition of their bravery.

As may well be supposed, theatrical touring has its humorous as well as its tragic side. Perhaps the following anecdote is one of the best of the many good stories told of adventures which have befallen actors whilst on their travels.

At a certain station a newly appointed

and zealous ticket collector compelled an actor to pay excess fare because the latter had not taken a ticket for a small and very fluffy dog, which was accompanying him on his travels. The Thespian straightway swore to be avenged, and he had not long to wait for his opportunity. It so happened that the next time he travelled over that line it was in the company of a well-known ventriloquist. They provided themselves with a stuffed dog's head, and as the train slowed up at the ticket-taking station, the actor held the head out of the window whilst the ventriloquist caused it seemingly to bark loudly. The head was then withdrawn and quietly disposed of in a great-coat pocket.

When the collector reached the compartment in which the two conspirators were seated, he immediately demanded a dog-ticket, and was met by a polite query as to why such a thing was necessary, seeing that there was no member of the canine species present. A heated argument ensued, which ended in much taking of names and addresses, and a delay to the train of twenty-five minutes. However, the real facts of the case leaked out somehow and the railway company, wisely decided to let the matter drop.

And now one word as to the speed at which theatrical specials travel. They have accomplished some of the smartest runs recorded in railway history, a state of affairs for which the fashion of giving "flying matinées" of London successes in provincial towns, during the actual metropolitan run of the pieces, is to a great extent responsible. The one thing that made this possible was the introduction of dining-cars, though the "flying matinée" is fast dying out of fashion, doubtless owing to the increased number of provincial theatres now in existence. The biggest thing of the kind ever attempted was the conveyance of Messrs. Morrell & Mouillot's "A Woman's Reason" Company (which included Mrs. Tree and Lewis Waller) from Euston to Manchester for a matinée in the latter city, and back again in time for the evening performance in town. Whilst travelling to Manchester the company "made-up" in the train. The return

trip of 183½ miles was accomplished in four hours, by a special train consisting of a dining-car, a drawing-room car and two brake thirds. The inclusive speed on the up journey was 45·8 miles per hour.

Arthur Bouchier was the most indefatigable of the "matinateurs." During the run of the "Chili Widow" in London, he gave afternoon performances of that play in Birmingham, Portsmouth, and Bournemouth, amongst other towns. From the last-named place the return journey of 108 miles was accomplished in 2 hours 8 minutes, inclusive of a stop at Pokesdown. This time was, however, equalled by the train which conveyed Charles Hawtrey's Company upon the occasion of his giving a flying matinée at the same place during the London run of "The Saucy Sally."

The Midland once did a very smart piece of work by bringing Richter's Orchestra from Liverpool (Central) to London (St. Pancras), a distance of 220½ miles in 4 hours 35 minutes. The train left Liverpool at 6.30 p.m. and steamed into St. Pancras at 11.5 p.m. When the difficult nature of the road is taken into consideration, this feat must be given a prominent position in the records of smart railway work.

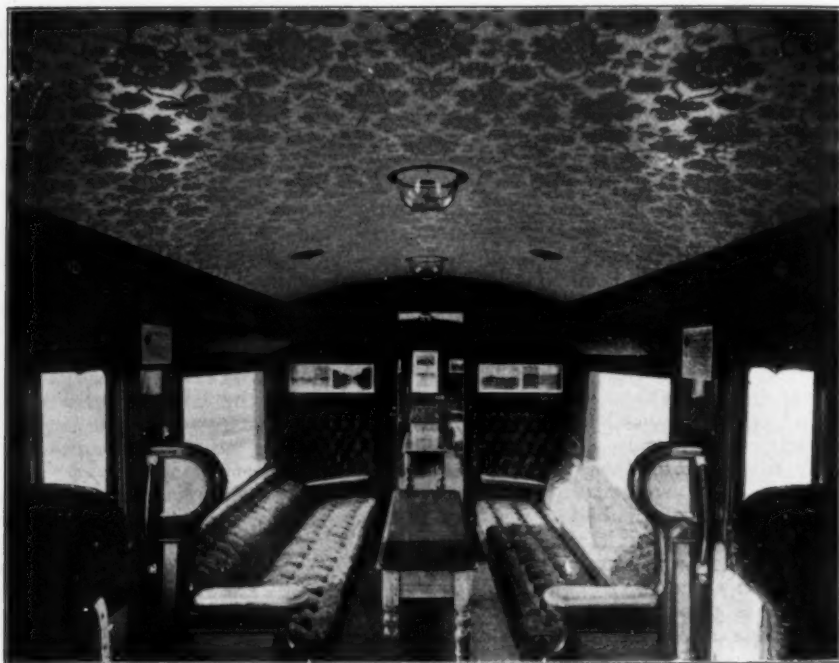
Nor have the Great Northern been behindhand in furnishing examples of quick running with heavy loads. Upon the occasion of the opening of the new theatre at Cambridge, Beerbohm Tree's Company gave the first performance therein, travelling from King's Cross by the ordinary service and returning by a special with dining-cars attached. This was an exceedingly heavy train, but nevertheless left Cambridge at 5.15 p.m. and made the run of 58 miles to King's Cross in 1 hour 15 minutes, in spite of the great reduction in speed necessary whilst approaching and passing Hitchin.

But perhaps the palm for feats of this description must be awarded to the London & North-Western. It happened thus. Beerbohm Tree, having arranged to open in Dublin on a certain date, which had been booked of course several months in advance, found himself suddenly called upon to give a "command" performance at Balmoral, upon the night preceding the one



chosen by him for his first appearance in the Irish capital. He was very loth to disappoint his Dublin audience, and instructed his manager to find out if it would not be possible to reach the Emerald Isle by some means or other in time to ring up the curtain at the advertised hour. The "command" performance was to take place on a Monday, and Mr. Tree was due in Dublin the next day. His manager wired the North-Western Company's theatrical traffic agent at 9.30 a.m. on

to make a start. Even then the loading of one of the trucks with scenery and dresses was not completed, and this vehicle was obliged to follow later, picking up the special at Aberdeen. The train arrived in Aberdeen 1 hour and 28 minutes late, and was there further delayed by the necessary shunting operations. In spite of every effort being made by the railway officials it was 4.8 p.m. on Tuesday afternoon before the special steamed into Holyhead, and it looked well-nigh



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Saturday to know whether the matter could possibly be arranged, and received a reply at midnight to the effect that the railway company would undertake to land Mr. Tree in Dublin at the required time.

It was accordingly arranged for a special train to leave Ballater for Holyhead at 12.55 midnight, but the members of Tree's Company were detained at Balmoral for supper until long after 1.0 a.m., and it was not until 3.5 a.m. that the special was able

impossible for the company to reach Dublin in time. (It must be borne in mind that this was before the advent of the new mail steamers.) A special boat was in readiness, and every member of the company turned to and worked like a Trojan in assisting the porters to transfer the baggage and scenery from the train to the steamer. So quickly was this done that, incredible though it sounds, the vessel was actually under way by 4.15. Up to this point all the



actors and actresses had been compelled to travel in their evening clothes, having had no place in which to change them since leaving Balmoral.

The steamer reached Dublin (North Wall) at 8.15 p.m. English time, which is 7.50 p.m. Irish time, the company drove straight to the theatre, and the curtain was rung up punctually at 8.30.

Among other quick journeys worth recording may be noted one made by the "La Poupée" Company from Ramsgate to Southampton via Waterloo Junction (S.E.R.) and Waterloo (L. & S.W.R.), 164 miles. Ramsgate, depart 7 p.m. Southampton, arrive 11.15 p.m.

Another fast piece of travelling was accomplished by Lancaster's "Private Secretary" Company. They left Guernsey by the ordinary 10 a.m. boat and began the performance in Bournemouth at 7 p.m. the same evening.

But if theatrical touring is hard work for the popular actor or actress in the receipt of a high salary and able to command every luxury and comfort whilst travelling, what must it be for the members of the humble little "fit-up" companies who visit the smaller towns and villages and play opera, comedy, tragedy, or anything else you like to name, to 1s. 6d. stalls? There is a world of pathos in the story told to us by a theatrical traffic manager when questioned as to the smallest company for which he had ever been called upon to arrange a tour. "They were a party of seven," he said. "They travelled from London to Blyth, Blyth to Merthyr, Merthyr to Uttoxeter, and then vanished! Their average fare only amounted to 30s. There are hundreds of such companies, and their members personate lords, ladies and millionaires on the stage, whilst they themselves in private life are often in want of food!"

We cannot conclude this article without some mention of the theatrical traffic manager himself, for his life is a very arduous one, and his duties and responsibilities are very heavy. Each week's work is complete in itself, and between Monday and Saturday he must arrange for the whole of the next Sunday's traffic. Very frequently he does not know exactly what accommodation he will be called upon to provide on any

given Sunday until the preceding Saturday morning, by reason of some companies not communicating their requirements until the last moment, or unexpectedly altering their plans. Then he must dovetail all the various journeys into each other so that the number of special trains is minimised, and those running in the ordinary service utilised as far as possible. He must, moreover, be ever on the watch for new companies or for companies whose movements are uncertain, in order that he may try and secure their patronage for the railway he represents. A very curious feature of theatrical traffic work is the enormous extent to which personal feeling enters into the matter. Actors notoriously blend their social and their business lives, and a theatrical manager in making a contract for the conveyance of his company during a tour is not so much concerned with the fact that a given railway offers him the shortest route, as with the personality of those members of its staff with whom he comes into contact. A theatrical traffic manager must be a resourceful, tactful and courteous man, as well as of strong character to resist the well meant but overwhelming hospitality which members of the dramatic profession are ever ready to extend to their friends. Moreover, he is obliged to travel about a great deal and to journey with any company who are making at all a difficult or a complicated trip, and this means that he spends quite half of his life in trains. He often works from 9 a.m. till 12 midnight, for he is unable to see many of his clients until after the theatres have closed.

The theatrical traffic manager often proves himself to be a man of many parts. One of these gentlemen, being possessed of a good ear, recently helped an unmusical manager to select a chorus! Upon another occasion the same gentleman made an involuntary appearance on the boards. It happened in this wise. Just before the performance commenced our friend was standing upon the stage, talking to the stage manager, when the curtain suddenly rose and they found themselves unwilling members of a street crowd, which rushed on for the opening scene!



# AN ECCENTRIC WILL

WRITTEN BY HELEN BODDINGTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK WRIGHT

## CHAPTER I.

**I** CONFESS I can't quite see why his name should be mentioned in connection with mine; I don't even know the man by sight, so that it is hardly likely I should wish to marry him," and Eleanor Monteith frowned and looked decidedly puzzled.

"And I am afraid I can't give you much enlightenment on the subject; I tried to persuade your uncle against putting the clause in the will, but he was inflexible. You say you have never set eyes on Arthur Drummond to your knowledge, and I don't believe your uncle had either, so that it could not have been a matter of personal dislike. It is certainly the most eccentric will I have ever drawn up," continued the old lawyer, glancing down at the sheet of parchment before him.

"It is more than eccentric," said the girl musingly. "But surely he must have known the man or at least something to his discredit?"

"No, I think not, but he knew his parents, and I fancy we should have to go back some fifty years or more to find the cause of your uncle's strange conduct. In his youth Arthur Drummond's father married the woman who was the intended wife of your uncle. Of course the woman was to blame as well as

Richard Drummond, but your uncle would not see this, and from that time forth the two men were deadly enemies. The Drummond estate is heavily mortgaged, and Sir Arthur Drummond, the only living representative of the family, is practically a poor man. No doubt your uncle knew this, and so, in case of your coming in contact with him, hoped to prevent a union which might possibly be based on mercenary motives. It is a case of visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children."

"And all this belongs to me," said the girl, as she glanced round the well furnished room, and out of the window across the broad expanse of park-like land; "all mine, at least until I marry Sir Arthur Drummond" with a smile, "and then it is mine no more. That is never likely to happen, so it will be mine for ever. It is a great change for me," she continued, and she bent a pair of earnest grey eyes on to the old lawyer, "from comparative poverty to untold wealth. It is a great responsibility, I hope you will help me, Mr. Poppleton."

"My dear young lady, whenever you require me I shall be at your service. But there is one thing in connection with the will that I have not mentioned. Your uncle placed in my hands a codicil, the contents of which are to transpire only in the case of your entering into a

marriage with Sir Arthur Drummond. This document," and he laid his hand on a sealed envelope, "discloses the name of the person to whom the estate and every penny of your uncle's money, which has just come into your possession reverts, in case of your contracting the aforesaid marriage. And now, my dear young lady, it only remains to me to wish you health and a long life to enjoy your good fortune," and so saying, the lawyer shook hands with his client and took his departure.

Eleanor Monteith sank into a chair, an amused smile playing round her lips. "Forbidden to marry a man whom I have never seen! Poor old Uncle, what a strange fad! But I must not complain; you have been good to me, very good, and if this Arthur Drummond should ever cross my path I must not lose my heart to him, that is very certain." She laughed a low, melodious laugh and then, because it sounded strange in that great silent room, her face became grave and troubled, and a mist rose before her eyes.

"I am so lonely, little mother; the riches have come, but you are not here to share them with me, and your love was worth so much more than all these.

## CHAPTER II.

"My dear Arthur, it seems to me that the only thing left for you to do is to marry a woman with money."

"Yes, that's the conclusion I've come to, my fair cousin, but where shall I find the woman with money who would care to marry a penniless chap like me? Heigh-ho! this is a weary world," and Arthur Drummond gazed moodily into space, as men have a habit of doing when their thoughts dwell on pecuniary difficulties.

"Oh! come, don't be doleful, Arthur, matters may mend. If you would only be sensible and fall in love with an heiress as I suggest, you would retrieve the family name and the family fortunes and, as the story-books say, live happily ever after."

"I'm too old to fall in love, little 'cous.'; I leave that to the young and foolish."

"Now listen to me, Sir Arthur Drummond, I intend to manage this affair for

you," and the girl, with her merry face and sparkling eyes, came and stood quite near to him so that she might the better gain his attention.

"You know Philip has gone to Scotland shooting, so I've asked an old school-fellow to come and stay with me while he's away."

"I'm surprised that you allowed him to go alone."

"Don't be rude, sir, and kindly remember that I'm quite an old married woman now. But do be serious and listen to me. This old school-fellow of mine a year ago came into a magnificent estate and large fortune."

"Lucky creature!"

"Yes, and she is young and charming, and I believe would just suit you."

"And is the fair damsel to have a say in the matter. They generally do, you know."

"Come in to dinner to-morrow and see her for yourself, and remember that you have the honour of the family to keep up. I can't bear to think of that dear old Drummond Court going to rack and ruin."

"Neither can I," said the man, and his face grew stern. Had not the happiest days of his life been spent there; had not his mother lived and died there?

"But, Arthur, the girl is a great friend of mine, and I will not have you trifle with her. I know your propensity for flirting, but I'll have none of that. You understand?"

"My dear little cousin, you are rather hard on me."

"Not at all, for unless I knew you were a good fellow at heart, I should not attempt to bring you and Eleanor Monteith together."

"You're a born match-maker. But I hope you don't expect me to fall in love with the heiress. I've never been in love in my life, and it is highly improbable that I ever shall."

"Oh! there's plenty of time to think about that; all you've got to do for the present is to remember that at all costs Drummond Court must be saved."

"Yes, you are right; at all costs Drummond Court must be saved."

There was determination in the tone, and once again his face had lost the

careless half-satirical expression it invariably wore.

Kitty Braithwaite watched him. She admired him intensely, this man of the world, with his handsome face and calm indifference of manner, and in her childhood, Drummond Court had been her home, and so was endeared to her.

"To-morrow at six, then," she said as he wished her good-bye.

"Yes, to-morrow at six I meet my fate," he answered jestingly.

### CHAPTER III.

"I am expecting my cousin to dinner to-night, so make yourself look nice, Eleanor."

"Is she a very important personage then?"

"My cousin is a man, and a very nice man, too, and I want you to like him because I do."

"What a very good reason, Kit."

"Now don't be sarcastic, and don't put on those high and mighty airs. I should say that you had adopted these

graces with your good fortune, only that I know you were the same at school."

"I'm sorry my manner doesn't please your ladyship."

"Oh! as for that, you dear old Nell, I wouldn't have you one scrap different. But come, its time we were dressing; go and make yourself look pretty."

An hour later, Eleanor Monteith stood before the drawing-room fire, chatting idly to Kitty Braithwaite, who was waiting the arrival of her cousin. Kitty looked at her friend critically, and failed to find one point to offend her observant eye.

She was dressed in a white gown made with exquisite simplicity, which fell in graceful folds round the tall lithe figure. A smile hovered about the mouth and in the grey eyes as she bent them on her companion, while the fire-light shone on her face, showing up the delicate profile and turning the brown coils of hair into ruddy gold.

"He is late," said the little hostess, glancing anxiously at the clock, and then



"THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN, AND SIR ARTHUR DRUMMOND WAS ANNOUNCED"



the door was flung open and Sir Arthur Drummond was announced. Eleanor Monteith started visibly, and cast a swift glance at the new-comer, then she found herself being introduced to him.

She had often wondered if she would ever meet this man whom she was forbidden to marry, and had speculated in a girlish way as to what sort of man he would be. At his entrance she had been startled out of her usual composure, but soon regained it, and presently was talking to him in the grave sweet way natural to her.

"Yes," he thought to himself, "Kit was right, she is beautiful;" and that night Arthur Drummond made up his mind to woo, and if possible, to win this girl, whose wealth would save the honour of his house.

"I hope to see you again," he said to her before going, and then, to Kitty's satisfaction. "I've had a most delightful evening."

And he did see her again many times. He came to dinner, he called in at odd moments, encouraged by the mistress of the house, who gave the two unlimited freedom.

Yes, he was winning his way, there was no doubt of that. He talked to her of his old home, which bye-and-bye, if his fortunes did not change, would pass into other hands; he spoke to her of his mother, and the deep cultured voice became husky. In these and many other ways, he played upon the girl's feelings so that the interest which she had at first felt in him because he was the man she was forbidden to marry, ripened into a great liking and finally into love before she was herself aware of it.

As for the man the game he was playing was a desperate one, and once having entered into it, he would not draw back. He liked the girl, and he had no doubt that if he could persuade her to marry him, they would get on well enough together; further than this he did not analyse his feelings with regard to her. It was the money he wanted, it was the money he must have.

Unwillingly enough Eleanor had grown to care for him, but did he care for her in the same way, or was it that he sought her for her money? Again

and again this thought occurred to her; she knew—she felt—that one day, soon, he would ask her to be his wife, and then she would have the power of testing him, and meanwhile she tried to defer that day, feeling in her secret heart that he would not stand the test.

At last it came, "Eleanor, will you be my wife," he said, and his eyes were filled with admiration as they rested on her standing before him, every inch a princess in her grace and beauty.

He tried to take her hand, but she gently withdrew it, and then he began to tell her how much he thought of her, and how, if she would marry him, he would spend his life in furthering her happiness.

Ah! now for the test! She drew her breath hard and her face became strangely white.

"Wait, do not say any more, I have something to tell you first. It is this," and she fixed her eyes half wistfully on the man's expectant face: "The day I marry you, every penny which I now possess goes from me."

She was still watching him intently, and she could not fail to notice the change in his expression.

"I don't understand," he stammered. "You are joking surely."

Her heart sank lower still; no, he would not stand the test, but she must be strong, she must call her pride to aid her.

"It is no joke. My uncle left his money to me on one condition which was that I should not marry you. In case of my doing this, every penny would immediately go out of my possession. Of course, the will was an eccentric one, and I do not suppose that my Uncle had any personal grudge against you, but believe it was the result of a family feud of long standing."

The voice was monotonous, and she said the words as though she were repeating a difficult lesson.

How beautiful she looked, how unspeakably tender and womanly! Something lying dormant in Arthur Drummond's breast was aroused, but only to be instantly smothered. Drummond Court must be saved at all costs, and he could not do it by marrying a penniless woman.



"I am sorry, but as you probably know, I am a poor man, and I have the family name and the old home to think of, and——"

"Yes, yes, I know all that you would say. I am not worth the sacrifice which you would have to make, and for my part"—and the proud head was held a little higher—"Sir Arthur Drummond's name could not compensate me for the loss of my money."

A mist rose before her eyes, and she put her hand on a chair-back to steady herself. "Good-bye," she said; "there is nothing more to say, and I shall be glad if you will leave me now."

"But, Miss Monteith—Eleanor—I——" And he came nearer, his face working with some strong emotion.

"No, no," she said; "I do not wish to hear any more. Leave me, please, at once."

He walked to the door, turned and looked at her still with that strange expression in his face, and then disappeared.

"Thank God, that is over!" And Eleanor Monteith sank into a chair, and buried her face in her hands.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Kitty, I must see her. I can't go on like this any longer. The torture of the last few weeks has been unendurable."

"It's a pity you didn't find out that you cared for her before you left her as you did that day," answered Mrs. Braithwaite, with a frigid air.

"Don't you think I feel that too? But it was only when I knew that I had lost her that I discovered what she was to me. If you knew the remorse I had suffered since, you would take pity on me. Kitty, little cousin," laying his hand appealingly on her shoulder, "for Heaven's sake, let me see her just for a few minutes."

"What good can it do?" said Kitty, half relenting, as she looked at the man's miserable face. "You cannot ask her to marry you, even if she were willing to, which I should think highly improbable. Matters haven't altered in the last few weeks. You still have your old home and the honour of your family to consider," with a touch of sarcasm in her voice.

"These are as nothing to me now," he answered, dejectedly.

Mrs. Braithwaite looked thoughtful. "If that is so, I will send her to you." So saying, she quitted the room.

Arthur Drummond paced restlessly up and down the minutes which followed Kitty's departure, seeming like hours. How would she look? What would she say to him?

At last the door opened, and she entered. She held her head high, but there was not a vestige of colour in her cheeks.

"You wished to speak to me," she said, in a peculiar, calm voice.

"Yes, yes; I want to tell you that I love you. I want to ask your forgiveness. I want—Eleanor, Eleanor, for God's sake, don't turn from me. Don't look at me like that. What can I do to prove to you that I love you? I did not know it myself till I left you that day. I did not know that the one thing in life for which I craved was your love. I have suffered; if you knew how I have suffered, you would have pity."

"What of the old home and the family name?" said the calm voice.

"They are nothing—nothing to me now. It is your love, only your love I want, Eleanor, my darling. I would give up all, everything in the wide world to gain that," he said, passionately.

Her face was growing softer; the expression in her eyes had changed. "Do you remember that I shall not have one penny to call my own?"

"I don't know how to make you believe it," he said, in a hopeless tone. "It is not your money I want; it is yourself. I have tried to keep away from you because I felt that you would spurn me. I longed to come to you, but I dreaded to see hatred for me in your face. You have every right to despise me. I know I have erred past forgiveness." And he covered his face with his hands.

So, thank God, he had stood the test after all!

She went near to him, and laid one hand gently on his shoulder. "If the sacrifice is not too great for you to make, neither is it for me, because—because—I love you."



"SHE WENT NEAR TO HIM, AND LAID ONE HAND GENTLY ON HIS SHOULDER"

Then his arms were round her, and everything was forgotten, save that it was so.

The day on which Sir Arthur Drummond and Eleanor Monteith were married, old Mr. Poppleton, the lawyer, appeared on the scene, bringing with him the codicil of William Monteith's will, in which was the name of the lucky individual to whom Eleanor's money was to be transferred.

In the library of Kitty Braithwaite's house, after the marriage ceremony, the sealed packet was opened and read;

and, to the surprise of all present, the name which appeared in the codicil was that of Arthur Drummond.

The bridegroom looked at the bride in bewilderment. "What does it mean? I do not understand, dear. Why should I have your money?"

"Your wife's uncle left his property in this way, sir, knowing that if ever you did marry his niece it would be for herself and not for her fortune; or, as he says" (continued the old lawyer, referring to the parchment), "By this means will be proved the sincere attachment between Eleanor Monteith and Arthur Drummond."

# Bygone Bloomsbury

WRITTEN BY A. WALLIS MYERS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

WE cannot look," says Carlyle, "however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him"; and this remains a truism even when that "great man" is dead and buried, it may be for many years. Not only are the pages of biographical teaching open to the minds of those who would have "the light which enlightens," but in and around this great city of London there are landmarks which, if only as an index to the memory of the illustrious men who lived hard by, are worthy of close attention.

The study of topography is a never-failing theme of interest to those whose minds are not eternally saturated with the commonplace, and go in what direction one will in this great metropolis of the world—the social West, the respectable and villa-packed North, the still greater condensed South, or the plebeian East—historic associations abound. No square, district, or open space can be safely said to be devoid of the glamour which essentially attaches itself to a great name. It is to be regretted that so few of these relics of the past have been preserved, and that even when one does light upon something avowedly associated with the "great departed," one is constrained to be a little dubious as to its actual genuineness.

A stranger to London, walking through Bloomsbury for the first time, would undoubtedly and justifiably murmur: "What an uninteresting place; how those commercial signs offering 'Board and Residence' stare one in the face; what an inartistic collection of streets, all

more or less suggestive of the economical lodger and the Scrooge-like landlord; and what an aggravating monotony about even the very doorposts!" It would be but an accurate diagnosis of a very useful neighbourhood; yet Bloomsbury can give points to many another more beautiful locality in the matter of the historical tale it can tell. True, in obedience to the inflexible hand of the up-to-date builder, its whole exterior has been modernised, until the shade of Beaconsfield, who lived some time at No. 6, Bloomsbury Square, would know it no more; and none the less certain is it that in the estimation of lovers of old London this change, though perhaps essential, is for the worse, and increases the traditional disillusion which comes to every provincial walking our city pavements for the first time. Time eliminates the marks left by the worthy, as it assuredly and happily does those left by the unworthy.

Southampton Row is in a state of transition; it is rapidly losing its old-world canopy, which is being superseded by a twentieth-century coating at once indicated by loftier buildings, modernised appliances, and that inevitable appendage to the architecture of to-day—the lift. But Southampton Row—which, by the way, perpetuates the memory of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the son of Shakespeare's patron—has had, at one time or another, living within its gloomy limits quite a bunch of celebrities. More than one "book-shelfed" poet has taken up his abode in the Row. Gray was actually enamoured of it, and lived there for some years. To a friend he wrote as follows:—"Here is air and sunshine

and quiet to comfort you; what though I am separated from the fashionable world by broad St. Giles and many a dirty court and alley, I shall confess that I am basking all the summer, and I suppose shall be blown down all the winter besides being robbed every night." This was in 1760, when Southampton Row was not half so long as it is now, but a terrace of houses, indeed, joined by a since submerged King Street, which ran into Holborn. Gray, we are told by Edmund Gosse, looked out from his bedroom window on to "a south-west garden wall, covered with flowering jessamine through June and July. There had been roses, too, in the London garden. Gray must always have flowers about him, and he trudged down to Covent Garden every day for his sweet peas and pinks and scarlet martagon lilies, double stocks, and flowery marjoram. His drawing-room looked over Bedford Square, and a fine stretch of upland fields crowned at last against the sky by the villages of Highgate and Hampstead" What a beautiful vista! *Rus-in-urbe* with a vengeance! And now all those "upland fields" are filled with smoking chimneys and "John Streets," the habitations of the sons of toil and labour and the castles of that "great, innate mass—the middle class."

And the poet Cowper was much in the Row. He was then articled to a solicitor named Chapman, a worthy who also in his employ had Edward Thurlow, afterwards Lord Chancellor. It would seem

that both subordinates at that time allowed the impulses of self to get the better of the promptings of discipline, for Cowper wrote to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, giving anything but a picture of legal overwork. "I lived," he wrote, "that is to say, I spent my time, in Southampton Row, as you very well remember. There was I and the future Lord Chancellor constantly employed from morning to night in giggling, and making giggle, instead of studying the law." Cowper and Thurlow frequently visited the house of the former's uncle, Mr. Astley Cowper, also in Southampton Row, and here it was that the poet formed that life-long attachment with his cousin, Theodore Jane Cowper. Another, but notorious, celebrity who dwelt in Southampton Row was the famous Dr. Dodd, who, as chaplain, author and forger, gained wide repute in this country about 1770.

The name of Dickens and the district of Bloomsbury are indelibly joined together; indeed, the hero-worshipper of the author of the immortal "Pickwick" can never pass down Doughty Street or by Tavistock House without instinctively calling to memory some of the ineffaceable witticisms in that and his other delightful books. Dickens went to 48, Doughty Street, about three months before the Queen came to the throne. Here it was that he wrote and gave to the world those two novels, in which pathos and humour, sarcasm and caricature mingle so admirably together —

"Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist." Staying in Doughty Street for three years, Charles Dickens left in 1841, only to move to Tavistock Square, but a stone's-throw off, and take up his abode at Tavistock House, where he remained till he sold it in 1860. Dickens wrote "Bleak House," published in 1852-3, in Tavistock House; and there it was also that he amused himself and his friends by giving countless theatrical performances, in which the creator of "Little Nell" took a more than prominent part. On one occasion, when Douglas Jerrold died,



A CORNER OF RUSSELL SQUARE.



NO. 48, DOUGHTY STREET, W.C. (WHERE DICKENS RESIDED)

leaving his wife and family in far from affluent circumstances, Dickens generously devoted his house and his time to the cause of charity; he gave a series of private performances, and added to the charm of the acting none the less than to the extent of the day's receipts by appearing in every one himself. At one of these benefit occasions, it is interesting to note, Dickens produced, for the first time, Wilkie Collins' "Frozen Deep."

Tavistock Square knew Dickens no more when, in 1860, he made his permanent abode at Gadshill Place, of which, when a boy at Rochester, he had conceived a childish liking to become the owner. On learning, in 1855, that it was for sale, the novelist began negotiations for its purchase: but he bought it a year later only with a view to occasional occupation, intending to let it at intervals. However, greater attachment to the place sprang up, and, spending much time in improving it both inside and out, Dickens finally left Bloomsbury and went to Gadshill.

Russell Square came into being through the instrumentality of the then Duke of Bedford about 1778; constructed at the same time were also Brunswick Square, Tavistock Place, and part of what is now Guilford Street.

Humphrey Repton is generally conceded to have built many of the houses, and the square is named after Francis, Duke of Bedford, a statue of whom, by Westmacott, erected in 1805, faces Bedford Place and looks down on to that of Charles James Fox, in Bloomsbury Square.

Many notabilities of by-gone days have lived and died in Russell Square. At No. 65 there died Sir Thomas Lawrence, the great painter of the last George period; at another house (No. 21) the notorious criminal informer, Sir Samuel Romilly, committed suicide in 1818; and at Baltimore House, which stands at the corner of Guilford Street, Lord Baltimore gained himself a name and notoriety; moreover, in the same house there lived the Duke of Bolton, and subsequently Lord Loughborough, afterwards Earl of Rosslyn. In later days Baltimore House, though extensively altered, has known Sir Vicary Gibbs, Judge Heath, Professor Donaldson, and Sir T. N. Talfourd. No. 51 was the residence of the George Edmund Street who built the Law Courts; No. 50 was where Lord Denman lived; No. 46, Mr. Justice Holroyd; and it was at No. 56, that Browning, Wordsworth, Landor, and Proctor all met in the *salon* of Miss Mitford.



Bloomsbury Square has a tale to tell. It was at No. 6 that Lord Beaconsfield lived with his father for several years. It is said, too, that "Dizzy" revisited No. 6 many years afterwards, and asked leave to go over it. The then Prime Minister, we are told, "sat for some time pondering and reflecting—a grand past and a great future opening up before his vision—in the room in which he was born." But other historians say there is no truth in the statement that Beaconsfield was born in Bloomsbury; they assert that his father took the house in the square about 1817, when Disraeli

others observed that the steps were meant to show how the King got up to his lofty perch.

Bloomsbury Square was built by the Earl of Southampton in the first decade of Charles II.'s reign, and until the end of the seventeenth century, Southampton House, the Earl's residence, occupied the north side of the square. Lord Southampton was, of course, the father of Rachel, the wife of the Lord Russell who was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Other interesting people who have lived in Bloomsbury Square are Sir Richard Steele, Addison's friend and



DUKE OF BEDFORD STATUE (RUSSELL SQUARE)

would have been thirteen years old. Be this as it may, there is little doubt that the great statesman attended St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, with his father, and it is said that "young Benjamin played with the other children in the square garden." St. George's Church, by the way, was built in 1724, and the architecture was most probably that of Hawksmore. The building cost about £10,000, but it was, we are told, "distinctly incongruous, and much criticism was evoked by its position." Horace Walpole described the steeple as a "masterpiece of absurdity," while

collaborator; and Lord Mansfield, who lived there when the Gordon rioters destroyed his house and library by fire. By a curious coincidence Lord Mansfield, as Lord Chief Justice, had to try Lord George Gordon for his share in the riots; but no one hinted that, through personal loss, the judge bore any prejudice against the prisoner.

The poet Shelley found convenient quarters at 90, Great Russell Street, which, built in 1670, was at one time described as possessing the best houses in Bloomsbury. It is a street associated with the names of many great men.

Hazlitt, for instance, the historian, used to stay with his brother at 109, when he came up to London; Kemble and Kelly, Sheridan, Admiral Sidney Smith, Sandford, and Dr. Thornton, who attended Sir William Chambers during his last illness, have all lent their lustre to this particular neighbourhood.

Bedford Square, too, can boast its celebrities. Theodore Hook was born in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square. In Hook's babyhood Charlotte Street included the present Bloomsbury Street. Writing in his diary, a friend of Hook says: "Met Hook in the Burlington Arcade; walked with him to the British Museum. As we passed down Great Russell Street, Hook paused on arriving at Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, and pointing to the N.W. corner, nearly opposite to the house (the second from the corner) in which he himself

was born, observed 'There by that lamp-post stood Martha Gypsy.'"

Doughty Street knew Sidney Smith as well as Dickens; in 1804 he went to No. 8, a house unchanged eighty years later. It was about this time that Smith was appointed Evening Chaplain to the Foundling Hospital, at a salary of £50 a year; two years after, however, he migrated to a two-story red-brick house in the more select Portman Square, W.

There are notable men still living in Bloomsbury; retiring men, who, like Mr. Richard Whiting, Mr. E. T. Cook, and others, find it necessary to be well within the call of their office, and who eschew late railway travelling, and the rumbling, ill-lit 'bus. Nor must that "noble band of literary martyrs" pass unnoticed, for to Bloomsbury probably more manuscripts have been "returned with thanks" than to any place on the face of this earth.



THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, GUILFORD STREET

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# THE DUPES

WRITTEN BY RAFAEL SABATINI

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD J. BLAKE

## CHAPTER I.

**I** WAS kept waiting for nigh upon an hour at my illustrious cousin's *hôtel*, in a room of surpassing elegance, sadly out of tune with the rags I wore.

Had the insolent lacquey who escorted me suited his own taste and judgment, I should have been less pleasantly lodged until the *Seigneur de Launay* arrived; but I had a word or two to say as to where I would wait, and when the fellow remonstrated, a threat to thrash him on the spot and have him dismissed anon, silenced him effectively.

As my ill-shod feet trod the soft carpet, and as I gazed about me at the different articles of value wherewith the room was furnished, I was sorely puzzled to understand how my cousin—whose means I knew to be far from ample—came to be so admirably lodged. To sustain such wealthy surroundings as those I contemplated, must soon bring him into a state of destitution akin to my own.

But still greater was my wonderment at the intimacy wherein, to judge by his position in the cavalcade which I had stood to see go by in the *Rue St. Honoré*, he was held by *Louis XIII.*

Was the Cardinal asleep, that he detected not this wolf in sheep's clothing? Or had the *Seigneur de Launay* abandoned the interests of that arch-plotter, the Duke of Orléans, and attached himself in soul as well as in body to the King?

I could not tell—for 'twas two years since my disgrace and banishment from Court—two years since I started on that downward route at a headlong pace which had brought me into the tatters that hung about me. I knew not what had taken place at Court during the period, but I did know that when I turned my back upon the Louvre, *Ferdinand de Launay* was already deep in the mire of half a score of *Orléaniste* plots, which, I had thought, would have earned him a dungeon in the Bastille long before the day whereof I write.

My speculations were ended at last by his arrival. It was announced to me by a clatter of hoofs in the courtyard below, followed by a bustle which would have honoured a prince of the blood.

There was a quick step in the ante-room beyond, then the door opened, and my cousin, handsome, flushed and breathless, stood before me.

I had expected that, seeing me in my sorry plight, chivalry would have bidden him forget our feuds, and that his greeting, if not cousinly, would at least be friendly—especially when considered that 'twas he, and not I, who sought this interview.

Not so, however. The right hand, which still clasped his hat and riding whip, remained at his side, the other rested on the pommel of his sword, and his eyes travelled over me, from my unkempt head to my well-worn boots, with a disdainful curiosity which made my gorge rise.

"So Verville," he said, at length, in a scornful tone, "'tis to this that your profligate's career has brought you!"

"Even as your treachery has earned you that suit of velvet," I retorted, towering grimly above him in my rags.

*Notre Dame!* How my words smote home! How I chuckled inwardly to see the flush die from the boy's face, and his teeth catch at his nether lip.

"What do you mean?" he enquired.

"Pah," I answered; "you understand me well enough."

you, why I have been forced hither without being asked if I chose to come?"

He fell back a pace, and his face assumed a look of sorrow.

"Believe me, Eugène," he exclaimed, "I would have sought you out, but that I believed you dead."

"And had not some evil angel bidden me go gape at you," I retorted sharply, "your thoughts would have been correct ere this, for to-day I am houseless and foodless, and I was on my way to the



"NOT SO, HOWEVER. THE RIGHT HAND, WHICH STILL CLASPED HIS HAT AND RIDING WHIP, REMAINED AT HIS SIDE"

He gazed at me intently for a moment, as if searching in my bold eyes to read how much I really knew. Then, flinging down his hat and whip, he advanced towards me with outstretched hand, and a false, courtier's smile upon his lips.

"Forgive me, Eugène," he said, "if I was brusque, but the sight of your garments pained me deeply, and——"

"A truce to all this, master courtier," I broke in surlily, and putting my hands behind me, "my temper is passing short and has been greatly tried this morning. Will you explain, I pray

Seine to put a fitting end to a mis-spent life, when I stopped to see the Royal cavalcade go by. *Sangdiou!* but you cut a bold figure at the King's side," I continued, with a wild laugh that startled him. "You reminded me of Cinq-Mars—'twas thus I saw him ride by the King; 'twas thus I saw him smile at the monarch's vapid jests; may you have the courage to mount the scaffold, when your turn comes, with as firm a tread!"

He went white to the very lips.

"For God's sake, Eugène, be silent!" he said, scarce above a whisper. "I mean you well."

"Then you have altered greatly since last we parted," I rejoined coldly.

But, say what I would, I could not anger him as I sought to—for I was bent upon ascertaining the reason of his increasing friendliness, and I knew that in anger a man's tongue will oft betray him.

He persisted in his protestations that he meant me well, and that he did but desire to help me retrieve my fortunes.

It sounded marvellous from the lips of scheming, selfish de Launay; but, in the end, when, among other things, he told me that he was about to marry, I, remembering how often the influence of a good woman will make a rogue honourable, and a traitor true, recognised the change that had been wrought in my cousin's character, and believed in his sincerity.

And so my fortunes altered, and I had that day the satisfaction of beholding the eyes of the lacquey who had that morning so haughtily addressed me, grow round and large at the sight of the handsome suit of grey velvet that encased my stalwart figure.

For nearly a month I stayed on at the Hôtel de Launay, and what with sumptuous dinners and generous wines, I became each day more grateful to my cousin for having rescued me from the brink of suicide, to bring me back to a world of warmth and ease, such as I had not known for many a day. The mistrust which penury breeds in all of us was excluded from my heart by good living.

But, albeit, in a measure, my old gay recklessness was again upon me, yet at times I would chafe at the manner of my life, until in the end I broached the subject to Ferdinand. In his reply methought I found a motive for his kindness, and again I grew mistrustful.

He urged me to espouse the Orléans' cause, gather what friends had returned to me in my new prosperity, and when the time was ripe, to either join the Duke in Lorraine, or strike for him in Paris, as should seem best. I heard him through; then, with a sad, bitter laugh—

"So, Ferdinand," I said, "it is for this that you saved me from the Seine? *Hélas!* I had ascribed a better motive to your generosity."

"Nor were you wrong in doing so," he cried hotly. "It is naught to me whether you serve the Duke or not; you are still my cousin, and my most trusted friend. But, when you ask me for employment, would you have me counsel you to take service in a cause to which I am at heart averse?"

I was forced to grant that he was right.

"When first I saw you in the Rue St. Honoré," he continued, "I will frankly admit, Eugène, that your condition struck me as that of a desperate man, ripe for any enterprise that might put a coat on your back and a meal in your stomach, and it was chiefly with the hope of obtaining another recruit for Gaston d'Orléans that I sent my servant after you. But, before I saw you here, nobler thoughts had overcome my purpose, and again I say to-day, that it matters little to me whether you serve the Duke or not."

Before so frank an admission my mistrust melted like snow before the sun, and for some days no more was said. When at length we did revert to the subject, it was I who led the conversation, and I listened earnestly to my cousin's arguments.

I knew much of the state of France, but chiefly as seen through the eyes of Richelieu's enemies; for, during the past two years, gamblers and bullies had been my chief associates, and such men as these cordially hated the Cardinal, who made war upon them and their brawling customs. Coupled with this was a (hitherto passive) hatred for the King, who had disgraced me; so that it is not unnatural I turned a willing ear to my cousin's doctrines—and so persuasive was his tongue that in the end I became as bold an Orléaniste as you might find in France, awaiting impatiently the time to unsheathe my ever-ready sword.

## CHAPTER II.

And so the weeks wore on apace, and the trees grew green again, in their April garb, until one day my cousin startled me by suggesting that I should accompany him to Court. I reminded him of the manner of my dismissal; but we laughed at my scruples, saying the



King's memory was short, and that, as his cousin, I might rely upon a gracious welcome.

His arguments prevailed, and I went. But I had not been wrong in my surmise that Louis XIII. would remember, and still hold me in ill-odour; for, at the very mention of my name, his brow was wrinkled by an angry frown, whilst Richelieu watched me surreptitiously through half-closed lids.

But de Launay bent forward, and said something in the Royal ear which drove the frown from Louis' face, and, with a gracious smile, he held out his hand for me to kiss.

And as I turned me, after that ceremony was over, I found his smile reflected upon the faces of his courtiers, one and all, and everywhere was I received with friendly words and an attention almost servile—so high in favour stood my cousin then.

This was truly the beginning of a new era in my life, for amongst that throng of courtly stars there was one that to me shone more brightly than all the rest, and drew me towards it to become its satellite.

'Tis passing strange, and to me inexplicable, that I—who thought to have done with all the follies of adolescence—should at the age of thirty have found in a heart grown callous and hard with the reckless life I had lived, a spot still vulnerable to a woman's smiles. But more inexplicable still was it to me to find my love returned—to see the blush mount to my lady's cheeks and pleasure brighten her eyes at my approach.

And so it fell out that I was less often to be found at the Hôtel de Launay than at the side of Mademoiselle de Troiscantins.

I was no longer a ruined gamester; no longer a man of blighted hopes and gloomy moods; but a courtier once more—a gallant! a fool! My life became one round of *fêtes*. Not that these vapid merrymakings pleased or amused me, but they kept me near to her I loved.

My bygone recklessness arose before me like a reproachful sprite, and as I gazed upon the lovely Madeline, so pure and saintly, a blush of sham-

would warm my sallow skin, evoked by the realisation of how vile and utterly unworthy I was of the tenderness she lavished on me.

My cousin would quip me at times, and mock the decorum which now marked my once ribald tongue, and I would sullenly resent his jests, and pursue my endeavours to cleanse my over-maculate honour.

Then again, as I remembered that, in spite of all, I was but a penniless adventurer, whose very finery belonged to another's wardrobe, I would determine to quit Paris and take my unfortunate presence to some other clime. But when I went to say farewell, my courage failed me—my adieux were unspoken and I lingered on.

Next I determined to have done with plotting; but here a rude shock awaited me, for, when I broached the matter to de Launay,

"I'll be sworn," he said, "that your leathery conscience, which has at last been awakened to a sense of duty by Mademoiselle de Troiscantins, has something to do with this.

"Peste!" I replied impatiently; "can you not leave Mademoiselle out of the discussion?"

"Nay," he rejoined with a laugh, "methinks I do well to mention her, for let me tell you, Master Saint, that there is no more fervent Orleaniste in all France than this chit of a girl."

"Impossible!" I cried angrily; "she is no plotter! Look at her face, man. Why, 'tis a mirror of purity and innocence!"

He laughed a cynical laugh that angered me, as, with a toss of his fine head, he answered,

"Who spoke of plotters? I will allow that this angel of yours is—so far as a man may judge—an incarnation of virtue and sanctity; but be her soul in whatever state it may, her heart, her sympathies are in the Orleaniste cause."

I was in no mood to allow his rascally tongue to paint for me my lady's character, so, taking up my hat, I went to seek the lady herself, and from her own lips I learnt that what de Launay had said was true.

*Cordieu!* How differently I viewed the Orleanistes from that day. We

were no longer plotters and traitors, but apostles and martyrs of a holy cause in the defence of which I was prepared to sacrifice everything down to the last drop of blood in my veins—so mighty a sophist is love!

There was but one touch wanting to turn my treason into fanaticism, and that touch came from the King's own hand.

It was at a levée, one morning. He paused before me in the ante-chamber and ran me over with an almost mocking glance.

"Ha! Chevalier," he murmured, "what a courtier you have become; you are never absent from our side."

I knew not how to read his words, nor what might underlie them, but the tone in which they were delivered boded ill.

"Your Majesty is gracious enough to permit me the honour of being near you," I answered, bowing.

"Yes, yes," he said, so loud that all might hear him. "It gives us pleasure to see your cousin's clothes—he is a man of taste."

A titter went through the crowd, and for a moment I stood dumbfounded, unable to believe that a King's lips could shape the vulgar taunt, whereby I recognised that I was again dismissed from Court.

I stood before that Royal fool, white with passion, and the glance I bent upon him was so terrible that he quailed before it, and, maybe, repented him of what he had said. Then, of a sudden, I broke into a loud discordant laugh which frightened those about me, and the old foolhardiness which had made me scoff at destiny was again upon me.

A stinging retort was on my lips; but remembering that it might cost me my life, or at least my liberty, and that whilst I lived I might be avenged, I checked my tongue betimes, and, turning on my heel, without another word, stalked boldly and firmly from the Royal presence.

And as I hastened home, to tell de Launay of the insult which had been offered me, there arose in my mind the memory of certain words that Mademoiselle de Troiscantins had spoken days before:

"If, by some act of God, this worthless King were set aside, and the impending civil war averted, how much misery would France be spared!"

Yes, *Mortdieu!* I was resolved! My hand would be the act of God, and with one bold stroke I would gain the day for Gaston d'Orléans, without the butchery of battle. One man should die; Louis, the fool—'twas thus I dubbed him in my anger—and his death should spare many a woman the tears of widowhood.

My cousin appeared frightened by my fury and by the resolve which I communicated to him, and sought at first to dissuade me. But when, growing calmer, I reasoned with him, and showed him what a victory it would gain for the Duke of Orléans, he wavered, and at last bid me take counsel with Mademoiselle de Troiscantins and be guided by her judgment.

I agreed to this, and entering de Launay's carriage, I drove to the Rue de l'Épée.

I found Madeline in a state of great excitement, for news had been just brought her of what had taken place at the Louvre; and, upon seeing me, she vented in unmeasured terms her indignation at the gross insult which I had received.

"The King will repent, never fear," I cried, "but not until——"

"Until what?"

"Until it is too late—until his hour is at hand!"

She recoiled from me, and her cheeks went deadly pale. "Do you mean to kill him?" she gasped.

Calmly I told her what was in my mind, adding that I had come to her, so that she—who had become the guiding star of my life—might give me counsel in this extremity. Nor did I forget to point out what a solution it would afford to the Orléans difficulties.

After she had overcome the natural horror wherewith at first my purpose had inspired her, she pondered deeply for some moments; then, raising her wonderful eyes to mine—

"Can you do it without peril to yourself?" she asked.

"I think so," I replied. "Moreover, there will be small risk, for when the

King is dead, Orléans will be master ; and I do not think he will forget me."

"Then go," she said, placing her arms about my neck, and speaking in a tender, almost tearful voice. "Go, Eugène, and strike this great blow for a good and sacred cause ; and when it is done, come back to me—I will shield you, my love, and, if you ask me, I will marry you, so that none shall thereafter reproach you with your poverty, for I am rich."

My senses swam ; I seemed drunk with happiness, and for a moment all in the world but this lovely woman was forgotten. Then, as the memory of grim realities awakened in my mind, I tore myself from those clinging arms and went to lay my plans.

There was to be a *fête* at the Palais Bourdois upon the following night. Then would I reckon with Louis the Just.

### CHAPTER III.

Craftily and cunningly did I prepare, so that no suspicion might attach to me—for the fate of Ravailac, the last regicide, was still in my mind, and I had no stomach for the *brodéquin* and the scalding oil. Moreover, there was happiness stored up for my future, and remembering that I had tasted so little of it in the past, it is but natural that I clung to a life which had suddenly become of value to me.

The King, I had ascertained, would return alone to the Louvre. It was my purpose to follow him, disguised as an attendant, conceal myself in his bed-chamber, and strike as soon as he was alone.

Albeit I had received an invitation, I dared not be present at the *fête* ; but having assumed my disguise—retaining, however, my sword, lest I should have need of it—I entered the grounds of the Palais Bourdois as eleven was striking.

I wandered aimlessly about the garden, watching the lighted windows, my mind dwelling more upon Madeline and the days to come than upon the task before me, when, suddenly, a murmur of voices close at hand arrested my attention. I stopped, and, crouching behind a tree, I peered about me.

For some moments all remained still,

and I was beginning to think that my over-wrought fancy had tricked me, when my vigilant eye caught the shimmer of something—probably, I told myself, some garment.

Stepping gently forth, I moved on tip-toe and under cover of the trees, drawn, *nolens volens*, towards that inhabited spot. Once the gravel crunched, and once a twig snapped 'neath my tread, and each time I paused, with beating heart and listening ears ; but all was still save for that faint sound of voices. Then 'twas a laugh, a woman's smothered laugh, that startled me ; but when at last from my position I was enabled to distinguish two human faces, faintly discernible in the light which fell upon them from the palace windows, it seemed to me that my heart had stopped beating, and that I was nigh upon death from the shock of what I beheld.

On a stone bench sat Ferdinand de Launay and Mademoiselle de Troiscantins !

His arm was about her neck, and her head—that lovely head I knew so well—rested upon his shoulder. The light was uncertain, and as I stood there, not ten paces from the traitors, with clenched teeth and the breath rushing stertorously through my nostrils, I prayed to God that either my eyes were being cheated, or else that I might awaken from the ghastly nightmare that was upon me.

Then, of a sudden, my own name came wafted towards me on the gentle breeze, followed by a sigh, a laugh, and a mocking epithet, and I knew at length that I was the victim of neither dream nor hallucination, but of treachery—dastardly, unseemly treachery ; and in my anger I drew nearer to the tree that shaded them, until I could hear their whispered words.

Oh God ! Why did I live to learn what their conversation told me ? Why had not some merciful assassin ended my life an hour before, whilst I was happy in the belief that I was loved ?

I cannot, even now that years are past, go over that conversation of theirs in detail—it was too horrible, too revolting. Enough when I tell you that I gathered from it that my cousin, whose extravagance had well-nigh ruined him, had



"ON A STONE BENCH SAT FERDINAND DE LAUNAY AND MADEMOISELLE DE TROISCANTINS!"

betrayed my father and my elder brother, for association in a Gascon plot. My father had already mounted the scaffold at Toulouse, and my brother was to follow soon. It but remained to remove me, and for this my cousin had befriended me, and with his diabolical cunning had inveigled me in the Orléaniste cause.

I understood how all those hints thrown out by Madeline, of a bold hand that should end the battle at once by felling one of the leaders, were but meant to fire my enamoured senses.

It was de Launay himself—I gathered it from what he said—who had whispered in the Royal ear the insult which I had received from the King, whereby he meant to bring matters to the crisis to which they had come. I was to slay Louis XIII.; he would denounce and destroy me, seat Orléans upon the throne of France, and, himself, inherit the

Verville estates and title which were mine, although I knew it not.

*Mille diables!* But they had schemed well, these two! And had it not been for their imprudent conversation, they would of a certainly have succeeded.

Oh, the bitterness of that disillusion! I was a fool! A shameless woman's dupe!

"To-morrow, Madeline," I heard him say, as they arose to return to the palace, "to-morrow, when this *second Ravaillac* shall have done his work and been rewarded, I shall be a rich and powerful man. You will share my power and my wealth, sweetheart, and we will——"

I heard no more. It was with difficulty that I saved myself from swooning as I stood there, clinging for support to a friendly bough, peering after their retreating figures and invoking my heart's unspoken curses on their heads.



## CHAPTER IV.

I met the Seigneur de Launay half-an-hour later, as he emerged from the Palais Bourdois. He started at seeing me.

"Is anything wrong?" he whispered feverishly.

"Nothing of moment. But unless swift measures be taken, something will be."

I spoke calmly and even mildly, my fury mastered for the while.

"Dismiss your carriage," I said, "and come with me. We must pay a visit."

"Is it necessary that I should accompany you?" he asked; and I knew full well what was in his craven mind.

"I can trust to no other companion; go alone I may not; yet, if I do not go, the King will be still alive to-morrow, and our chance will be lost."

"What is it?" he enquired.

"Treason!" I answered fiercely; "black, dastardly treason. But never fear, I shall be in time to choke it before any harm is done. Come!"

In silence he walked along beside me for some ten minutes, during which he appeared lost in his musings. So lost, that he marked not the way I led him; until, as we entered the Rue de l'Epée, he suddenly lifted up his head.

"Ho there! Eugène, whither are we bound?" he cried, recognising the street.

"But a few steps further," I answered abruptly, and paced on until we stood before a door, upon which the number "24" was just discernible in the light of a lamp hard by.

"We are arrived," I said, stopping and turning to face him.

"But this, if I mistake not, is the house of Mademoiselle de Troiscantins."

"Precisely," I answered with a laugh, "and it is here that the treason, the damnable treason whereof I spoke, was hatched. The die is cast, most noble cousin; you and that woman have made an Orléaniste of me; I may not go back, for you have duped me too far, therefore I go on. To-night, I set out to join the Duke of Orléans in Lorraine, but before I go, there will be a reckoning."

I faced him now, and my breath was

hot and my eyes ablaze with the fury that possessed me. His jaw fell, and his handsome face grew ashen, as he caught the meaning of my words.

"I do not understand," he stammered.

"You will understand *everything* in a few minutes," I answered derisively, "for we are taught that in death all is made clear. You will understand how you duped me, and how I, in my turn, have duped you to accompany me hither so that justice may be done."

I laughed, and at the sound he recoiled as if I had struck him.

"You are mistaken," he gasped, trembling in every limb.

I flung down my hat and cloak, and unsheathed my sword as I advanced upon him.

"Draw! traitor! hound! Judas! Draw!" I thundered, flashing my blade before his eyes.

"You are mistaken," he repeated feebly, shrinking from me.

"What!" I jeered. "Can one so bold to plot be so slow to draw? Is there no manhood in you, that you stand there trembling like one smitten with the ague? Or has the sight of steel struck terror into your woman's heart?"

He threw back his head at the taunt; then, with a muttered oath, he drew and fell on guard.

*Mortdieu!* how I toyed with him! The hour was late, and none came that way to interrupt us. For full ten minutes I humoured his blundering swordplay, and mocked him the while with a recitation of his sins, asking him how it felt to die unshriven. He saw his death in my eyes, heard it in my voice, felt it in my wrists. The sweat burst into great beads upon his forehead, and in that ten minutes he suffered twenty agonies.

At length, the rumble of approaching wheels told me that Mademoiselle was nearing home, and that my sport must end. With a ringing disengage I forced his enfeebled guard, and passed my blade through his left breast.

A fearful shriek burst from his lips; he writhed for a second on my point





"MORTDIEU! HOW I TOVED WITH HIM!"

like a wounded worm; then fell forward, and was dead before I had turned him over.

Seizing him, I dragged him from the middle of the road, where we had fought, to the door of Mademoiselle's house. With his own dagger I pinned a slip of paper to his breast, whereon I had written: "*An offering of her dupe,*

*'the second Ravailiac,' to Mademoiselle de Troiscantins.*"

Her coach was coming down the street as I completed my revengeful task; so, sheathing my sword and straightening my cloak, I moved swiftly away, leaving that carrion across her doorstep to greet her with its ghastly message.



*THE GRAY FORGET-ME-NOTS*

You will not find them in the fields—  
The flowers that are so young and gray;  
The breadth of summer scarcely yields  
Such beauties to the sun as they.

Search early in earth's hallowed spots,  
Look late—but you will never find  
The lovely gray forget-me-nots  
That make their sisters blue seem blind.

A few quick years ago God wrought  
Two flowers from twilit April skies;  
A perfect home for them He sought—  
And so my love received her eyes.

They are the flowers I hope to see  
Until my last of lights has set.  
And, while a spark remains for me,  
God knows that I shall not forget.

J. J. BELL.

# A New Unsinkable Boat

BY HERBERT C. FYFE.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**B**EFORE the dawn of this century, the efforts that were made for the preservation of life at sea were of the most meagre description, and, as a consequence, many lives were then lost which to-day, thanks to our improved method, would have inevitably been saved.

The "perils of the sea" remain as fearful as ever they did, but in venturing on the ocean nowadays we have the satisfaction of knowing that every precaution is taken to save the lives of those on board should the gallant liner meet with any mishap.

The establishment of lighthouses and lightships round the coasts, the organisation of the coastguard service and its appliances for life-saving, the placing of buoys to mark a channel or to warn a vessel off some rock or shoal, and last, but by no means least, the invention of the life-boat—all these have been of incalculable benefit to mankind; but while congratulating ourselves that so much has been done for "those who go down to the sea in ships," we must bear in mind that perfection has not yet been reached, and that, in many ways, present methods might well be improved.

In the present article it is our desire to call attention to a new form of self-righting and unsinkable life-boat, the invention of Mr. Edward S. Norris, which is a great advance on the type now to be found at stations around our coasts.

Before, however, dealing with the new boat, a word must be said about the present one. The self-righting life-

boat adopted by the Royal National Life-Boat Institution cannot be regarded as the invention of any one particular person, it is rather the *quintessence* of a number of former attempts. So far back as 1785, one Lionel Lukie, a coach-builder in Long Acre, took out a patent for a boat which he described as "unimmervible." Following on the same lines, Henry Greathead, James Beechie, and James Peake all invented life-boats, the best features of which have been preserved in the one now in use.

The life-boat of to-day possesses eight important qualities, which have been enumerated as follows:—

1. Buoyancy.
2. Resistance to upsetting.
3. Power to right itself if upset.
4. Power of immediate self-discharge when filled with water.
5. Strength.
6. Stowage room.
7. Speed in a heavy sea.
8. Facility in launching and taking the shore.

The buoyancy is secured by means of a water-tight deck floor, air cases round the sides, and two large air chambers fore and aft. Its self-righting power is due to these elevated air chambers; when the boat is upset, it cannot rest on these, but rolls on one side, then the heavy iron keel and ballast serve to drag it back to its right position in a few seconds.

Mr. E. S. Norris, a director of the London and India Docks Joint Committee, and formerly M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, who has been for nearly the whole period of his life associated with shipping interests, was struck by the great loss of life at sea, and for some



MR. NORRIS'S TUBULAR LIFE-BOAT

years past has been experimenting with a view to improving life-boats, life-buoys, and other kinds of life-saving apparatus.

His investigations resulted in the invention of a "tubular" life-boat, which Mr. Norris claims is both self-righting and absolutely unsinkable. In order to prove the correctness of his assertions, Mr. Norris arranged a few weeks ago for a demonstration, at the St. Katharine's Dock, of his system for rendering boats unsinkable. The trials made on the occasion were completely successful, and demonstrated to the distinguished personages and experts who watched them the value of Mr. Norris's ideas.

Further trials have since been made at the West India Docks, and on each occasion have, in all circumstances, been entirely successful.

The boat has been run off the quay or landing-stage high above water (as, say, from the deck of a steamer) in the roughest manner, and without tackle of any kind. She has righted at once on reaching the water. This is a very severe test.

The writer has had an opportunity of seeing some experiments with a tubular life-boat for himself, and he can testify to its merits. The photograph accompanying this article will enable readers to see of what the life-boat is really capable.

We have seen that the buoyancy of the ordinary life-boat is secured by two large air chambers, one in the bow, the other in the stern, a water-tight deck floor, and air-cases round the sides. Now, in the event of a collision or other accident, one or more of these air-chambers is often "stove in" and the water enters, thus rendering the life-boat liable to sink.

Mr. Norris's idea is that a large number of small cylindrical tubes of air would offer greater security than large air chambers, which fill with water when damaged. He set to work and designed a life-boat which was constructed upon a multitubular principle, which may be aptly termed a series of small cylindrical compartments like the honey-comb in a bee-hive.

Instead of the two large air-chambers

## A NEW UNSINKABLE BOAT

—bow and stern—of the ordinary life-boat, Mr. Norris's boat has no less than three hundred small cells or cases which are both air-tight and water-tight. The exterior of the boat is somewhat similar to the present life-boats in use by the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, but with the additional advantage that every compartment or tank is fitted and filled with a series of these water-tight

manner, and by skilful arrangement and adaptation in construction the "Norris Tubular Life-Boat" is, when turned completely over (even with mast and sail up), capable of at once righting herself.

Mr. Norris's invention does not, however, necessitate the construction of a special form of boat. In ordinary ships' boats this patent is adopted for imme-



THE LIFE-BOAT RIGHTING ITSELF

cells or tubes. Each air cylinder is, therefore, converted into an air-chamber of as many compartments as it will hold cylinders. Thus in case of collision no water can enter in bulk, because only a few of the cells would probably be damaged. This boat's buoyancy is unaffected, and she may safely be described as "unsinkable." The cells and tubes are constructed of a light elastic vegetable material, and they make no appreciable difference in the weight of the boat or in the requirements of air space under the Board of Trade regulations.

The cells can be arranged in the compartments in an unsymmetrical

diate use at small cost by [means of lengths of canvas, to which are fitted the buoyancy tubes; on an emergency these could be cut to lengths, quickly fastened in, when the boat becomes unsinkable.

On the occasion when the writer had the opportunity of witnessing the trials of the life-boat, two boats were shown fitted with Mr. Norris's device. The first was a specially constructed life-boat with the water-tight tubes disposed fore and aft as well as along her sides. On being artificially capsized and turned keel upwards she righted herself in a few seconds, and when a mast and sail were added the result was equally satisfactory.



In the second case an ordinary boat had a few dozen of the tubes stitched on canvas nailed along her sides. These were quite sufficient to render her unsinkable. When the bung was taken out she naturally was filled with water, but even though she carried seven men she could not be made to sink. Without Mr. Norris's invention, the same boat sank without one man in it.

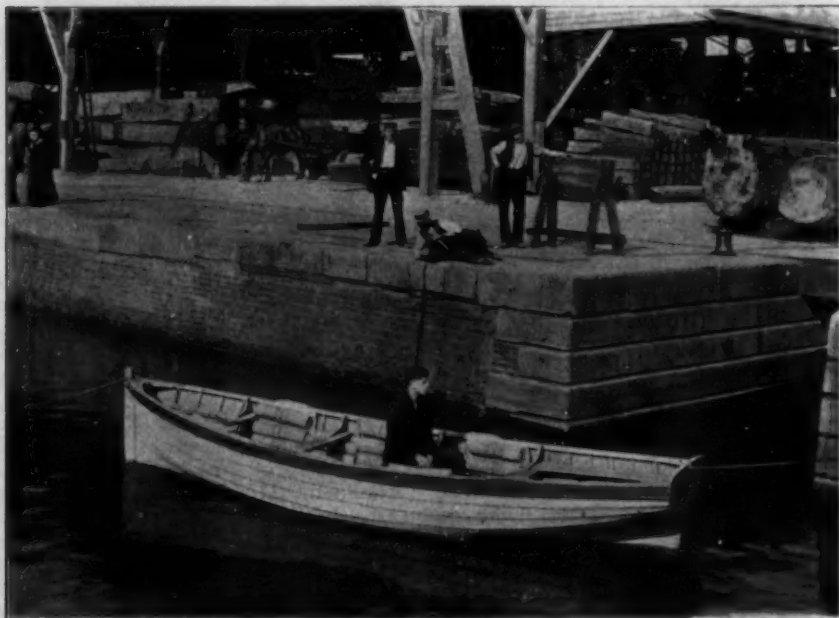
The adaptation of the tubular system to the boats which are carried on every seagoing vessel should be certainly considered, for there is little doubt that if this were done many lives would be saved. On many occasions when the boats of some doomed ship have been lowered they have been overturned or have sunk by some mishap or another, and all those who were in them have been drowned. The same boat, however, to which buoyancy tubes have been affixed, would be unsinkable, even if it should become upset, and the great shipping companies would do well to give the invention a fair trial.

Mr. Norris's system can be applied to

the construction of an unsinkable life-raft by attachment to cabin furniture or deck fittings; and a tubular life-belt, which is lighter and more buoyant than those in use, has been found capable of supporting three persons in the water, while the ordinary cork belt only balances one.

This invention may also be applied to vessels of special form or shape for special purposes, as, for instance, to light-ships, which are very apt to be run down in foggy weather. It would be a great advantage if these could be rendered unsinkable.

The losses of sailing vessels fell from an average of 484 vessels, with a tonnage of 122,554, for the previous twenty-one years to an actual loss of 298 vessels, with a tonnage of 46,220, in 1897-98. The losses of steam vessels were 121, with a tonnage of 95,879, while the average for the previous twenty-one years was 124 vessels with a tonnage of 90,225. The number of casualties reported in 1897-98 as having occurred to foreign vessels on or near the coasts of



AN ORDINARY BOAT FITTED WITH MR. NORRIS'S BUOYANCY TUBES



THE BOAT REFUSES TO SINK THOUGH FULL OF WATER

the United Kingdom and British possessions abroad was 581, with a tonnage of 313,533, of which 86, with a tonnage of 37,912, were attended with total loss of the vessels. The losses of steamships were 11, with a tonnage of 8,966, and of sailing ships 75, with a tonnage of 28,946. The number of casualties in rivers and harbours was 378, with a tonnage of 245,995, but of these only three vessels, with a tonnage of 1,022, were totally lost.

Turning to the statistics showing the loss of life, we gather that during the last twenty-two years 6,124 wrecks and casualties to ships belonging to the United Kingdom have been attended with fatal results to 38,382 persons, of whom 32,854 were members of the crews, and 5,528 were passengers, pilots, or other persons not on articles of agreement. The average annual loss during the twenty-two years was 1,744 persons, consisting of 1,493 crew and 251 passengers, and the loss in 1897-98 was 681 persons, of whom 629 were crew and 52 were passengers. The number of sea-

men lost in 1897-98 was lower than in any of the previous twenty-one years, and the number of passengers lost was lower than in any of those years except five. Compared with the average for the twenty-two years, the figures show a decrease of 864 in the number of seamen and of 199 in the number of passengers lost. The average number of seamen lost in sailing vessels was 997 and of passengers 54, against 378 seamen and 14 passengers lost in 1897-98. The average number of seamen lost in steamships was 495 and of passengers 196, against 251 seamen and 38 passengers lost in 1897-98. Of the 52 passengers lost in 1897-98 from vessels belonging to the United Kingdom only one was lost from a vessel holding a passenger certificate from the Board of Trade, and none were lost from emigrant ships. Fifty-two lives were lost by 16 casualties to foreign vessels on or near British coasts, and 19 by the wreck of the American steamer "Idaho," on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie.

The return further points out that to

assist in realising the risk to human life by shipwreck it may be useful to take into account the lives saved as well as the lives lost. The total number of seamen and passengers saved from wrecks of British vessels everywhere and of foreign vessels on or near the coasts of British territory during the year 1897-98 was 6,449, of whom 2,397 were saved on or near the coasts of the United Kingdom, 1,842 on or near the coasts of British possessions abroad, 1,228 from British vessels on or near the coasts of foreign countries, and 982 on the high seas. Of the 2,397 lives saved on the coasts of the United Kingdom—i.e., within a line drawn round the coasts about ten miles from the most prominent headlands—196 were saved by the rocket apparatus and assistance from the shore, 419 were saved by life-boats, 143 were saved by Coastguard boats and other craft, 625 were saved by passing ships, and 978 were saved by the ships' own boats. Of the 4,052 lives saved from wrecks abroad 205 were saved by rocket apparatus and ropes from shore and 83 by life-boats, but the majority were saved by the ships' own boats (2,377) and by passing ships (1096).

It may be interesting to note that Mr. Norris is the Treasurer and Chairman of the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum, at Snaresbrook, Essex. He has been a member of the managing committee

for thirty-seven years. This national institution was founded in 1827, and it maintains and educates 300 orphans of British merchant seamen. Her Majesty the Queen is patron, H.R.H. the Duke of York is the president.

It is evident that special importance attaches to Mr. Norris's valuable invention at the present time, when so many of our soldiers and sailors are disembarking on dangerous coasts, and it may be noted how frequently casualties occur to sailors and others at our naval ports, when returning to their ships after dark. The same may be said with reference to our pleasure boats at seaside resorts, where often loss of life occurs from panic or other causes.

By means of Mr. Norris's Boat Belt—on his system of air-tight tubes or cells—fixed fore and aft, and alongside every boat, they would be practically made unsinkable, and loss of life avoided. The disaster some time ago to the Margate surf-boat, when she was found on the East Coast, bottom upwards, could not have occurred. Again, the loss of four young fishermen lately, in the presence of their poor father, is another sad case. Their boat sunk beneath them; the father alone was saved.

It has been proposed to Mr. Norris to send his life-boat and other life-saving appliances under his patent to the Paris Exhibition next year, with a view to competition with others.





GENERAL VIEW

## *The Daughters of the Legion of Honour*

WRITTEN BY MABEL HUMBERT, Author of "Continental Chit-Chat"

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**M**OST of the English who conscientiously "do" Paris and its environs include St. Denis and the last resting-place of the French sovereigns in their programme.

There, to the right of the old Abbey, they will notice a flag floating over an imposing-looking gateway; and if their French is equal to the inquiry prompted by their thirst for knowledge, they will learn that it is the entrance to the educational establishment of the Legion of Honour.

When Napoleon instituted the Order he determined to provide the means for

giving a good education to the daughters of the poorer Legionaries; and of the houses established for this purpose, that of St. Denis, dating from 1809, is the largest and most important. About a thousand girls are being educated at present under the auspices of the *Grand Chancelier de la Legion d'Honneur*: 500 at St. Denis (or, to be quite accurate, 496); 250 at the Castle of Ecoen, in Seine and Oise; and 250 at Les Loges, in the Forest of St. Germain. Eight hundred of these children are the daughters of officers inscribed on the rolls of the Legion of Honour, and are boarded, educated, and clothed free of all charge; one hundred are the



daughters of civilians having the right to sport the red ribbon at their button-hole, and are likewise received on the same advantageous terms, and the remaining hundred are the daughters of non-decorated officers admitted on the yearly payment of 1,000 francs (forty pounds), provided the cross has been bestowed on their grandfather or on an uncle who relinquishes his rights to a free education for a child of his own in favour of his niece.

To secure the admittance of a child application must be made to the *Grand Chancelier*, who will examine the father's or relative's papers and make inquiries concerning the family. This little investigation satisfactorily concluded, the child will be authorised to go up for the next preliminary examination.

This is not a very terrible ordeal, yet very tear-stained are some of the papers handed in, and many an amusing instance of imperfectly-digested knowledge comes to the notice of the examiner. This year one candidate located the Suez Canal in the Hymn (*sic*) of Panama, and another boldly asserted that the capital of China (*La Chine*) was Chinon! The girls must be between ten and twelve years of age, and are admitted for a period of seven years; at the end of this time the schools send forth extremely well-educated girls, quite capable of earning their own living should the circumstances of the family demand it. At St. Denis they are prepared for the higher examination, and special attention is given to music and drawing; at Ecouen a speciality is made of preparing them for the examination of the postal and telegraphic services, and they are instructed in book-keeping and shorthand writing, while at Les Loges especial prominence is given to the arts of housewifery.

I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing either Ecouen or Les Loges, but I have often been privileged to visit St. Denis, and will therefore confine my remarks to that establishment. It was originally a monastery belonging to the order of St. Benedict, and many traces of its former owners still linger. The solemn old cloisters remind one most of their former presence, and one can picture the cowed forms pacing noiselessly

along where girlish figures now flit to and fro with bursts of merry laughter. It was there that the monks were buried, but some years ago, when various improvements were effected, their remains were disinterred and conveyed to another resting-place, with the exception of the bones of one of the brothers, whose wish to sleep his last long sleep at the foot of the statue of the Virgin and Child was respected.

The large dining-hall was formerly the refectory, and there is still to be seen a kind of pulpit whence spiritual food was served out to the Benedictines while they ministered to the wants of the inner man. Now also the pupils are required to curb the unruly member while at table, and to attend strictly to the business in hand. It is only on Sundays and Thursdays (the weekly half-holiday) that this rule is relaxed, and it has been noticed that the meals last ten minutes longer in consequence. The cells of the monks have been converted into three large dormitories. The narrow little beds may seem to be very close together, but the great height of the rooms ensures plenty of air to each child. It is delightfully cool here in summer, and in winter the windows are closed at three o'clock to allow the heating apparatus in the basement to diffuse an agreeable warmth before the pupils come to bed at nine. In case she feels chilly each girl is provided, in addition to the kind of dressing-jacket, which takes the place of a nightdress, with a cotton handkerchief to throw round her shoulders, and also with a comical little nightcap. On a slightly raised platform, surrounded with curtains, stands the bed for one of the younger mistresses, who take it in turns to keep order in the dormitories, for never, either by night or by day, are the girls left to their own devices. In each room I also noticed a very comfortable armchair, which, I was told, was placed there for the night-watcher, whose duty it is to cover up the restless sleepers, to administer cough mixtures to those whose rest is broken, and to watch over the slumbers of all her young charges in general. It must be a great temptation in that cosy chair not to sink into the arms of Murphy, as said the



native of the Emerald Isle, but a cunning contrivance which has to be set at every hour guards against this eventuality, and a report has to be made to the lady principal every morning. The girls rise at six in the winter and at half-past five in summer. The younger children are only required to strip their beds, but the elder ones have to make their own.

One of the class rooms was formerly the apartment where the Benedictines copied rare old manuscripts, and I

schools, and a minister of the Reformed Church officiates every Sunday at St. Denis, and returns during the week to give religious instruction.

In my peregrination through the huge building, up broad staircases, and down endless corridors, I was also shown the bath-room, with rows of baths, each curtained off, the library of 6,000 volumes, the rooms lined with enormous presses containing neat piles of snowy underlinen, the laboratory, where simple remedies are prepared, and where the



REFECTORY

greatly fear that the girls do not bend over their work with the same love and assiduity the monks brought to their task.

The gymnasium is fitted up in a small chapel, formerly dedicated to St. Catherine, and which the monks would be horrified to see put to such a use. The chapel, which is now used for divine service, contains nothing that will especially attract the visitor's attention. The majority of the pupils are naturally Roman Catholics; but girls belonging to all creeds are admitted into the

girls meekly come to imbibe their cod-liver oil, or whatever medicine has been prescribed for them. The hospital was also pointed out to me in an isolated part of the house; but, as several cases of measles were being treated there, I contented myself with viewing it from a distance.

I have already said nine hundred of the girls are educated free, gratis, and for nothing. At St. Denis, however, an entrance fee of three hundred francs has to be paid for each child, to cover

the cost of her outfit. All the pupils are dressed alike—black stuff dresses of the plainest make, white turned-down collars, black aprons, grey stockings and black shoes, and a cape of the same material as the dress is worn in winter. Fashions may come, and fashions may go, but their costume never varies; the only heed that is paid to the vagaries of Madame la Mode is sometimes to change the shape of the hat when it becomes too utterly out of date. At present black straw sailor hats are worn, trimmed with a simple band of ribbon, and are equally suitable for the younger girls, with their short hair, as for the elder ones with their neat chignons. Pigtales or flowing locks are not tolerated at the Legion of Honour; the silken tresses of the new arrivals are pitilessly offered up on the altar of Hygeia, and it is only when the girls reach an age when they may be safely trusted to look after their hair with the necessary care, that it is allowed to grow to be done up in a severely simple style in keeping with its owner's general appearance. A touch of colour is given by the woollen ribbons worn round the waist and brought up under the arms, over the shoulders and down the back to meet at the waist again. The colour of this ribbon shows the class to which the girl belongs: green represents the lowest class—a most appropriate colour for them, as one of the English probationers laughingly told me. Then follow successively violet, orange, blue, scarlet, white, and finally a rainbow combination of all the foregoing colours as the distinctive sign of the highest class. On the plain black dresses the monthly and yearly medals show up well, much to their proud owners' satisfaction. Prizes are also given at St. Denis, but the medals are a great means of exciting emulation among the girls, and are bestowed not on those who have distinguished themselves in their studies only, but have also been remarked for their general good conduct.

The staff of St. Denis, as that of the other schools, is appointed by the *Grand Chancelier*, and is recruited, with very rare exceptions, among former pupils who have shown special aptitude for

teaching. These young ladies, while probationers, continue to be dressed like the pupils, a small red ribbon on their bodices alone showing the rank they hold, and nine francs a month is the modest remuneration they receive. Very glad must the senior probationer be when a vacancy occurs, and with a salary increased to a thousand francs a year, she gains the privilege of selecting her own attire, and likewise of paying for it, which last operation has fewer charms about it. But if the make and material of her dresses is left to her own taste, she must still keep to the same funereal hue, and black also must her hats and bonnets be, though she may introduce a touch of white to relieve them. All the mistresses wear a cross closely resembling that of the Legion of Honour, and bearing the inscription: *Honneur et Patrie-Maisons d'Education de la Legion d'Honneur*. This cross, attached to a red ribbon, is worn to the left side of the bodice, but the highest ladies on the staff, who are entrusted with the superintendence of the instruction in general, of the house-keeping, the infirmary, and the clothing department, fix it to a kind of broad red collar, and *Madame la Surintendante*, representing the highest authority of all, is easily recognised by the wide red riband crossing her chest from the left shoulder, and at the extremity of which the cross is attached. This lady, Madame Ryckebusch, also enjoys the distinction of being one of the few women on whom the cross of a knight of the Legion of Honour has been conferred, a distinction to which she was amply entitled by her long and distinguished services. The former *surintendantes* were invariably titled ladies, the widows of distinguished general officers, who consequently had little or no experience to help them in the fulfilment of their duties. A new departure was made in the appointment of Madame Ryckebusch, in 1888, who, having been a pupil at St. Denis, has, we may say, risen from the ranks, and after spending her whole life, save the earliest years of childhood, in the house, is eminently qualified to fill her responsible position.

It will be noticed that all the mis-

tresses, though unmarried, are always addressed as "Madame." These ladies reside in the school, but some ten or twelve masters, among them some of the best known professors in Paris, give lessons at St. Denis.

It is interesting to read the letter of Napoleon, setting forth his ideas on the instruction to be given to the daughters of the Legion of Honour, and in several matters his orders are still carried out, though in others, the schools having kept pace with the times, they are now disregarded. "On no account must they be taught Latin or any other foreign language," wrote Napoleon, yet now both English and German are learnt by the children, four of the most advanced pupils being sent to Austria to perfect themselves in the language in a similar establishment, whence come four Austrian officers' daughters to improve their French at St. Denis. Repeated attempts have been made to bring about an exchange of pupils with an English school, but have hitherto been unsuccessful.

"I will allow music to be taught, but it must be only vocal," is another of the Emperor's decisions, to which little heed is paid at present, as his ghost would realise were it to walk in the room at St. Denis, where no less than fifty-seven pianos are assembled, and the truly awful cacophony produced by all these instruments when some fifty pupils are practising simultaneously, would convince him more than ever of the wisdom of his restriction. The girls themselves are quite accustomed to the din, and declare that they are in no wise disturbed by "the concord of sweet sounds" given forth by the surrounding pianos; nevertheless the most promising pupils are favoured with the undivided possession of a room in which to pursue their musical studies. However vocal music is by no means neglected, and the members of the singing-class acquit themselves very creditably at the various concerts given at the school, and render great services in chapel.

"Dancing is necessary to the health of the pupils," also wrote the Emperor,



INTERIOR COURT, PUPILS' WALK

and they quite agree with him there, and still keenly enjoy a dance. There are certain occasions on which they may look forward with certainty to having this pleasure. On July 14th, the national *fête*-day, on November 25th, the day of St. Catherine, the patron saint of girls, and on *Mardi Gras* (Shrove Tuesday). On this last occasion the enjoyment of dancing is heightened by the delight of dressing up, and they themselves design and carry out their fancy dresses. There is no display of bright-hued silks and satins, of delicate lace and flashing jewels—one franc fifty centimes is all each girl is allowed for her costume, and it is not within the bounds of possibility to compass much magnificence with that sum; yet it is wonderful what can be achieved with patience and ingenuity, and the carnival ball is a very pretty sight. Another opportunity for having a good dance was afforded them by the late President, when some few years ago, after having visited the establishment, he invited them to the garden party at the Elysée. Every summer this invitation was repeated, and the girls in their plain uniforms—black stockings and white thread gloves being the only concession made to girlish vanity on this great day—mingled with the fashionable throng in the garden of the palace, and danced with the pupils of the military academy of St. Cyr, who are also included among the guests. To go to the Elysée was the reward to the girls with a clean record, and when they heard that President Loubet intended to follow his lamented predecessor's example, there was much rejoicing at the Legion of Honour.

In his memorable letter the founder also gave it to be understood that the girls were to make their bread, and though not to attend to the cooking, could be shown how to prepare some sweet dishes. At present the daily bread is provided by the baker, but there is still a class for cookery, and in the roomy kitchen, where a meal could be cooked in the huge cauldrons for a family of giants, the pupils are initiated into the mysteries of the culinary art.

"They must make their own chemises, stockings, dresses, and head-dresses."

This was another of Napoleon's commands, and even now, after the lapse of nearly a century, great pains are still taken to make the girls good needlewomen. There is a special fund to provide them with materials for making with their own hands a *trousseau* to be taken home on leaving school, which encourages them to be industrious, and is most useful to many of the girls.

It will thus be seen that their studies are agreeably diversified; they are also interspersed with time for exercise and recreation. With the exception of the elder girls, who are sometimes taken to a picture gallery or museum, with a mistress to act as their "guide, philosopher, and friend," or to an afternoon performance at the Opera Comique or Comédie Française, the pupils never leave the precincts of St. Denis. This rule is strictly adhered to, and even the children whose parents reside in the town of St. Denis itself may not visit their homes during the term, or go out walking with their friends. However, they are by no means deprived of air or out-door exercise, for the large courtyards and beautiful shady park afford facilities for enjoying both. Neither are they quite cut off from intercourse with their families, for the holidays—ten days at the New Year, three weeks at Easter, and two months and a-half in the summer—afford them an opportunity for renewing home ties. Besides, when they return to school—the railway companies, by the way, only charge half-price for the daughters of the Legion of Honour—they can receive duly authorised visitors on Sunday and Thursday afternoons. And a very charming and animated scene do we find in the "parloir" on those days: here we see mamma come to introduce the last new baby to the big sister; there an officer just home from the colonies, having his first interview with his child after his long absence; a little further a wearer of green ribbons not quite accustomed to school life is clinging tearfully to her mother, while others are gaily telling their school experiences to sympathetic hearers or listening eagerly to the news from home. But before a servant is dispatched to fetch each girl, the *Chancelier's* permission to

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see her must be shown to the lady in charge of the "parloir." In years gone by a grating separated the girls from their visitors, and to kiss them through this grating was a feat most difficult to accomplish, but that is a thing of the past, and the pleasure of seeing their relatives and friends is granted them much more frequently than in former times. The discipline is certainly severe at St. Denis, yet I have always been struck by the bright, happy faces of the girls; and when they leave

the old house that sheltered their girlhood, there is generally much shedding of tears. Later on in life they realise the great pains taken there to comply with the founder's desire as expressed in his memorable letter: "I wish to make useful women of these young girls, for if useful, they are sure to be agreeable," and it is thanks to the education received there if they develop into what Madame Campan, the first *surintendante*, wished them all to be—"good housewives and excellent mothers."



### TWILIGHT VOICES

ALTHOUGH I sit beside a hearth  
From which your form has gone,  
To travel o'er a distant path,  
Yet I am not alone;  
For, when the twilight round me falls,  
A Shade beside me stands,  
From out the gloom a whisper calls—  
I see your beckoning hands.

And so, I still hold commune sweet  
With you who've gone before,  
For, every night, you come to greet  
Me from the phantom shore;  
But, with the dawn of breaking day,  
The Voice is still again,  
The shadowy Spirit glides away,  
And I must call in vain!

HORACE WYNDHAM.





WRITTEN BY HERBERT J. ESSEX. ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. GILLINGWATER



SUFFER from sleeplessness, and have acquired the habit of walking out in the middle of the night instead of lying tossing on my bed in a vain endeavour to sleep.

One night I left my chambers in Gray's Inn about midnight, and strolled along Holborn. I turned down one of the narrow streets that lead from that thoroughfare to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and being of rather an absent turn of mind stopped still in a dark corner to follow out some train of thought that had occurred to me.

Suddenly my attention was roused by the sound of stealthy footsteps close to me. The place where I was standing was immediately opposite the door of a house marked No. 16a, and I was surprised to see the figure of a man suddenly emerge from the dark side of the street on which I was, cross over to the other side, which was faintly lit by the rays of a gas-lamp situated some distance away, and after gazing suspiciously around him, push open the door of this house and disappear, pulling the door to after him, but not shutting it.

"A curious thing," I thought, "for the door of a house to stand open at this time of night, and for a man to enter in this mysterious manner, and I fell to wondering what the thing meant. I

had come to no conclusion, when, for the second time, the sound of stealthy footsteps broke upon my ear, and, after a little interval, another figure emerged from the gloom, this time from the opposite direction, and disappeared in the same manner into the house, leaving the door slightly open, as the first had done.

My curiosity was now thoroughly aroused. I gazed at the house. It was a tall, dark-looking structure, and looked eminently respectable. I could see brass plates on each side of the door announcing that various firms had their offices within. It was not at all the kind of place in which a night club would take up its abode, and yet people who entered houses in this secretive manner were certainly not bent on any legitimate errand.

I was engaged in these reflections when, for the third time, footsteps became audible; the same performance was repeated; and a third man disappeared within the gloomy passage, from which no light shone on the opening of the door.

In the course of my nightly wanderings about London I had seen many curious things, but never anything so interesting as this. I made up my mind at once not to lose the chance of taking part in what might prove a singular adventure,



"AFTER GAZING SUSPICIOUSLY AROUND HIM, PUSH OPEN THE DOOR OF THIS HOUSE, AND DISAPPEAR"

and in a moment I crossed the street, pushed open the door, which I left ajar as the others had done, and entered the house. An absolute silence prevailed inside, and it was completely dark except for a thin ray of light from the lamp outside that came in through the crack of the open door. By the aid of this I could see that a flight of stairs ran up opposite the door, and that on the left of the staircase was a passage from which the doors of what looked like offices opened out. I gently tried the handle of one of these doors and found it locked.

Whatever the three men had come in to do, they were evidently on one of the upper floors, and I was just going to mount the staircase when I saw the front door slowly open. I hastily retreated to the passage, where, from the shadow, I saw a fourth man enter

and go upstairs, treading with the utmost caution. I hastily slipped off my shoes and followed him. He had a dark lantern with him, and its faint light gave enough illumination to enable us to see our way up the stairs. He passed the first, and reached the second landing, treading with cat-like steps, and I followed him as closely as I dared. At the second landing he paused and looked behind him, and I shrank back round the corner of the staircase. Fortunately, he did not observe me, and commenced to ascend the third flight, which led to the topmost floor of the house.

I followed as fast as I could, and just reached the top in time to see him enter a room, the door of which was standing open, but which was shrouded, like the rest of the house, in complete darkness. I saw, however, by the gleam of the lantern that the three men whom I had seen enter the house were sitting at a table. A voice said "Rome," another voice answered with the words "Number four," and the man seated himself at the table, shut the slide of his lantern, and the room was again completely dark.

The momentary glimpse of the room which I had had, showed me that in the corner opposite to that into which the door opened was a large old-fashioned sofa, standing out rather from the wall, and well away from the table. I was so interested in what I had seen that I resolved to follow up the adventure, and feeling my way quietly along the wall, I had soon safely ensconced myself behind the broad back of the couch. I had hardly done so when the light from another lantern became visible on the staircase, and, after a short interval, a fifth man entered and took his seat at the table. As he came in he gave the password "Stockholm," and was answered with the words "Number five."

At short intervals six others followed, each giving the name of the town to which, I presumed, he belonged, and each being answered with his number. Then there was an interval of what seemed like some minutes, and then an electric light was suddenly switched on for an instant, and I saw, to my amazement, that the chair at the head of the table, which had up to now been vacant,

was occupied by a twelfth man, who must have crept silently into the room in the darkness. There was a rustling as the other eleven rose slightly in their chairs, and I heard them murmur, "The President," and then the light was suddenly switched off again. But the momentary glimpse of the man that I had had was enough to give me an impression of horror. I had seen a long lean body, crowned with a face of deadly pallor, in which a pair of light eyes moved restlessly under their red lashes, and fringing the face was a thin hedge of light red hair.

And then began a time to which I always look back as the most nerve-shaking I have ever experienced.

There sat the twelve men in absolute silence and complete darkness, while a clock on the mantelpiece slowly ticked away the minutes. Not a word of any kind was spoken, and there was hardly a movement, except the slight rustling that occurred when a man changed his position on his chair.

They were waiting then, but for what? The stillness appalled me. I longed for any sound to break the silence that I knew was but a prelude to some deed of horror. I knew that these mysterious men were waiting for *some one else*, and that their presence boded no good to him, whoever he might be. My own position, too, was of no slight peril. If I were to be discovered I realised that my life would not be worth a moment's purchase. I thought of quietly escaping, but the interest of the situation held me fascinated, and I crouched down again in my uncomfortable position.

And so the interminable minutes went on until, at last, a sound broke the stillness.

A loud noise came from below, as of some one shutting the heavy outside door, and the footsteps of a man climbing the stairs became audible. He came up slowly, humming a tune at the same time, and beating time with his stick on the staircase wall, utterly unconscious of what awaited him in his room. I heard him reach the first landing, and begin to ascend the second flight. "Go back," I muttered to myself, as if he could hear me; "death is waiting for you in your room."

He began to climb the third flight. I could hear the rustling again as each man straightened himself in his chair. Two men moved towards the door. I tried to shout, to give a cry of warning, trusting to making my escape in the confusion, but the words stuck in my throat, and in another moment he was in the room, and it was too late.

I heard the key of the door turn in lock. There was a slight scuffle, a cry of surprise and terror, and the room became suddenly a blaze of light.

The new comer was an Englishman, about thirty-five years old, and ordinarily good-looking, and he stood between two men at one end of the table, facing the President, who looked at him with an expression of triumphant hate gleaming out of his cold eyes.

He bore himself with courage, though the colour of his face was of an ashy greyness, as he realised the hands into which he had fallen.

The President spoke in a thin, rasping voice, and with a foreign accent:—

"Reginald Causton," he said, "you are standing in the presence of the central committee of the Holy Brotherhood, whose oath you are accused of violating. Five years ago you were summoned before us in Paris, and neglected to appear. We have, therefore, been obliged to seek you out, and, by the aid of a clerk in the office downstairs, who was not averse from earning a little money, and left the front door open for us, we were enabled to meet here to-night.

"I ask you, in the name of the committee, whether you have any defence to make for the crime of which you are accused?"

The accused man was silent.

The President turned to the other members: "You see, gentlemen," he said, "he has no defence to offer." Then he addressed the prisoner again: "You know our rules," he said.

"Yes, Pierre Lamotte," broke out the other, "I know too well your accursed rules that bind men with oaths of which they do not know the meaning, and then when they cannot keep them, punish them with death. . . . Listen, gentlemen," he cried, turning to the other conspirators, "I know that the

penalty for breaking the oath to the Brotherhood is death, and that the offer of allowing a man who has done so to defend himself is a mere farce; but, before I die, I wish to show some justification for what I did. I was affiliated to the Brotherhood when I was a mere boy, by my father, who had suffered every imaginable wrong from the Russian Government, and had become a fanatic for revenge. I cared not much for these things, but at twenty-five, I took the oath to please him, not knowing the servitude to which I was binding myself. Soon afterwards I fell in love with a girl in Paris, and this man," (he pointed with a glance of hate at the President,) "happened to covet her. He persecuted her with his loathsome attentions, and one day I caught him annoying her, and had to correct him." He smiled slightly at the recollection as if it pleased him, and I saw the President shoot a sinister glance at him from under his light eyelashes.

"Soon afterwards," continued Causton, "he was elected President, and from that day forward he persecuted me. Whatever difficult or dangerous service was to be done, the choice of the committee always seemed to fall upon me. I was sent away from Paris continually, and at last I was appointed to this service in Italy, which meant certain death, for I was to assassinate the Duke of A—. Gentlemen, I was in despair, but I respected my oath, and started on my journey; but when I arrived in Rome, I found a frantic letter awaiting me from my betrothed, saying that directly I had left Paris this villain," (and he pointed again at Lamotte,) "had renewed his persecutions. I broke my oath, and returned secretly to Paris. I made arrangements that my betrothed should be placed in a position of safety, where, thank God, she is now, and which this devil does not know. Since then, I have been living in London, trying to make enough to enable me to marry her. We were to have been married next month" (I detected a slight tremor in his voice as he spoke), "but you have found me out, and that dream is over.

"That is my story, gentlemen, and now do what you have to do as quickly

as possible. I judge that you are anxious to be gone, and a condemned man is no stickler for formalities."

He paused, and his pale face became set again as he waited for the verdict.

The voice of the President broke the silence, high and thin, like the note of a badly-played violin:

"You have heard the prisoner's defence, gentlemen," he said, "and that he does not deny the breaking of his oath. His lies about myself" (his voice became shriller and his pale eyes glittered,) "I can afford to disregard. I ask you, Johann Strakosch" (he turned to a man beside him,) "as senior on the central committee, what is your verdict?"

"Death!" answered the other.

The President went down the list, and each man gave the same answer.

Pierre Lamotte smiled evilly, and turned to the prisoner:

"Reginald Causton," he said, "you are condemned by the central committee of the Brotherhood to death. It now remains for the manner of your death to be decided on." He turned to the other members of the committee: "Shall it be the usual manner," he asked.

Each man assented.

"Bind the condemned!" said Lamotte.

In a moment the two men posted near the door seized the unfortunate victim and bound him securely to the table, leaving, however, his right arm free, but arranging the knots of the rope in such a way that it was impossible for him to unloose them.

I looked at his face: the agony of death was upon it; and great drops of cold sweat stood out upon his brow.

When he was fastened securely, the President addressed his companions:

"Gentlemen," he said, "in the name of the Sacred Brotherhood, I thank you for your attendance here to-night to do an act of justice. Your further services will not be required. I take upon myself the final duty, and you can depend upon my arranging everything so that not even the slightest breath of suspicion will be aroused. I have the honour to wish you severally good journeys to your homes," and he bowed.



The other members of the committee bowed in return, and the man addressed as Johann Strakosch, immediately went out. After an interval another followed, and so on, till Lamotte was left alone with his victim.

He turned a malignant glance upon him and laughed, with a sinister look in his eyes that made my blood boil. Then he lit a cigarette. At last he spoke.

"It was foolish of you to tell that little story, my friend," he said. "You cause me to remind myself of what I owe you, and for a man in your position that is foolish. You see we are alone here, and the window of the room you chose to live in looks out on nothing but warehouses, which are all empty, so that no one would hear you if you were to shout for help. And perhaps I may have to cause you to call out a little. You struck me once in Paris—*me!* holy God! and with a cane; and besides, you have a secret that I want, and a man who has a secret should not live in a room where screams cannot be heard."

His pale eyes gleamed; and under his bantering words I felt there lay a concentrated ferocity that boded ill for his victim. I felt in my pocket for my clasp-knife, opened it and stretched my cramped limbs in order to be ready for the struggle that I knew was coming.

Lamotte drew a small bottle from his pocket. "The Brotherhood dislikes the unnecessary shedding of blood," he said with a sneer, "so they allow those who are under the ban of their justice to end their own lives. You will observe that your right hand is free. That is done that you may drink the contents of this bottle of your own free will, and die with it in your hand. It looks more natural." And he laughed again, and snapped his fingers in the other's face. "Animal," he cried, "you once struck Pierre Lamotte, but now you are going to pay the price for it."

The condemned man stretched out his hand for the bottle. "Give it me," he cried hoarsely, "and let me make an end."

The President drew back. "Not yet," he answered. "You remember that there is a little matter of a secret. You are going to tell me the name of the

place where Mademoiselle is hidden so safely."

The other's eyes flashed defiance. "By heavens, no!" he said. "I would rather die a hundred deaths than tell you."

Lamotte laughed, and drew a long wax taper from his pocket and lighted it with a match. "You will do more than that, my friend," he answered, "because a man might die a hundred times, and yet not suffer so much as you will if you do not tell me. But I give you another chance. You will be dead, you know, and Mademoiselle—she will console herself with me." He poised the taper in the air.

"I will never tell you," said Causton.

"Pig!" returned the Frenchman, his mood changing again to ferocity. "Let us understand one another. We are alone here, and you have the misfortune to be bound. Supposing I were to—" He advanced close to his victim, and his voice sank to a hissing whisper.

I saw a shudder run through Causton's frame. "You devil," he said, "you could never"—and he broke off with a groan. "God help me!" I heard him say.

"I had the honour to ask you the name of the place where your betrothed is hidden," repeated the President.

No answer came.

"You are obstinate, my friend; and I shall have to try some preliminary measures. It is a pity, because you will speak before you die. With these words the Frenchman walked stealthily round the table till he was behind his victim, and well out of reach of his free arm. Causton, with an agony of fear in his eyes, tried to follow his movements by turning his head, but with devilish malignity he placed himself so that the other could not see him. Then I saw him crouch forward on the table, the red fringe standing round his face like the unclean hair of some animal, and deliberately apply the lighted taper to the side of Causton's face.

With a dreadful shriek, the latter struggled a pace or two, pulling the heavy table with him.

I heard the malignant laugh of the Frenchman. "You will speak directly, my friend," he said, "if a little pain is



so disagreeable to you. Perhaps you will save further trouble by doing so now. I can make it more painful than that," and he flourished the taper in Causton's face.

The bound man set his teeth. "Never!" he said, "you dog!"

By this time I could stand it no longer, and was creeping from my hiding place.

The Frenchman's back was towards

too short, however, and lay on the table, an inch or two out of his reach.

I am a fairly strong man, but I found my match in the Frenchman. Round the room we struggled, each trying to get the other down. He wound his long arms round me, and wrestled with the ferocity of a tiger; and after a time I found that he was slowly pushing me backwards towards the knife. His greedy eyes were fixed upon it as it lay



"'NEVER!' HE SAID, 'YOU DOG!'"

me as he prepared to do his devilish work the second time. Causton shuddered and gave an involuntary groan, and then he saw me and uttered a cry of surprise.

Lamotte followed the direction of his eyes and turned suddenly, but I was upon him in an instant, trying at the same time to throw my knife within reach of Causton's free hand. It fell

open upon the table, and I knew that if once he got possession of it, both I and Causton were lost. Slowly and slowly I lost ground, while the bound man watched the conflict with agonised eyes. My limbs were stiff from the cramped position in which I had been for so long, and I felt that it was merely a matter of a few moments' time, and the knife would be in the Frenchman's posses-

sion. I resolved to make one final attempt. We were now very near the table. With a superhuman effort I pulled him sideways a short distance, shouting to Causton at the same time to seize him with his unoccupied hand. He was just able to do so, and caught him by the collar. Nearly throttle him by the grasp, Lamotte relaxed his hold for an instant, and in that moment the knife was mine. I handed it to Causton, who let go his grasp as I renewed the struggle with Lamotte. It did not take him long to cut the rope, and come to my assistance. With yells and curses the Frenchman still struggled like a demon, but the two of us were too much for him; and at last we got him under, and he fell back, striking his head against the corner of the table, and becoming insensible.

"Good God!" I said, as we bent over his evil face as he lay upon the floor, "have we killed him?"

Causton listened a moment, and then spurned the man's body with his foot. "No," he said, "such carrion is not so easily disposed of. He is merely stunned."

After a short consultation we decided to bind him, and then leave him where he was, and let the police make the best they could of the mystery when they found him the next morning. So when Causton had collected a few necessary papers we left him, bundled in a heap upon the floor and breathing stertorously.

We reached my chambers without

further adventure, and we had no sooner got inside my sitting-room than Causton broke down under the strain he had endured, and fainted dead away in my arm-chair. He soon recovered, however, and left me in two hours' time to make his escape both from the members of the Brotherhood and the enquiries of the police.

But he need not have done so, for when the police found the President next morning they recognised him as a man for whom their friends in Paris had long been in search, and he was extradited. A month afterwards I learned that he had saved his own skin by betraying his comrades, and that by his means a band of Anarchists that had long defied the police was broken up.

Lamotte himself was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude in a French convict settlement, and I felt no pity for him when I heard it.

Causton has married the lady of his choice, and lives in America. He writes to me sometimes. The police never found him, nor solved the mystery of the house in the Holborn street where an Anarchist was discovered bound with a cord, in the room of a journalist, who had disappeared and never came back again. It remained an unsolved problem, the solution of which, I believe, to this day remains only in the hands of Causton, his wife, myself, and the man who, if still alive, is enduring a living death in the pestilential climate of Cayenne.



# The Monks of Mount Melleray

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR J. IRELAND. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**T**HE history of Monasticism is a life study; it traces the evolution of the Church by those slow steps which have given us, by a series of deviations, every branch of the Christian Faith. It would, of course, be impossible to compress into a short article even the substance of these changes without attempting to explain the motives to which they have been due; therefore, I shall merely give an account of the life in a monastery of the strictest order of the Church of Rome, which is to-day very much like the life of the monks in ages long past. Years and seasons make little, if any, change within the walls of religious houses. Men are born, they flourish, and they die: the outside world strives, suffers, and rejoices, but the son or daughter of the Church, who chooses to give up all for the sake of the religion that is their life, passes like a shadow through the land unruffled by—almost unconscious of—the changes without. Not that the life of the recluse has been always smooth and peaceful: one has only to read the accounts of monastic persecution to see how much these men and women have had the courage to endure for their faith. Yet, in spite of torture and tribulation, the convents have survived; and it is only necessary to allow the imagination to play its part when one steps into the quiet, sparsely-furnished religious houses of to-day in order to enter into the life of men who lived centuries ago.

Historical knowledge grows rusty very rapidly, so I think I may be permitted to briefly recall the origin of the Cistercian Order—to a branch of which

the Monks of Mount Melleray belong—before proceeding to describe the Mount Melleray Monastery in detail. The Cistercians, then, seceded from the Benedictines in the twelfth century, and under their leader, one Stephen Hardinge, an Englishman, tried to restore the strict living of old-time Monasticism. Their home was at Cîteaux, in France, and in a short time their influence spread far and wide—being received with ecstasy by religious enthusiasts. Later, in the fourteenth, a further secession took place—this time from the newly-founded Cistercians. It was headed by two very devout men, Saint Bernard and Saint Bruno, who sought to purify their souls by even greater exactions than those of the Cistercian order. This new Order—or rather branch, as it is properly called—took the name of La Trappe, and having instituted a *régime* of appalling austerity, earned a reputation for self-sacrifice which has never been equalled in the history of monastic life. The monks lived in absolute solitude—but, as the description of the Monks at Mount Melleray, who are Trappists, will contain the details of their life, I need not dwell upon the matter here.

The Trappist monasteries were generally in isolated, mountainous, or almost inaccessible districts, but the monks worked on the land, brought it under cultivation, and engaged in charitable enterprises which made them respected, while the severity of their lives made them the objects of almost superstitious fear. Examples of the old Cistercian monasteries, the parent Order of La Trappe, just as the Benedictines were the parent Order of the Cistercians,

may be seen at Fountains, Tintern, and Furness, in England. These all flourished before the Tudor dissolution of monasteries took place, and probably possessed great wealth, whereas the latter-day convents are, as a rule, in rather straitened circumstances. This brief summary is only meant to recall the principal incidents in the transition of the monasteries, and to pave the way for the coming of the settlement at Mount Melleray, so that the growth of the branch may be better understood when its history is known.

There was not much paving of the way for the weary band of exiled fathers who came to Ireland from France sixty-nine years ago. They had been expelled from their Abbey by the Revolution of 1830, and, not knowing whither to turn, this destitute band of foreigners had crossed to Ireland, the ancient home of holy learning, and made their way up the River Blackwater to Cappoquin, where they sought the aid of Sir Richard Keane, the chief landowner of the district, in establishing an Abbey. Their supplication was listened to by Sir Richard, who granted them the mountain tract of land at the foot of Mount Melleray, a peak of the Knockmeledown Mountains, for a nominal sum. The area of the grant was about seven hundred acres, composed of mountain land, and was, up to the time of occupation, uncultivated heath land—stony, difficult to work, almost sterile. Nevertheless the grateful monks received the gift—for such in truth it was—joyfully; and, true to the traditions of their Order, set about transforming the outlying waste into a prosperous farm, and did not shrink from the most trying labours.

They quarried the stone required for building purposes on their newly-acquired land, and erected their monastery with their own hands. The united labour of these earnest men soon converted chaos into cosmos, and by the sweat of their brow and the work of their hands they have established a thriving settlement on the lower slopes of the Knockmeledowns. Everything that was wanted from without, whether for the completion of the Abbey or the tilling of the ground, was carried by

the fathers, without the assistance of beast labour, from Cappoquin, which is about three and a-half miles distant. Even the manure for the ground was carried on their backs in baskets over the rough roads that then existed. Thus it will be apparent to all that the task of cultivation was, at the outset, one of extreme difficulty. Undaunted by these obstacles, however, the monks toiled on; with the result that, now, smiling meadows and cornfields have taken the place of the heath-clad wastes of the mountain side.

Very, very few of the original settlers are now alive. The majority, having done their day's work, lie asleep—as the monks express it—beneath the plain wooden crosses in the little cemetery. A new generation has arisen, composed chiefly of Irishmen, to carry on the work with ceaseless energy, and no less earnest than the preceding one. They are men who do not fear to suffer for their convictions, and who, therefore, demand the respect of all—even of those who do not approve of their methods.

The Order of La Trappe imposes very severe restrictions upon its votaries. An abstemious life in every sense is the primary rule; and self-sacrifice is the motive of every action. Eternal silence is the characteristic by which this austere brotherhood is best known to the world; and incessant prayer is another which forms the greatest principle of the Trappists' lives. The work which occupies the monks necessitates a relaxation of the rule of silence on certain occasions. Thus, for example, the members engaged in the schools and those who are told off to receive visitors are exempt from the mandate as long as their duties make conversation necessary. Directly, however, the task is finished the teachers and the Master of the Ceremonies once more relapse into silence. For other special reasons a dispensation enabling a member to speak may be granted; but no monk will lightly make a request for such a dispensation, since severe penances are inflicted afterwards, in order to undo the damage that has been done by the communications with the outside world.

There is something particularly

pathetic in the sight of all the silent, lonely figures that one sees moving about the cloisters in their white habits, communing with the heavens. It is the custom to raise your hat as you pass, and they return the salute by a grave inclination of their heads. This is done more from habit than in acknowledgment of your salutation, for their eyes remain fixed upon the ground or turned upwards, so that they can scarcely be aware of any bow on the visitor's part, and they simply return the greeting that they [have] learnt to expect, without

dispensing of hospitality they are absolutely free from bigotry—difference of creed has no power to cool the welcome the visitor receives. And whether one wishes to make any return for what one receives or not, is left entirely in the hands of the individual.

It is a rule of the House that no visitor shall stay longer than three weeks; but one day's intermission at the end of a visit is sufficient to entitle the stranger to return for another three weeks. No charge is made for all this, and no gratuity is demanded; but, of course,



THE DORMITORY

wishing to ascertain whether it was accorded. Their living is very simple. They neither eat meat nor drink wine, but their hospitable tenets, allow them to supply these things for the use of their guests. They are content to eat bread, fish—only on certain days—vegetables, fruit and butter, and to drink milk or water—for tea, coffee and cocoa fall under the head of stimulants—while the visitors may have anything they care to ask for, provided it is in the monastery. They are most hospitable; and in the

few leave without expressing their thanks in a tangible form. There was a notable instance of the admiration inspired by the monks a few years ago. A Church of England priest visited the monastery on two occasions, and spent the full time allowed by the Order each time. After his second visit, he sent a very handsome donation, which has founded new charities in the neighbourhood, as a token of his esteem.

The rules as to rising and sleeping are most severe; and I think that even



the veriest sceptic must be convinced that men who act up to their principles so thoroughly, year in, year out, in winter, and summer, are themselves convinced of the efficacy of their calling. This is briefly the diary of a day:—At two o'clock in the morning, on week-days, the monks leave the cheerless dormitory in which they sleep in the tiny cubicles, on plank beds, and begin their day's round with prayer. On Sundays and holy-days the hour of rising is one instead of two, and there are extra prayers. In fact, the whole day is devoted to religious thoughts, if not to prayer, even while the outside duties are being performed. Meals occupy a very small portion of the day; the remainder being spent in attending to the necessities of the young, the sick, and the aged, tilling the land, and generally looking after the farm, live stock and fields. At eight o'clock in the evening the monks retire to rest; and so the days go on. "In the lovely summer evenings," said the father who conducted me over the monastery, "when the sun is setting and everything looks beautiful, when you men of the

world are enjoying yourselves, it is sometimes hard to go to bed."

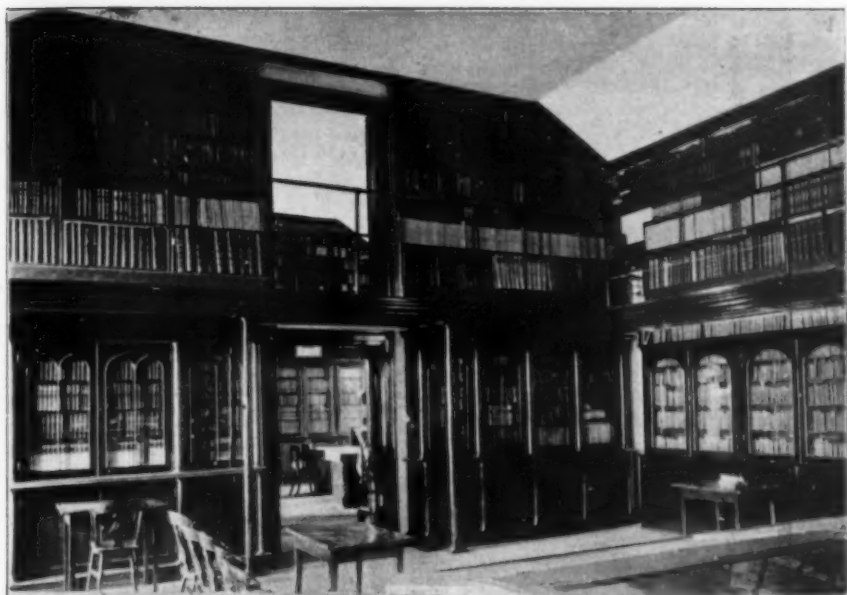
This brings me to my own impressions, gathered during a too short stay at Mount Melleray; which, however, I mean to repeat, in acceptance of the kind invitation received.

To reach the monastery from Cappelquin entails a walk of about three and a-half miles, or the journey can be made by car. I chose to walk; and a hot, dusty walk it was, along a white, glaring road, little protected from the sun. The last part of the walk may be made across heather-covered moor, where the ground is very rough, so that one enters the shade of the avenue leading to the door of the guest-house with feelings of relief.

In front of the door there is a gravel sweep, on the left a high wall enclosing the cemetery, the chapel and school-house; on the right the farm buildings, where a large quantity of hay and straw, the products of the monastery lands, is stored; and behind the guest-house is the part of the building inhabited by the monks. The whole effect of the pile, as one approaches, is



THE CEMETERY



THE LIBRARY

grave. The gray walls, the lofty spire of the chapel, the brown-habited figures of the brothers, all help to enhance the solemnity of this truly religious house, in its mountainous surroundings. And when the threshold is crossed one feels that one has stepped into another world—the world of centuries ago.

I was very kindly received by one of the brothers, who took me all over the place, and did not forget to care for my creature comforts. Everything is silent; and my footsteps sounded ominously loud on the naked stone floors of the passage, while my guide walked with a shuffling step, developed from the habit of wearing low-cut shoes. The library and the chapter-house are the two most luxurious apartments in the monastery, for one cannot include the guest-rooms, which are made comfortable for the use of visitors. But it is not until the dormitory and the cells are reached that a true idea of the severity of the life is gained. The dormitory I have already described; and the cells present no article calculated to make the monks forget their duties. They are simple and

austere in the extreme, containing a solitary wooden chair, a faldstool, a table, a few books borrowed from the library for immediate study, and a small font of holy water.

The chapel is divided into two parts—the secular and the clerical—separated by a screen of carved oak. Mass is held there every day for the people; and the monks spend much of their time in the stalls in silent prayer. It is an impressive sight, but one that is too sacred to write lightly about—for it must be remembered that this is their life and their religion; and, whether they are mistaken or not in their views, I am convinced that they are thoroughly in earnest in their work.

Beyond the buildings lies the garden, well-cared for, and brought to a state of high cultivation by the hands of the monks; and a little to the right of the farmyard is the lake from which the fish are taken for feast days. Everything that I saw interested me; it was all so strange, so solemn, such an anachronism at the close of the nineteenth century.

My guide was most affable, and I ventured to ask him a few questions which might seem impertinent; but he answered them freely.

"I have been forty-five years here," he said in answer to my question; "and there are a good many who have been longer."

"Do you ever regret the world?" I inquired.

"No," he said; "but do not think that monastery walls exclude temptation. We have just the same cravings as you men of the world. And we need prayers, as do all men."

My short stay was a pleasant one, and before I left I had grown more than interested in the life around me. As I walked along the dusty road on my way back to Cappoquin, I clambered on to the fern-covered wall at the side of the road, from which a last glimpse of the monastery could be obtained, before turning a corner that would shut off my view. I looked long, and felt that what I had seen must be a dream, it was so strange; and, remembering what the brother had said to me,

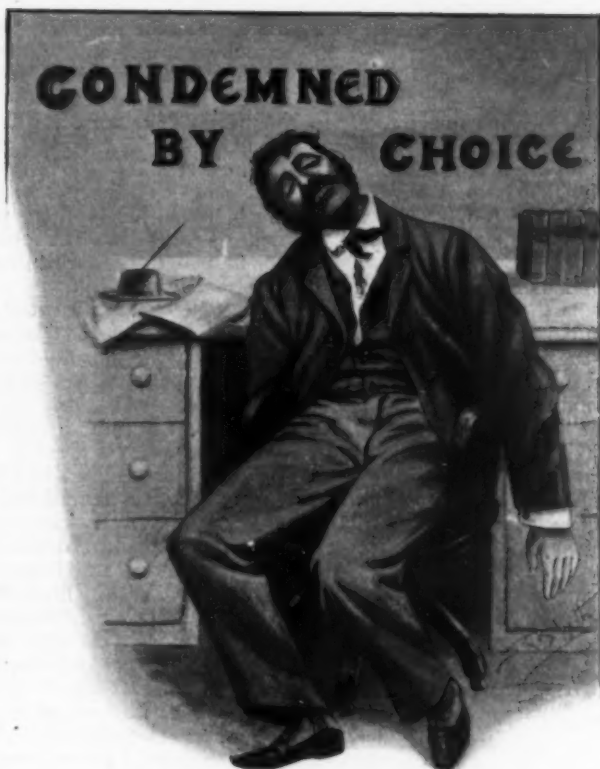
I uttered my benediction on the home of the hard-working, austere men to whom I felt so drawn, even in my short acquaintance.

A few steps more, and Mount Mellera was hidden from my eyes; not for ever, I hope, for there is a deal to be learnt there, and I shall try to see the friendly, hospitable monks again. I had not gone far before I met a stream of cars driving out to the monastery, laden with holiday-makers from Youghal, Cork, and other places from which excursions are run to the lovely Blackwater. They were all anxious to see the famous Order at home, and they would all receive the hospitality of the monks, as many thousands have done already, and as many thousands will do in the future—given with open-handed generosity, no matter whence the stranger comes, or who he is.

Thus these men live their simple life, and die their simple death, ministering to the poor, teaching the young, showing kindness to all. And who shall say that they fail to do good?



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WRITTEN BY FRANK STANHOPE. ILLUSTRATED BY SPENCER BLYTH

MY friend Henderson had been chief resident Medical Officer at the E— Lunatic Asylum for about two years when I accepted his invitation to run down, and spend a few hours with him. I shouldn't have gone then, perhaps, but Henderson wrote urging me, alleging as an additional inducement that the inmates were having a dance in the evening, to which festive function I should be warmly welcomed.

Now I've danced with girls whose inane and vapid rejoinders to my well-meant efforts to start a conversation would seem to suggest a certain amount of idiocy; but never with a properly

labelled "professional idiot." The temptation was irresistible. I went to E—, arriving there in the afternoon, intending to devote the intervening time to an inspection of the institution.

Under the pilotage of Henderson, I made the tour of the asylum, and was much impressed with the melancholy associations of the place. It saddened me more than a visit I once paid to a home for incurables.

"The patients you have just seen," observed Henderson, as we reached the end of a long and lofty stone corridor, "are what we rather slangily call the 'middles.' That is, they come between the perfectly harmless inmates and the really dangerous. Now we come to the

latter—the worst cases—those with homicidal or suicidal mania.”

Henderson opened a door as he spoke, and descending a narrow stone staircase, led the way to that quarter of the asylum which sheltered the most unfortunate of all the inmates of that sombre building.

To be candid, I was not sorry when it was over. Henderson evidently read my thoughts.

“Never mind, Barnton,” he said; “I can promise you the evening will partly obliterate your painful impressions of E—. By-the-bye, I hope you’re a good dancer. Some of our young ladies are veritable Terpsichores.”

I smiled at my friend’s playful remarks, which I knew were meant to divert my thoughts from the dismal sight we had just seen; but, in spite of that, I could not rid my mind of the images of the wretched men and women we were leaving behind. One case in particular, that of a tall, dark man, apparently in the thirties, one of the last we had visited, impressed me most painfully. I spoke of him to Henderson, when we had reached the cheery little sitting-room, which was the doctor’s sanctum.

“I never saw a more awful look in a man’s eye than in his,” I said with a shudder. “Is he very violent?”

I thought I noticed a troubled look on Henderson’s face, as though the subject were distasteful to him.

“Periodically,” he said, “he breaks out into frightful paroxysms, and requires considerable attention. At other times he is comparatively quiet and docile, but very melancholy.”

“Has he been here long?”

“Nearly two years. He came about a month after I was appointed.”

“Do you know the particulars of his case?” I enquired. “What drove him to this place?”

“Conscience,” said Henderson, gravely.

A moment later he seemed as though he would have recalled his answer.

“Conscience?” I repeated vaguely.

“Yes; but don’t let us pursue the subject, Barnton. I didn’t ask you down here to give you the ‘blues.’”

“Pooh!” I returned. “I didn’t come

here expecting to find the gaiety of a circus or music-hall. The very stones of the place suggest gloom and misery.”

Henderson half smiled.

“That’s no reason I should harrow your feelings by a recital of all the woes of the place.”

I said no more; but, to speak the truth, I was just a little piqued at my friend’s attitude. He must have seen it, for he rose to his feet, and stood in front of my chair.

“Look here, Barnton!” he said, “I’m afraid you’re a bit offended—or shall I say perplexed—at my unwillingness to speak of the case that has so interested you?”

“Not at all, my dear fellow,” I said, annoyed with myself for having disguised my feelings so ill. “Perhaps the subject is a painful one to you?”

“That’s exactly it, Barnton; the subject is a painful one to me.”

I glanced up at Henderson in some surprise. I had made the remark perhaps a trifle maliciously, never expecting there was any truth in the suggestion of personal feeling. Still he spoke quite soberly. There was not the slightest hint of satire or badinage. There was even gravity in his manner.

“I’m sorry I asked any questions, old man,” I said. “Still, I could hardly guess—”

Henderson interrupted me.

“I fear you will carry away a wrong impression of the matter, Barnton. I have no personal interest in the man—at least, not in the way you may think. He was a perfect stranger to me when he was admitted; and, until a week ago, I thought no more of his case than that of any one of my patients. He interested me professionally, that was all. But last week something happened that has completely changed my position with regard to him. To tell you the truth, Barnton,”—Henderson spoke hurriedly, and instinctively lowered his voice—“to tell you the truth, I have been much worried lately over that very man. I have been placed in a most awkward position.”

He paused, and drew up a chair close to mine. I filled up the interval with an observation:

“I’m glad you speak in the past tense,”



I said. "Your difficulty is, I presume, over."

Henderson shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't know about that. It's only over inasmuch as I've come to a decision in my own mind as to how to act in the matter. Whether that decision is a wise one or not is another matter."

I was now as anxious to change the conversation as I had a moment before been to continue it. I felt that my friend had a secret that he wished to preserve.

"By the way, old man," I said brightly, "I saw Conway last Thursday, and he was asking after you. He's got an appointment in South Africa. He sails next week."

"Indeed!" said Henderson rather absently. "I hope he'll do well. But to return to our subject. I should like to put you in possession of the facts that have recently been made known to me. I will not even ask you to respect my confidence; the necessity for doing so will be apparent."

I raised a sort of objection—feeble, I'm afraid, for I was more than ever interested in the matter, after what he had said.

"If you'd rather keep the affair to yourself, Henderson," I said, "don't let my idle curiosity influence you, or tempt you to divulge any secrets."

Henderson smiled.

"I have absolute confidence in your discretion, Barnton. Besides, I should rather like your opinion on the course I've decided to adopt. But to continue: As I said, up to last week I took no special interest in this man. I knew that he had been well-to-do in the world, and that he was married—his wife has been here twice—but as to the cause of his madness I could learn nothing. I don't believe any sufficient cause has ever been assigned. Only in his ravings he sometimes mentions the name of a friend—a Frank Westlake—who had been hanged for murder several years ago. Some thought that the shock of his friend's death had been the initial cause of his mental breakdown. Such is the wife's opinion. As for myself, I could never bring myself to believe that such an event—terrible as it must have been—could have had

such a tragic effect on his mind. The matter, however, passed from my mind a week after the man's admission, and never recurred to me until last week, when the patient, who had been unusually quiet and tractable for several days, slipped a roll of paper into my hand during one of my daily visits. That paper contained a most extraordinary confession—so extraordinary, indeed, that, but for one circumstance to which I shall presently allude, I should be tempted to regard it as a purely imaginary tale, the product of a mind deranged.

"I must now," continued Henderson, "take your memory back five or six years. You may or may not remember the case of Mark Goulding, the city merchant, who was murdered in December, 1889?"

I shook my head doubtfully.

"The facts as reported are these: About ten minutes past eight on the 12th of December in that year, Goulding was found murdered in his private office in Wood Street, Cheapside. Frank Westlake was arrested, and charged with the crime. He was nephew to the murdered man, and had originally been in his employ, but there had long been a coldness between them—partly on account of Westlake's engagement to a girl named Helen Oldfield. The latter was also a relation of Goulding's—a niece, I fancy—so the two were distantly related. I am giving you the particulars and names so readily," said Henderson, "because I've looked up the daily papers of that period, and made myself master of the case.

"Perhaps the most damning bit of evidence against Westlake was a letter, or rather couple of letters, which were produced and read in Court. One was from the merchant, dated two days before his death, asking Westlake, who was in rather poor circumstances, earning an uncertain livelihood as an unattached journalist, to call at Wood Street to hear a proposal Goulding wished to make. There's no doubt that the proposal in question had for its object the separation of Helen Oldfield and Frank Westlake, the lever used being a threat to disinherit Miss Old-



"SLIPPED A ROLL OF PAPER INTO MY HAND"

field—at that time her uncle's heiress—should the marriage take place.

"Westlake's answer, which was couched in pretty strong terms, was to the effect that he would call as requested, but nothing should make him consent to renounce the merchant's niece.

"The circumstantial evidence was pretty conclusive. He had been in the office near about the time of the crime. He had been heard to utter angry, if not menacing words to the deceased half-an-hour previously. A moment after the tragedy, a young man bearing a strong resemblance to the prisoner was seen to leave the building.

"Westlake was condemned, and subsequently executed."

"I remember now, Henderson," I interpolated. "Didn't the niece inherit about £60,000? I recollect at the time thinking that looked precious black

against the prisoner. Particulars of the case are all coming back to me now. I followed it carefully at the time. Let me see—wasn't the solicitor who defended him a personal friend?"

Henderson nodded gravely.

"That solicitor is the man you have just seen, Barnton," he said, with a half shudder. "*The confession he has made exonerates Westlake from the crime of murder.*"

"Then he knows the real criminal?" I said. "He is the real criminal, eh? I begin to see —"

"I'm afraid you don't, Barnton," interrupted Henderson, quietly. "If ever a man were a murderer, the man who was known to the world as Paul Kaspar is one, but he was as guiltless of the death of Mark Goulding as either you or I. The man he killed was Frank Westlake."

I suppose I looked bewildered; I

certainly felt so. Henderson continued:

"Mark Goulding was last seen alive and well on the staircase leading to his private office, at ten minutes to eight on the night of his murder. Such was the evidence of a clerk in his employ. At a quarter to eight *precisely* on that same night, Westlake knocked at the door of the house in which Kaspar had rooms in a street off the Strand, and was admitted. There he remained until eleven o'clock in the solicitor's company."

"Why that's a perfect alibi," I exclaimed in amazement. "I don't remember it being set up by the defence."

Henderson shook his head.

"No, it was not set up. When Westlake was arrested, he at once sent for Paul Kaspar to undertake his defence. The moment Kaspar heard the clerk's evidence, as to seeing his employer alive at ten minutes to eight, he knew the line the defence must take. He told Westlake he'd be free in twenty-four hours. The alibi was unanswerable. The girl who had opened the door to him at Kaspar's had also been twice summoned to the room upstairs in which the two men were sitting. She could pick the prisoner out of a thousand."

"Practically he was as good as free, Kaspar told him so. But strange as it may appear Westlake didn't want this hasty acquittal. He wished the case to go to trial. He wished to be condemned, he wished to pass the three awful weeks in the condemned cell at Newgate; and—he wished to come out and give his sombre experiences to the world."

"None but a journalist—and a desperate one at that—would have projected such a wild scheme. He put the matter to Kaspar, and Kaspar consented to keep back the evidence of the alibi and let the trial proceed. But in spite of all he might still be acquitted. So much the worse. Westlake wished to hear the judge pronounce the most dreadful of all sentences. It would make interesting 'copy' a month or two later. It meant notoriety—journalistic success and—Helen Oldfield."

"The arrangement between them was that if Westlake was condemned Kaspar should wait until the last twenty-four hours—until the prisoner stood within the very shadow of the gallows—and then dramatically produce the evidence, and demand from the Home Secretary a respite, and following that a free pardon."

"To me it seems a scheme worthy of two madmen. That any solicitor should lend himself to such trickery seems incredible, but on one supposition—that of contemplated treachery to his friend. The confession, however, states that the arrangement was entered into in good faith on the writer's part—treachery being an afterthought."

"And the object?" I asked in a half whisper.

Henderson shivered slightly.

"*Love and jealousy.* Two years after Westlake's execution, Kaspar married Miss Oldfield. The horrible part of it is that she married him principally because he was to her, the embodiment of chivalrous friendship. At the time he made, or pretended to make, great efforts for a reprieve which he knew quite well would not be granted. To Helen Oldfield he was *Frank's* friend and she married him as such. Kaspar was well aware of the fact at the time; his confession shows that. She has been here to see him twice. She still clings to the belief that his madness is the outcome of the shock inflicted by the fate of his friend. It must of necessity endear him still more to her," Henderson concluded with a half suppressed sigh.

"You spoke of a circumstance which, in your opinion, seemed to corroborate this man's story?" I said interrogatively.

"I did," said Henderson, "it concluded the press account of the execution, and was as follows: (I quote verbatim from the *Daily Messenger*. The words have haunted me for a week past; to both of us they must bear an awful significance.)

"It appears that the unhappy man, contrary to the expectation of the prison officials, struggled fiercely while Berry was pinioning him. To the last he firmly protested his innocence and

declared he had purposely kept back conclusive evidence of the latter. He begged to be permitted to communicate with the Home Secretary, and the name of his solicitor—Mr. Kaspar—the gentleman who has made such gallant, though unavailing efforts to secure a reprieve for his client—was constantly on his lips. It is even said that he charged him with treachery, maintaining that the solicitor held irrefutable proofs of his innocence. Of course there can be little doubt that the condemned man was almost if not quite insane as the end approached.

"There Barnton, that is corroboration sufficient, I fear. Poor Westlake! What a terrible doom; but you've not died unavenged. A condemned cell for you—a padded cell for your murderer.

"And now you'll be interested to hear what I've decided to do with the confession?"

I inclined my head.

"I'm going to lock it away where no one can come across it."

"And you think that is right?" I ventured to say. "What about the relations of the unfortunate Westlake? This would clear his memory from the stain of murder and——"

"And kill Mrs. Kaspar," concluded Henderson quietly. "You think that would be advisable?"

I considered a minute, then I put a question:

"Are there any near relatives of Westlake living, do you know?"

"No, so far as I can learn there is none nearer than a distant cousin. The murdered man was his nearest relation. The papers stated that at the time."

"Then, Henderson, I think you've decided wisely. Put the wretched thing away or burn it. No good can come of publishing the contents."

"Not at present," agreed Henderson, "but I have a conviction that Mrs. Kaspar is not long for this world. She visited the asylum three months ago and——" Henderson paused thoughtfully.

"Of course her death would entirely change the aspect of affairs," I said.

"Yes, my duty would then be plain. Until then I am prepared to undertake the responsibility of withholding the confession. And now, Barnton, let us go and prepare for the festivities. I hear the sound of carriage wheels; some of the guests are arriving.





**C**ORPORAL BROWN was composing a letter. It was evidently a letter of some importance, judging from the rather strained and anxious expression on the face of the writer. His tunic was unbuttoned, and his belt slung on the bench at his side. This, as he expressed it, was to give his ideas a chance of coming out. Many sheets were torn up and cast aside, and much ink wasted, especially about the fingers, before he had achieved anything that he considered would pass muster.

Finally he put the pen down with a sigh of satisfaction, and a sense of duty done, and, relighting his pipe, he took the precious document in his hands and read it aloud, having first glanced round to see that there was no one to hear. It ran as follows:—

“My dear Betty,

“Hoping this will find you as well as it leaves me at present. Only a few more days, my dear Betty, and you and me will be together; and I will promise to make you a good husband. If loving a girl goes for anything, then I am the man for you; for I do love you, my girl—you know that, don't you? You and me, Betty, is going to be very happy together. Not like some of the poor chaps, who go and get married ‘off the strength,’ and the poor women have to bear the brunt of it. But we shall have cosy married quarters, and I will give

you every penny of my pay, and you can just let me have enough for my ‘baccy’ and a drink now and then at the canteen. But don't you worry, my girl; I shan't want to go often to the canteen. When a chap has got a comfortable home of his own, and a dear little woman for a companion, he'd be a fool to leave them for anything else. I shall be going on furlough the day after to-morrow, and I've written to the parson, arranging all about our wedding for Sunday, and as I've saved a bit of money, we'll be like the swells, and go for a couple of days' honeymoon, as I needn't rejoin till Tuesday. Somehow, I can't say all I want to; so I must wait till I see you on Saturday. So I'll end this by saying I love you, Betty, and that just seems to cover all I want to say.

“Your loving  
“JACK.”

Having read it carefully through twice, Corporal Brown folded the letter, put it into an envelope, and with great care and deliberation addressed it to—

“Miss Betty Herbert,  
“The Mill House,  
“Molesey.”

“Bless her heart!” he exclaimed aloud, as he stuck the stamp on with Her Most Gracious Majesty's head the wrong way up. “And there goes a kiss along with it!”

He was turning to go out of the





" 'I LOVE YOU, BETTY, AND THAT JUST SEEMS TO COVER ALL I WANT TO SAY.—YOUR LOVING JACK' "

barrack-room, when he met one of the men coming in.

"Hullo, mate!" the man exclaimed. "Been writing to your sweetheart, eh?"

"Yes, that I have; and she'll be my wife before this day week comes round again. I'm going on leave simply for the purpose of getting married." And Corporal Brown straightened himself up, and looked defiance at the other man, as much as to say, "You laugh who dare!"

"Well, good luck go with you," the man answered, "although you are another young man taken in and done for!" With which parting shot he sauntered into the room, and Corporal Brown strode out to post his letter.

Leaving the fort, he struck out for the cliff pathway; for, in his present mood, he preferred the solitude of the cliffs, and the calm glory of the autumn sunset, to the noise and bustle of the barrack-room. It was a lovely evening, such as one only sees in the West of England. Sea and sky seemed merged into one vast expanse of warm blue. Away on the extreme east lay the town of Plymouth, looking like some dream

of fairyland, all her windows lit up with the reflected glow of the setting sun. Gradually the colours became less intense, until the whole scene became like a beautiful opal, the delicate shades of pink, blue, mauve, and green veiled like a clouded opal in the mist that rose from the sea, as the sun sank lower and lower in the horizon.

The man sat on until the last ray of pink light faded from the top of the eastern cliffs, and the evening star shone out clear and brilliant in the pale sky. Slowly the mists rose and swept over the face of the waters, now obscuring the hull of a passing smack, while the top of the sails rose out of the thick white vapour like some phantom ship, sometimes sweeping on swiftly, and enveloping all as it came in its white shroud. Thicker and thicker rose the mist, until at last all was wrapped in its beautiful but dangerous embrace.

"Blest if it don't look like a woman's marriage veil," the man exclaimed aloud, his thoughts having previously run in that direction, and as he uttered his exclamation he rose to go. Simulta-

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neously the sound as of a passing bell boomed out on the fog-laden air. It was the Breakwater Lighthouse bell, that was always tolled in a fog, to warn off passing vessels from the treacherous coast. Slowly and solemnly the bell tolled out, muffled by the thickness of the fog, sounding the note of warning and of death!

"Beastly thing!" the man muttered irritably, "making a chap think of funerals on the eve of his wedding. Bah!" he exclaimed, "I must be getting soft. Corporal Brown, you're a fool; pull yourself together, and leave such hysterical nonsense to the women." And he turned from the sea and strode away in the direction of the fort.

Suddenly his steps were arrested by the sound of an agonised cry for help coming from the rocks below the cliff where he stood, followed by the barking of a dog. "Help! Help!" rang out the voice in a succession of terrified shrieks, a child's voice without a doubt. Down the path he flew in an instant, there was not a soul within call, and not a moment to lose. "One of the kids was in the quicksands, and he must get him out of it."

"All right, I'm coming," he yelled out reassuringly as he ran, and his voice sounded like music to the terrified scrap of humanity, who was being slowly but surely sucked into the treacherous sand by the swiftly running current. With help so near at hand the poor little boy broke down and sobbed in his terror, and well he did so, for the fog was now so dense his rescuer could only be guided by sound. "All right, sonnie, I'm coming; hang on a bit longer, and I'll get you out of it." But he had reckoned without his host, the child was not within easy reach by any means, and if he would save him he would have to swim for it; and he knew what it meant—almost certain death. The current at this point was so strong that the champion swimmer in the corps had once before nearly been drowned there, since when the spot had been marked "Dangerous," and forbidden to the men by a paternal War Office. At low tide the child must have wandered on to the rocks, then not noticing the rising tide, was cut off, and in trying

to jump from one rock to the other, had fallen in and been caught in the swift under-current.

In a moment Corporal Brown's tunic was off and he had dived from the rock; immediately he was spun round, and before he had time to strike out for himself, had been carried several yards away. With a violent effort, he managed a few strokes, but could make no headway against the seething waters. Seeing that his rescuer was in as bad a position now as himself, took the last remaining strength from the frightened child, and he let go from the rock to which he had been clinging. In an instant his frail little body was sucked under. With superhuman strength, born of a desperate resolve, Corporal Brown struck out for the spot; but too late, the quicksands had claimed their victim. Realising with a cold terror the fruitlessness of his effort, he relaxed for a moment, and in that moment was caught in the back-wash, and swept down, down into the seething whirlpool. And the quicksands claimed their second victim that day.

The only living witness of this tragedy was a shivering and half-drowned fox-terrier, who stood on the rock above, with ears pointed and nostrils sniffing over the spot where his little master had disappeared.

Night came on; still the faithful little creature sat on guarding the tunic and belt, and watching, always watching the spot, waiting with that wonderful patience so common to animals for the friends who would never return.

The lighthouse bell still boomed out over the silence, as the fog became denser and denser, and spread its white pall over the land; and a letter went on its way to a little girl in Molesey, who would be happy in reading it, not knowing anything of the grim joke Fate had played with her life.

A few hours later, lanterns flickered on the cliffs like will-o'-the-wisps; voices called, but there was none to answer; only the whining of a dog to guide the search party, and a corporal's tunic and belt the only clue to the missing man and child.

It was soon apparent what had happened. Sergeant Hewit's little boy

had somehow fallen into the quicksands; and the corporal in trying to save him had lost his own life.

All night his comrades kept their sad vigil, in the hope of recovering the bodies; but it was not until four days later, on the Sunday morning—his wedding day—that the body of Corporal Brown was washed ashore.

Reverently they bore the body back to the fort, there to await the last sad rites of burial.

\* \* \* \*

Meanwhile, Betty heard nothing. The adjutant having previously gone on leave, was not there to mention the fact that Corporal Brown had been granted leave of absence to get married, and few, if any, of his messmates knew anything about it, so that every one's business was nobody's, and Betty was forgotten.

It was not until the Monday morning that a letter addressed to Corporal Brown was handed to the Colonel. He opened it and read:—

"You have almost broken my heart, Jack. Why didn't you come yesterday? Up to the last moment I never doubted you, although the others exchanged looks that cut me to the heart with shame, for I knew they were pitying me, believing you to have played me false, and deserted me. But don't think I ever thought so for a moment. I trust you, Jack, now and always. Something must have happened to you, and you feared to let me know, or you would never have left me so cruelly on our very wedding day. Let me have a line at once to explain the reason of your not coming, then I can hold up my head again.

"Always your loving  
"BETTY."

"Did you know that Brown was going to be married?" asked the Colonel of the orderly who handed him the letter.

"No, sir," he answered; "he kept himself to himself, and none of us knew much about him."

When the man left, the Colonel turned to the officer who was doing adjutant's duty during the absence of the latter and said:

"I feel rather ashamed of myself about this business; I ought to have remembered the fellow was going to be married, but somehow the fact escaped me. I signed all his papers only last week. Some one must write at once to the poor girl and break it to her; I'll do it myself"—whereupon he wrote the following letter:—

"Dear Miss Herbert,

"I regret to have to inform you that Corporal Brown has met with a very serious accident, and we think it only right to let you know that very small hope is held out for his recovery. It is only to-day that the fact of his engagement to you was brought to my notice, otherwise you should have been informed earlier. I deeply grieve having to be the sender of such bad news. I understand that Corporal Brown has only one relative living, a sailor in the Royal Navy; if you can enlighten us as to his whereabouts I should be very grateful.

"In all sympathy,

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY TREVENNON,

"Col.—Regt."

When she received it, her one thought was to go to him at once, yet all the time with the dread foreboding that she would be too late. Before that day was many hours older, however, she was on her way to Plymouth.

\* \* \* \*

Who is there, who, having once followed a dear one to the grave, is not moved almost beyond endurance at the sorrowful anguish-laden strains of the Dead March in "Saul"?

It certainly proved more than she could bear to Betty, as, going up the coach road to the fort, stumbling blindly through a dense fog, she heard the grand yet awful strains of the funeral march. She could see nothing. Everywhere the fog lay thick and white. All sound seemed hushed by it. Gradually out of that vast white silence came the sound of muffled tramping of feet, and over all the solemn throb of the music, as though some mighty heart were breaking. She stood aside as the sound came nearer and nearer, still seeing

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nothing. Suddenly the phantom shapes of soldiers loomed vaguely out of the mist, and as suddenly disappeared again into its white shroud.

On they came, four abreast, with arms reversed, marching slowly to those beautiful but heartrending strains,

the coffin came abreast of her, Betty realised in a flash, with that unerring instinct God has given to women, that it contained all that was mortal of the man she loved.

There was a sudden and heartbroken cry, a woman threw herself at the side



"SUDDENLY THE PHANTOM SHAPES OF SOLDIERS LOOMED VAGUELY OUT OF THE MIST"

Finally, as a climax to the mournful procession came the gun-carriage, bearing a man's coffin covered with the Union Jack—the flag the soldier fights under being the most fitting and beautiful pall when he is taken to his long rest. As

of the coffin, and clutched frantically at the pall, covering it with kisses.

"Jack! Jack!" she moaned; then, starting up, she burst into a peal of derisive laughter, and struck the coffin viciously with her fists. The shock had

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"I have suffered very much from bilious headaches. For many years I was ill and continually run down. I had indigestion very badly, so severe at times as to render it nearly impossible for me to breathe. I had severe pains after eating, and my stomach was constantly filled with wind. I always had a very bad taste in my mouth, when I would awake in the morning, and had but very little appetite for my meals. This was my condition for years. Twelve months ago, in February, 1898, a friend of mine recommended me to try Phosferine, and I bought a bottle at Day's Drug Stores at Camberwell Gate, where I was then living. I had taken about a bottle before I noticed a change for the better, then my symptoms gradually left me, until I became, as you see me now, thoroughly well, with a good appetite, and never the slightest sign of any of my old maladies. If I ever feel out of sorts I immediately fly to my bottle of Phosferine, and it always sets me right. I have recommended it to many of my friends, and would not be without it on any account. I shall do all in my power to induce anyone suffering as I have done to give Phosferine a trial, as I am sure they will bless the day they did.

"(Signed) THOMAS BYTHEWAY.

"37, The Green, Stratford, 11th February, 1899."

#### NEURALGIA CURED BY THREE DOSES.

"Allow me to testify to the wonderful efficacy of your valuable medicine—Phosferine. I have been a sufferer from severe attacks of Neuralgia all my life, and for the past three months it has never left me, although I have tried several well-advertised remedies, but which proved to be of no use in my case; I nearly gave up all hope of ever getting anything that would ease or stop the pain, but seeing your advertisement, I determined to try a bottle, which I did, with the following results: The first dose eased the pain; the second nearly took it right away, or the pain only returned now and then; the third dose, which I took an hour afterwards, completely cured me, and I have not had a return of it since.

"Yours truly, HENRY L. COMPTON."

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proved too much for her overwrought nerves, and the girl's brain had given way under it.

"Take that, and *that*, and *that*!" she cried out, hitting the coffin again and again with her fists till the knuckles bled.

For an instant all was consternation, until a young officer who was directly behind the gun-carriage came to her and tried gently to draw her away from her unconscious sacrilege of the dead.

"Poor girl! poor girl!" he murmured brokenly, and tears were in his eyes, it was so pitiful yet so horrible.

"Leave me alone!" she almost screamed. "They all told me he was deceiving me, and now I know it. He thinks he can escape me by getting into a coffin; he never loved me at all; he lied to me all the time, and I *hate* him for it," and she was going to strike the coffin again, when the officer gently but firmly drew her away, and the procession slowly moved away into the mist out of their sight.

He held her firmly, as she tried to wrest herself from him. Away in the distance they could still hear the funeral march, coming softly through the silent fog. The muffled drums boomed out like the sound of the last trump, and at each beat the girl quivered as though she were struck. Then the *motif* of the music changed, the happier, brighter

key was struck, the latter half of the Dead March that seems to speak of the Resurrection and the Life, and the reunion of severed hearts. The change in the music seemed to touch some chord in her heart and poor shattered brain, the tension relaxed, and she suffered herself to be led back to the fort by the officer, who, finding the Colonel's wife, handed her over to a woman's care.

\* \* \* \*

Meanwhile they laid Corporal Brown to his long rest. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection." And they fired three volleys over the open grave, the last mark of honour shown to a soldier.

Then they marched back to barracks, the band playing the "Washington Post," through bright sunshine—for the fog had lifted.

\* \* \* \*

From Betty's brain the fog will never lift, but, for her sake, her friends are glad of it. She is quite happy, always sewing at her wedding dress, she thinks "to-morrow" is her wedding day, but with her there comes no "to-morrow." Not until she "falls asleep" will she wear her bridal dress. Then they will lay her in it, and say, "Rest in peace."



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## WHAT TO READ

WHEN the day's work is over, and we are at liberty to amuse ourselves, many of us devote our time and attention to reading light literature. Absorbed in the story we forget all about our worries and anxieties, and are able next day to return to the struggle with renewed strength and energy.

An immense amount of fiction is published yearly; the ordinary mind is lost in its mazes, and unless it has something to guide it, has trouble in knowing the good from the bad, and in kindness to those we give our opinion. Among the numerous novels that have recently come before us, quite one of the best is "The Priest's Marriage," by Norah Vynne. It is brightly and cleverly written, and sustains one's interest to the end, while throwing side lights on some phases of emotions that are by no means improbable. The story hinges on a Roman Catholic priest who forsakes his religion, and marries the heroine, ultimately forsaking her and returning to his Church.

## CLEANLINESS

EVERYTHING looked bright and clean, and there was not a speck of dirt or dust to be seen anywhere. All good housewives would like this to be said of their homes where they spend no end of time and trouble in endeavouring to

keep things clean. Sometimes they are not very successful; the plate and metal work about the house is not as bright as it might be. "It was cleaned only the other day," they will sorrowfully say, "and has no business to look like as it does in the short time that has elapsed." But let's give them a wrinkle worth its weight in gold. Such a saving it will be in time and trouble, and if duly followed will forever do away with dirty plate and metal work. Buy a reliable metal polish; you will find The Globe the best. When you have once used it you will never try another. It not only does its work thoroughly, but it does it quickly, and a great point in its favour is that it will not injure the hands. Globe Metal Polish is sold everywhere.

## ARE YOU TIRED?

AT some period or other in our lives, most of us suffer from a tired feeling which we are unable to account for; we cannot say that we are ill, or that anything is the matter with us, but are simply not up to the mark.

The truth of the matter is that we have probably been overworking ourselves, and allowed our system to run down.

That tired feeling is Nature's danger signal, and if you don't wish to become worse, you had better pay attention to it. When you feel that way, something ought to be done at once; you must not take time to think about it, or before

you know where you are, quite as likely as not, you will find yourself seriously ill. If taken in time there is very little danger. The system simply wants strengthening, and nothing will more quickly bring back the appetite and restore the patient to health and vigour than a good tonic. This will be found in Hall's Wine, strongly recommended by all doctors as a means of restoring to health and vigour those who are a little below par. Hall's Wine is sold by all chemists, grocers, and wine merchants.

## TRAVEL

NOT many years ago it was the exception, rather than the rule, to find people who had visited countries other than the one they lived in. However, times have changed a good deal since then, and at the present moment it would be difficult to discover any one with means who has not travelled, or expects to do so some time or other. Travellers in these modern times have few difficulties to contend with, and when starting on a journey, even if it be round the world, they do so with a light heart, as on the sea no greater dangers will be encountered than are to be met with while travelling by rail, or in crossing the streets of any big city. The steamers that convey them to their destination can easily be called floating palaces, replete with every comfort and convenience that could be called for, and if it were not for the movement of the vessel, they could easily believe themselves at home in a good hotel.

At this season of the year, to escape the cold weather, numbers of people regularly go to the Riviera, returning to England in the Spring, when the weather has become settled. It is,

comparatively speaking, a simple matter to get there, the journey lasting a little over a day, only an hour of which need be spent on the sea, crossing the Channel.

When there you will find a very different climate to that you have left behind you; one where the sun is always shining, and where even the invalids can daily enjoy themselves in the open air.

When you have once made up your mind to travel, there is no need to trouble about the details; these can all be arranged for you by a Travel Agency such as that of Henry Gaze & Sons, Ltd., who will supply you with a ticket to any place, over any route, at the same price you would have to pay should you buy it direct. And not only do they do this, but in addition they will supply you free of charge with all particulars as to the best stopping-places, hotels, and any other information you may wish for.

Henry Gaze & Sons have their chief office at 142, Strand, London, and branches everywhere.

## DELIGHTFUL MELODIES

MUSIC of some kind or other has always a charm for the human ear; even the savage delights in the to us discordant noises produced by his rude instruments, while we listen entranced to the melodious strains produced by a good orchestra, and when that is the accompaniment of a good song our delight knows no bounds; we lean back in our seats with our eyes closed, for the moment forgetting where we are, and almost believing that we have been removed to another and happier sphere.

Not all songs or music, however, will



produce these happy feelings; to do so they must be of the best, including the performers. Really good songs are so few and far between that when we come across them, if only for that reason they deserve a more than passing mention.

What we want is a song of a simple catching nature, that appeals to our affections, and comes as it were from the heart. A song of this nature, set to music that can be played by every one, and whose strains are particularly entrancing, is bound to become popular, once heard it is never forgotten and the listener will never be satisfied until he has it in his possession to be learnt by heart.

By this time our readers will pretty well understand our ideas about good songs and music, and if they get two that have recently come under our notice they may rely upon not being disappointed; they are published by Mr. Thomas Holloway, of 78, New Oxford Street, and the first is "The Dream of Life" (words by Mr. E. Rourke, music by C. Preston Wynne); the second is "My Love for Ever and Aye" (words and music by Karl Monkton). These songs are bound to become popular and will be appreciated by everybody who hears them. These songs are published at 2s. each, but any reader by mentioning this journal can obtain either song direct from the publisher, Thomas Holloway, 78, New Oxford Street, London, W., for 2½d. in stamps. The two songs will be sent for five penny stamps.

### PURE SUGAR

WE all have a natural taste for sweet things, and in our youth take full advantage of our liking; and it is only

when that period has passed, and our taste becomes vitiated, that the craving in any way becomes modulated.

That pure sugar in any form is harmful is a popular delusion, and not borne out by facts. Any one who has ever been in the West Indian Islands, among the negroes, working on the sugar plantations, must have noticed what splendid teeth they had—so sound and white; and yet these people daily use immense quantities of sugar, and we are told that it is bad for the teeth.

The truth of the matter is that really pure sugar, made from cane, not beet, if taken in moderate quantities, has a distinctly beneficial effect on the human system, nourishing it, and enabling the person taking it (as has been proved by scientific tests) to perform harder work than he was able to do before taking it.

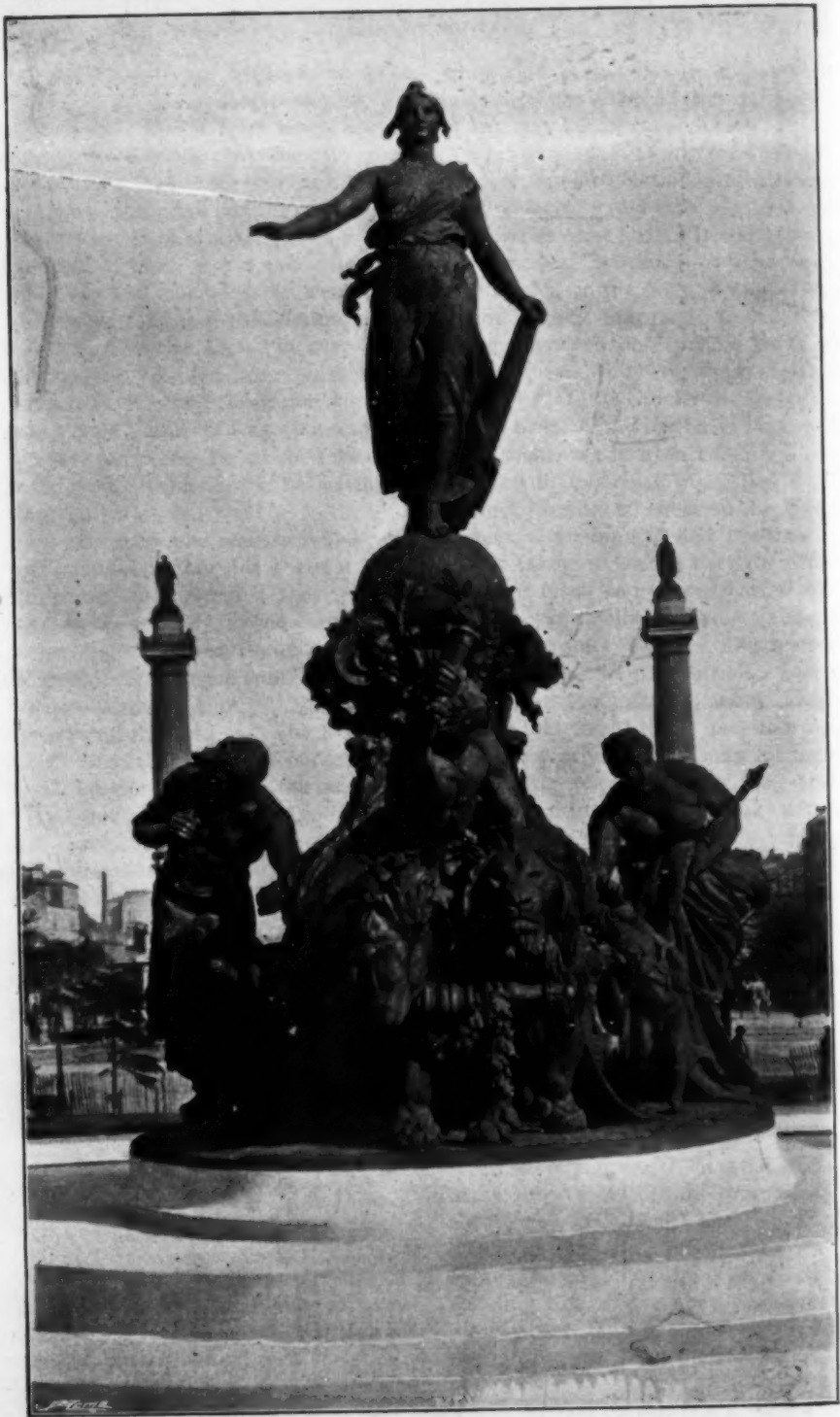
These results were obtained, however, by using the pure article; and we cannot be too careful about always getting that, considering the enormous quantity yearly used by most of us for sweetening purposes—jams, preserved fruit, and other things of a like nature.

Every one should insist upon having pure cane sugar given them; and the only way you can be certain about getting the pure article is to buy it from some reliable maker.

If you do this you can use sugar in any form or quantity to your heart's content, and rely upon receiving no injury from doing so. In fact, as has been stated previously, pure sugar exercises a beneficent effect on the human system.

When buying sugar, if you wish to make sure of getting the pure article, always ask for Glebe Cane Sugar and refuse to take any other brand; it is manufactured by the Glebe Sugar Refining Co. of Greenock, and sold by most grocers, and should they not keep it you can get it from the stores.

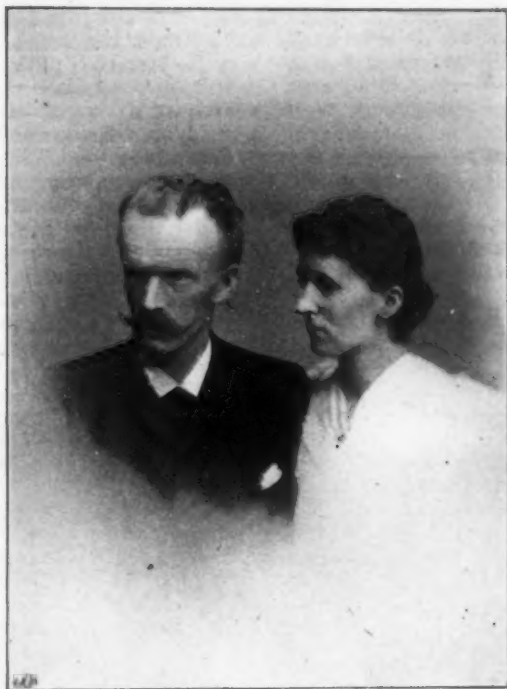
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THE DUKE AND DUCHESS CARL THEODOR OF BAVARIA

*From Photo by H. V. PERCHHAMMER, Meran*

## *A Royal Oculist and His Family*

WRITTEN BY CARL SIEWERS

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

ONE of the most interesting Royal personages in Europe is unquestionably Duke Carl Theodor of Bavaria, the famous oculist and benefactor of mankind, who recently attained his 60th birthday, and who with his wife, *née* Princess Maria Josepha of Braganza, celebrated his silver wedding last year, and we give their portraits with groups of their three daughters and two sons. Duke Carl Theodor's name as the famous "Royal oculist" is known the world over. With the poor people in Bavaria and neigh-

bouring states the Duke and his family are simply worshipped in many a humble cottage where he has restored the sight of the bread-winner, and that without expecting or demanding any emolument, for one of the greatest services which man can render to his fellow-creatures. Needless to say the Duke did not take up his profession to "earn his living" as the saying goes, but purely from the love of the study of medicine and surgery. However, the study of the human eye, the "window of the soul," fascinatingly attracted him at the outset, and beginning in a small way to give

people the benefit of his skill, his work has gradually extended to such an extent that he now keeps open three large clinics, full all the year round with sufferers from near and afar, mostly poor, who have come to be cured of one of the most awful afflictions to which mankind is heir. Here, indeed, we behold a noble, unselfish and truly Princely life, which many sons of Royalty might do well to emulate!

At the early age of eighteen, in the traditions of his family, Duke Carl Theodor entered the Army and in the

culum under the famous chemist Justus von Liebig, the physicist Jolly, the diagnostist Ludwig von Buhl, and the anatomist Rüdinger, all of whom have praised his diligence and his devotion to his profession. These studies were brought to an abrupt close by the breaking out of the Franco German War, in which the Duke fought most gallantly as Colonel of the Bavarian Light Horse which bears his name, and of which he is now General *à la suite*. *En passant* it may be mentioned he was also made the honorary chief of the famous



THE DAUGHTERS OF CARL THEODOR

*From Photo by CARL THEODOR, München*

war with Austria in 1866 fought with distinction and conspicuous bravery, for which he received several medals and other decorations. However, at the close of the war he retired from active service and accomplished various long travels in foreign parts, which, it should be remembered, were not such an easy matter of performance in those days as now. During his travels he devoted his time to the study of natural sciences, but particularly that of medicine, towards which the mind of the young Prince especially tended. In time he passed through a complete preparatory curri-

Prussian Regiment of Dragoons, "Baron von Manteuffel" and the Grand Cross of the Black Eagle—ranking with the English Garter in point of distinction—conferred upon him.

At the close of the war the Duke resumed his peaceful studies, naturally greatly enriched in mind with practical experience from the battlefield and the lazarette, and at the urgent recommendations of his old tutors, Buhl, Lindwurm, Niessbaum, and others, he was in the summer of 1872, on the occasion of the centenary of the foundation of the Munich University, created an Honorary



Doctor by the Medicinal Faculty, an honour never before conferred upon a Bavarian or other Prince. And in the following autumn the young Duke took his degree with shining honours. The Princely doctor now entered upon a more close study of his favourite subject, viz., diseases of the eye, under the celebrated ophthalmologist Prof. Deutschland, passing through a regular and severe course at the clinics of Zürich and Vienna. Simultaneously he developed a great penchant for scientific writing, and among his treatises from that period are those "On the Variability of Glass Bodies," "On the Pathological Anatomy of Shortsightedness," "The Bacillus in the Human Eye," and many others of a kindred nature, which have attracted much notice in medical circles by their depth of learning and clearness.

In the early years of study the young Prince experienced a great but alas! only short family happiness. For when twenty-six years of age he wooed and carried home as his bride the beautiful young daughter of King John of Saxony, the Princess Sophie, who in the following year expired with a newly-born babe at her breast. From that moment the young bereaved Princely doctor found consolation only in his work.

Seven years elapsed, at which time there resided at Schloss Brombach, in the charming Main-Tauber district, the widow of the dethroned Portuguese King Dom Miguel I., surrounded by a bevy of lovely daughters. They were at first five in number these Braganza sisters, who were brought up in convent-like seclusion, but in April, 1871, the brother of Don Carlos, Prince Alfons of Bourbon, carried off the Infanta Maria de las Neves, eighteen, and in June, 1873, the seventeen-year old Infanta Maria Theresa became the bride of the Archduke Carl Ludwig, brother of Kaiser Franz Joseph. Of the three remaining sisters the highly gifted and amiable Infanta Maria Josepha became in the spring of the following year the second consort of Duke Carl Theodor. The choice was a most happy one, and the handsome young Princess soon won all hearts in her new country. And in a few years only we find her entering

heart and soul into the work of her husband at the eye hospital at Tegernsee, where Dr. Duke Carl Theodor has practised professionally since 1880, and subsequently at clinics in Moran and Munich, since established.

The Duke, by the way, first began to practise professionally in 1877 at Mentone, where he took over the business of the well-known Russian oculist Prof. Iwanoff, and since then hundreds of suffering patients have sought relief at his hand, principally from that dread precursor of blindness, cataract of the eye. This disease the Duke has made his speciality, and in its cure gained a world-wide reputation. And in these operations he is nobly assisted by his handsome wife, whose deep calm brown eyes inspire everybody with hope and confidence—whilst holding the head of the patient, washing the wound, or putting on the bandages. At other times she superintends the hospital kitchen. In the 5,600 operations performed by the skilful Royal oculist—of which 3,500 were for cataract—the Duchess Maria Josepha has attended some two-thirds, and the harvest of her womanly skill and sympathy has truly been great. In her, too, her husband has indeed found an ideal wife for his calling.

Duke Carl Theodor, who was born at Schloss Posenhofen, is the second son of the late Duke Maximilian and Princess Louise of Bavaria, daughter of King Maximilian the First. He is now the Head of the Family, which, by the way, last year also celebrated the centenary of its accession to "Ducal title and honours in Bavaria," its German style, instead of formerly "Comtal," his elder brother, Ludwig, having renounced all his rights on hismorganatic marriage with Fräulein Henrietta Mendel, created Baroness von Wallersee, an operatic artiste, who died in 1891. Exactly a twelvemonth later the Duke, then sixty years of age, contracted anothermorganatic union, also with a theatrical vocalist of humble birth, the beautiful Fräulein Antonia Barth, since created Frau von Bartolf, then just twenty-one. The present Duchess, Princess Maria Josepha of Braganza, who was born March 19th, 1857, and whose elder sisters are, as stated, the Dowager-



THE HEREDITARY DUKES LUDWIG WILHELM AND FRANZ JOSEPH

*From Photo by A. SELA, Wien*

Archduchess Charles Louis of Austria, since the death of the Empress leader of the Imperial Family, and the step-mother of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand d'Este, heir to the throne—and second the Princess Alfons of Bourbon-Spain—has a third, the Comtesse de Bardi, a fourth the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, and a fifth the Duchess of Parma, step-mother of the late Princess of Bulgaria.

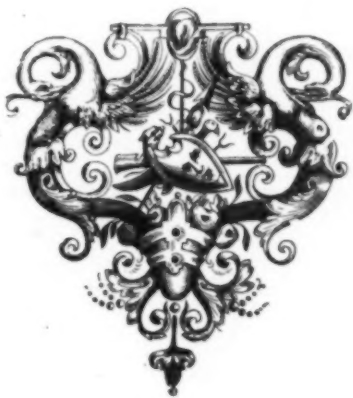
By his first marriage the Duke has one child, Amelie, born December 24th, 1865, wife of Wilhelm, Duke of Urach and Count of Würtemberg, who have three children, all girls; and by his second marriage the three daughters the Duchesses Sophie, twenty-four;

Elizabeth, twenty-three; and Maria Gabriele, twenty-one in October. The Duchess Sophie married July 26th, 1898, Count John Törring-Jettenbach, born April 7th, 1862, a romantic love match. His two sons are the Hereditary Duke Ludwig Wilhelm, sixteen on January 17th, and Franz Joseph, named after the Emperor of Austria, his uncle, twelve in March.

The young Princesses are also great favourites with the members of the reigning family of Bavaria, not least with their numerous young male and female "cousins," the children of Prince and Princess Ludwig, whose mother, Maria Theresa of Austria-Este and Modena, is the "Stuart Queen" of the Jacobites,

and the "rightful" Queen of these Realms, a matter *en passant* to which she herself is more indifferent than the most lukewarm of her self-constituted partisans. In Munich society, too, these charming youthful Princesses are great favourites, through their homely ways and unaffected manners. They dress plainly, but very tastefully, perhaps rather more with a view to utility than show of apparel; hence also their popularity with the honest and sober middle-classes of "München." Needless to say, the Princesses, like their younger brothers, have received an excellent and complete education, and they have all inherited the artistic and musical tastes which seem to be the precious heirloom of the Wittelsbachs.

The Duke had two sisters,—the late Empress of Austria and the Duchess d'Alençon, both of whom died unnatural deaths, one being murdered and the other burned; and he has two living—the ex-Queen of Naples and the Comtesse de Trani. His late brother, Max, was the husband of the Princess Amelie of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, daughter of Princess Clementine, sister of the Prince of Bulgaria, and grand-daughter of King Louis Philippe. It was at Schloss Tegernsee, on the beautiful mountain lake of the name and her birthplace, that the romantic love story of the handsome Duchess Elizabeth and her Imperial swain was woven—alas! to terminate so sadly in blood and woe!





WRITTEN BY J. E. CHALMERS. ILLUSTRATED BY A. WALLIS MILLS

#### CHAPTER I.

**T**HAD been a busy day on Mr. Prothero's ostrich farm; Whites and Kaffirs and Hotentots alike had been driven to work under the personal supervision of their employer, who possessed energy and instinct—compelling qualities in a master. It was late when at length he dismissed the men and went home, to sup and rest after the day's labour. His women folk did not come out to welcome his return as usual, but a small Kaffir boy was in readiness to lead the master's horse to its stall.

Prothero stood still, rubbing his stubby chin with the palm of his hand; then he went round to the back entrance, and let himself in; the crunch of his heavy boots on the sanded floor warned the women of his approach. His wife, an elfin-like creature, ran forward into his arms—they had only been married two months—while his sister turned away to light the lamp. Supper was laid.

"Oh, Jack, how late you are," cried Mrs. Prothero, nestling up to his shoulder.

"H'm! I suppose you got tired of waiting, and so you left that black imp to watch for my coming," he replied curtly.

"You are pretending to be cross, aren't you?" and she looked up into his face with bright, confident eyes.

His stern features relaxed into a smile.

"I missed you, and I'm dog tired—that's about the truth of it. Now for supper, Nancy," said Prothero, turning to his sister.

Nancy Prothero came forward into the room, lamp in hand; she set it down on the table.

"We are quite ready for you, Jack."

"I should think so, for it's long past the usual hour," chimed in his wife.

"After supper we have a piece of news for you—haven't we, Nan?"

"Yes, and a scheme in view," added Miss Prothero.

Jack looked from one to the other; but he sat down to supper without uttering an expression of curiosity. He was hungry, and his appetite took longer than usual to satisfy; then he proceeded to fill and light up his pipe.

"Now you can tell me all about this precious scheme of yours."

His wife patted his shoulder. "I will



"THE CRUNCH OF HIS HEAVY BOOTS ON THE SANDED FLOOR WARNED THE WOMEN"

begin from the very beginning, as the children say, and Nancy may interrupt if she chooses. You know my mother ran away from home to marry my father; her relations didn't approve of Dad, and Sir Alfred Stopford, my grandfather, never forgave her—poor, dear Dad, it was rather rough on him. Well, this morning, soon after you went out, a stranger, who had trekked a long distance, left a letter for me." Here Mrs. Prothero produced an envelope from which she drew a sheet of crested notepaper, covered with fine, straggling letters in a feminine hand. She began to read aloud:

"My dear Niece,

"I wonder if you have ever heard of me. Of course you have, for your mother, my very dear sister, had too sweet a nature to forget her own kith and kin, although they may have appeared hard and unforgiving towards her. The news of Mr. Douglas—your father's—death has just reached us, and we think that the time has come to heal this too long existing breach. In short, my dear child, your uncle Humphrey and I are prepared to offer you a home with us. Sometimes we feel lonely, as you must feel now, so come and cheer us up in our old age. Your grandfather, I am sure, would have approved of this step, for he relented towards your mother latterly—too late for her, poor soul! He did not long survive her. Come, dear child, at our united request. I am taking your consent for granted, and enclose a cheque for your travelling expenses, and such outfit as you may require for the voyage. Felice will set the rest in order when you come. Felice is my maid, a perfect treasure.

"Your affectionate Auntie,

"SOPHIA STOPFORD."

"What do you think of that? They don't know of my marriage, that is evident from this letter."

Jack Prothero blew several whiffs from his pipe in silence. "Awkward, very," he exclaimed at length.

The women exchanged significant glances across the table.

Jack continued:

"I met that rascally messenger this morning, and gave him valuable information as to the whereabouts of a certain Miss Nellie Douglas, now Mrs. John Prothero. How I wish I had acted on my first impulse and pocketed the letter."

"Crusty old bear. He wouldn't have given it up to you, though," declared his wife playfully.

"Yes, he would, for it was a mile out of his way down here," returned her husband coolly.

"You couldn't have acted so meanly, Jack," here Nancy interposed.

"I could. Now, I suppose, I must



resign myself to the loss of my wife, who will naturally wish to return to her grand relations, and this is the reward of—." The rest of his speech was smothered by,

"You see, dear man, they don't know I am married—"

"I think you mentioned that before."

"—If they did, this letter would never have been written."

"Exactly, O wisest of women."

"Jack, please, be sensible," implored Mrs. Prothero.

"I am trying to be," he said, laughing.

"Nancy and I have found a brilliant way out of the difficulty. You know it must be awfully dull here for Nancy. There is nobody fit to tie her shoe strings; you are the only decent man out here."

"Rather a tall order. There was Elliott last spring."

"Elliott," repeated his wife, tilting her nose scornfully. "He was seldom sober; surely you wouldn't have allowed Nancy to marry him."

"I expect when the time comes, Nancy will please herself. But Elliott was rich, you know." There was a humorous twinkle in Jack's blue eyes.

"I am tired of being discussed as if I were not present," Nancy interposed. "Nelly has proposed that I should take her place, and make the acquaintance of her mother's people."

"I don't quite understand," returned her brother sharply.

Nancy was standing by the window, and her figure loomed large in the grey square of the casement. She had expected opposition; and her chin was lifted defiantly. As he looked at her, Jack could not help acknowledging the truth of his wife's statement; there was no one fit to mate with her; nobody likely to come along either. The women were right about Elliott. He was a drunkard and a gambler, and probably he would end his days with an ounce of lead through his body; for he had a wonderful knack of provoking antagonism.

Nancy's voice broke the silence.

"It is quite out of the question for Nell to go, she couldn't exist apart from you, Jack. She must send back the cheque, and say she is married, or—"

"Do something far more sensible—let Nancy go in my place. It would give her a chance she is not likely to get otherwise. Dear Jack, do be reasonable."

But Jack shook his head decidedly in the negative.

"We really ought to consider Nancy's future," urged the artful little woman.

"By lending ourselves to a fraud," exclaimed her now irate husband. "You must be out of your senses to suggest such a thing to me."

"I was never more serious or sensible in my life," declared Mrs. Prothero.

"It will be an adventure. I have made up my mind to risk it, Jack," Nancy said, in quick, vibrant tones.

"You have made up your mind, and you believe you are capable of carrying it through. I think I know you better than you know yourself. At least, I hope I do. Here is the cheque—" and his fingers closed upon it. "I can light my pipe with it—so—then where is your precious scheme?"

A sharp cry escaped from Mrs. Prothero; the next moment the cheque was safe in her hands; only one corner of it had been scorched.

"How could you be so cruel, Jack! One hundred pounds, oh, Nancy! just think of it."

Nancy shrugged her shoulders. She had not turned a hair throughout the incident.

"Kismet! I am to go," she said, and there was a joyful note in her voice.

## CHAPTER II.

Nancy arrived in London on a bright May morning; and this fact, taken in conjunction with a voyage of unprecedented fine weather, seemed to augur well for the future.

Seated in a first-class compartment of the mid-day express from Euston to Eversfield Junction, where the last stage of her journey would be accomplished, Nancy looked out upon the pastoral scenery with eager and delighted eyes. The country was clothed in the tender green livery of spring, perhaps the most becoming garb of any season; and whirling past were wooded belts, and undulating streams and pasture land. Nancy felt her heart swell at the prospect

of spending the next few months in the midst of such peace and prosperity. Past green fields, and meadows, and villages, a few towns, and many country stations, whirled the express train with its living burden, until it slowed off before entering the big junction of Eversfield.

Nancy looked out of the window, faint and dizzy with excitement. A few minutes later she found herself standing on the platform, in the midst of a hurly-burly consisting of luggage, porters, paper boys, and passengers. She singled out her one large trunk at a glance; then paused, to look about her. Surely there would be some one to meet her; for she had wired the time of her arrival to her assumed relations. She proceeded to scan the people on the platform, conjuring up a vision of Miss Stopford, grey-haired and stately; but nobody answered this description. There were a few maiden ladies, and a portly widow, in flowing weeds; her eyes wandered past them, to fall upon a small slim woman, in a tailor-built, grey gown, with a profusion of disordered golden hair, shining beneath the coquettish, upturned brim of her hat; her face was vaguely indicated through a white gauze veil. A few paces behind her stood a colossal footman, in chocolate coloured livery. Gradually the platform was cleared, but these two figures remained stationary. A sudden instinctive knowledge came to Nancy, and she went up to the woman in grey.

"Are you Miss Stopford?" she asked in clear distinct tones.

"My dear child! So you have really come! I am happy to see you. I was looking out for somebody diminutive, like myself. How tall you are. William will attend to your luggage, if you point it out to him. Now come along, dear, the carriage is here." And so, talking volubly, in a thin, high falsetto, Miss Stopford led the way from the station, while Nancy followed her in a bewilderment of ideas and first impressions. This girlish, effusive creature, did not at all resemble the stately person her imagination had depicted. Nancy took her seat in the barouche with a quiet dignity, which contrasted curiously with the elder woman's juvenility.

The high-stepping greys made short work of the five miles to the Grange. Here, at least, no disappointment awaited Nancy in the ancient pile, with its grey walls and moss-grown tower, its moat, and rusty drawbridge.

Miss Stopford was chattering now about her maid, Félice, extolling her abilities, as she hurried her supposed niece through the corridors, until her own boudoir was reached, where tea was laid. Afterwards, Nancy made the acquaintance of Félice, and when the maid had unpacked the visitor's trunk, and retired to her own quarters, leaving Nancy alone, the latter was overcome by a rush of homesickness, and burying her face in the cushions of the easy chair, she broke into weeping. And so the new life began.

### CHAPTER III.

Sir Humphrey Stopford was away in Scotland, and the first few days subsequent to Nancy's arrival were spent at the Grange *tête-à-tête* with Miss Stopford, whom, in spite of her kindness, Nancy found a most wearisome person. Nancy made her first appearance in the neighbourhood at the Eversfield Flower Show, where she was the subject of flattering commentary. There were only two people who interested her, a retired naval officer and his daughter. Nancy managed to detach herself from Miss Stopford's party, and wandered away with this couple. Captain Foster's clean shaven face, with its well cut features and humorous eyes, had taken her fancy; his daughter reminded her curiously of Jack's wife. They lived in a picturesque old cottage, hung with creepers, called the White Cottage, which Nancy had frequently noticed during her rambles in the neighbourhood.

Captain Foster was deeply interested in all matters relating to South Africa, and he led Nancy on to speak of her experiences out there.

"Now, Miss Douglas, dad is mounted on his hobby horse!" Kitty Foster declared laughingly.

So many people had addressed Nancy as "Miss Douglas" that afternoon, and she was getting quite accustomed to her new name.

"These primulas would take a lot of beating. Finer specimens than ours, of which you are so proud—eh, Kit?" the Captain remarked quizzically.

Kitty did not answer, her face was the colour of a red rose. Nancy followed the direction of her eyes, and saw that a stranger had joined Miss Stopford's party. He raised his hat in recognition of Miss Foster's bow. Captain Foster was still bending over the primulas. Nancy took in every detail of the new-comer's appearance, the silken sweep of his chestnut hair as he bared his head momentarily, and the well-shaped brown hand, wondering who he might be. She judged him to be a person of some importance. But when his identity subsequently became known to her, she was taken by surprise, for he was no other than Sir Humphrey Stopford, whom she had imagined to be bordering on sixty.

"Uncle Humphrey." Of course, she could not call him that. It would be too absurd. But all the same, he would look upon her as his niece, and treat her accordingly. More than ever Nancy regretted the imposition she had practised. Sir Humphrey's cool grey eyes haunted her, they had such a depth of penetration.

"What do you think of her, Humptrey?" cried Miss Stopford for the third time. "She doesn't resemble poor Helen, but she is a nice girl, and her accent is as pure as our own. I will confess that I lived in dread of her possessing a Colonial twang."

"How you must have suffered," mocked her brother. "A cockney accent is unendurable—but a Colonial twang—"

"Have you ever heard low Dutch spoken by a Boer?" broke in a clear voice, and Nancy stepped out from the French windows on to the terrace where they were standing.

"I fancy I have," in reply to her question. "I know the

Transvaal. Went out with a chap called Elliott in '94."

"With Elliott," Nancy repeated, and there was an unmistakable tremor in her voice.

"Yes," adding, after a quick glance at her, "he turned out a bad lot; eventually we separated, and I heard that he got shot through the lungs by a Boer, whom he had insulted. That was just before I took passage home."

"You don't know if he recovered, then?" Nancy tried to speak with unconcern.

"I fancy he did, for he had nine lives," he laughed. "What do you know of Elliott?"

Nancy hesitated; the question found her unprepared. She took refuge in a half truth.

"I met him in Kimberley, but we knew him very slightly."



"SHOT THROUGH THE LUNGS BY A BOER."

"Don't you feel very proud of your niece, Sir Humphrey?" asked Kitty Foster a few days later.

Stopford was leaning over the wicket gate, watching the girl, who was busily plying her watering can. It was after sundown.

"She is well grown for her age. She won't remind me of the relationship; objects to calling me 'Uncle Humphrey.'"

Kitty sprinkled her mignonette with a plentiful goodwill. "Yes, it would sound rather absurd," she murmured.

"You admire her?"

"That goes without saying," Kitty replied quickly, and her face was hidden beneath the shady brim of her hat, as she bent over a flower bed.

"Fine figure, fine eyes, good complexion, etc.," exclaimed Stopford ironically.

The straw hat was nodded vigorously in the affirmative. He laughed.

"You disappoint me. I wanted to get a glimpse of the jealous element which every woman possesses, but which you manage to conceal so admirably."

Kitty's head was lifted now. He met her flashing eyes with composure.

"Don't you think that idea is a popular fallacy of man?" she asked. Her small dark face was glowing like a rose in June. The spirit of controversy suited her, bringing the vivacity of her features into play. Sir Humphrey's eyes were expressive, but Kitty turned away from him half petulantly.

"Here comes Miss Douglas—shall we refer the question to her?" she exclaimed.

Nancy came quickly down the lane; when she saw Sir Humphrey's friendly attitude by the wicket gate, she slackened her pace. They watched her approaching for a few seconds, in silence, then Kitty waved her watering can vigorously by way of a salute.

Stopford opened the gate, and followed Nancy into the garden.

Afterwards it occurred to Nancy to wonder if Sir Humphrey cared for Kitty Foster; she was conscious that the idea was distasteful to her, but she would not stop to analyse her feelings.

Visitors began to flock to the Grange, prompted by curiosity to see the new-

comer, and Miss Stopford talked of giving some dinner parties, and subsequently a dance, in honour of her niece. Sir Humphrey submitted with a good grace to his sister's extravagant proposals; perhaps he also felt that some effort should be made to secure entertainment for Nancy. He feared she must find the country very dull after the free, unconventional life she had led at the Cape. But when, delicately, he hinted this to Nancy, she set his doubts at rest.

"I have seen more people here in three weeks than formerly I used to meet in a twelvemonth. They are the sort of people I wanted to meet—Colonials are rough diamonds; I like the polished gems. Look at the greenness of this country, and compare it with the arid, sandy plains I have left. Oh, I just love this England of yours," and Nancy leaned forward on the garden seat, resting her chin on the palm of her hand.

Stopford's eyes examined her closely. To himself he admitted that she baffled him. Was it defiance or ambition expressed in the curl of her short upper lip, sentiment or coquetry in the pensive droop of her full eyelids?

#### CHAPTER IV.

"I suppose you have been to scores of dinner parties, Kitty, but to-night will be my first experience of this important function," and Nancy, swinging idly in the hammock above, looked down at her young hostess, who was occupied in shelling peas. "How can you be so energetic on this sleepy morning?" she cried.

"Needs must when—you know the rest. Our maid-of-all-work cut her finger badly this morning, and my dad won't eat a mouthful unless I cook it."

"I ought to help you," Nancy exclaimed.

"Can you cook?"

"Rather." And she laughed lightly. "I can cook, and dust, and mend, and do every mortal thing. I have helped to prepare the ostrich feathers on—" she stopped short, and coloured violently.

Kitty's eyes, full of an eager curiosity, were bent upon her. "Oh, please, go on," she cried. "I want to hear about



your life out there—on an ostrich farm, you said, tell me about it."

Nancy avoided the other's glance. "I didn't say anything about living on an ostrich farm. How quickly you jump at conclusions."

Kitty gave vent to a little gasp of bewilderment. "Surely you said—"

"That I had helped to prepare the feathers; but that was when I stayed with some friends who had an ostrich farm. A very different thing to living on one myself. You know my father was a schoolmaster at Kimberley."

"Of course. I remember now," replied Kitty, surprised at the other girl's unnecessary vehemence.

Nancy tumbled out of the hammock, and stood on *terra firma*.

"I hope you won't forget again. And—Kitty—I don't—like talking about my life out there."

"I am so sorry," she said, in gentle tones. "I must tell you some day why I am so interested in hearing about life on an ostrich farm. But I won't ask you any more questions about yourself. Let us go indoors."

Whilst Kitty ran into the kitchen with her dish of peas, Nancy was left alone in the drawing-room. She wandered round the room, examining the collection of curios which Captain Foster had picked up on his numerous voyages. Outside, the jalousies of the blinds were flapping sleepily, and an odour of roses, mignonette and lilies was wafted in on an idle breeze. A turquoise blue china bowl filled with La France roses, tempted Nancy to bury her face in delicate pink petals; her eyes fell upon a photograph in an ivory frame, that was also standing on the three-cornered chippendale table. An exclamation broke from her.

When Kitty entered the room, she found Nancy by the window, bending over the photograph, which she held in her hand. Kitty was struck by her pallor, and expressed some concern, but Nancy appeared unduly irritable.

"I am quite well. What an absurd idea. It is your room with its green paper and closed blinds, which make me look as yellow as a kite."

To this somewhat ungracious speech, Kitty found herself murmuring an apo-

logy for the ill-chosen colour of the wall paper, and mechanically she proceeded to pull up the offending blinds, thereby letting in a flood of brilliant sunshine.

Nancy tendered her the photograph, and Kitty placed it back upon the table, frowning slightly as she looked at it. It was the likeness of a man, young and not uncomely; but there was a suggestion of coarseness about the lower part of the face.

"I don't know why I keep it here," said Kitty, half to herself. "In such a conspicuous place, too. I don't need to be reminded of that chapter." She made a grimace, and looked towards Nancy, whose face was averted, showing only the outline of a pear-shaped cheek, and drooping eyelid.

"Nancy, did you ever meet Mr. Elliott out there?" she cried, with a sudden impulse of suspicion.

"Elliott—Elliott—"

"I think you must have done. This photograph is not very like him now. It was taken a long time ago, so perhaps you did not recognise him."

At that moment Nancy heard the click of the wicket gate, and looking out, she saw Sir Humphrey coming up the trim gravel path. She remembered her admission to him with regard to Elliott. She must repeat it to Kitty.

"It is not a good likeness. I shouldn't have known it. I have met Mr. Elliott, of course."

"Did you meet him when you were staying with your friends on the ostrich farm?"

"Yes," Nancy replied curtly.

Kitty began to pace the room, her face and manner betrayed excitement.

"What a small world it is, to be sure. I was once engaged to Elliott. I went out to South Africa, with a cousin who was joining her husband at Cape Town, to be married to him. But I came home single. Sir Humphrey returned in the same steamer with me. He was very kind. I shall never forget it."

Nancy was standing mute and still.

"You didn't guess that I had been jilted. When I remember, I feel so crushed and small—"

"Don't remember," Nancy interposed, and her voice struck a note of entreaty.

"I must—there is so much you may



be able to tell me, that I have always longed to know. He had fallen in love with another girl—a colonial—. When did you meet him?"

"I knew him soon after he landed at the Cape," Nancy replied, and the next moment found her regretting this admission.

"Perhaps you knew the girl for whom he jilted me?"

Nancy drew a long breath.

"Yes, I knew the girl."

"You knew——"

"May I come in?" called Sir Humphrey from the garden.

Nancy enjoyed her first dinner party immensely. The dinner was a sumptuous affair, but this fact scarcely added to her pleasure. The knowledge that she was a success flushed her cheeks, and caused her eyes to scintillate like gems on velvet. The homage of the men, tribute paid to beauty, was gratifying to the colonial girl. Major Du Cane, who was a born courtier, flattered and caressed her with his handsome eyes, and a blunt old judge paid her open compliments. It was not until the guests had dispersed that Nancy observed the cloud on Sir Humphrey's brow. Her spirits sank to zero.

"What has vexed you?" she asked impulsively.

He answered coldly.

"It is an awful bore to entertain the class of men one despises—Du Cane, for instance. They drink your wine, make love to your wife, ride your hunters if they get a chance, and play the mischief all round."

Nancy laughed; her spirits had risen again.

"I was afraid you were vexed with me, and I am relieved to find that it is only Major Du Cane after all. How do you like me to-night—not my dress—that is Felice, but myself?" She lifted her blue eyes as she spoke, gazing full into his face.

Sir Humphrey started and drew back. The next moment he had recovered himself.

"In your way, you are as bad as Sophy, I declare. What an insatiable thirst for admiration!"

There was an emotional look in her eyes.

"I have no one to praise me," she said.

"Indeed. I thought to-night you had too many."

He left the room abruptly, and Nancy stood still, dreaming, though wide awake.

On the following day, Sir Humphrey went up to town, where the season was now drawing to its close. In the meantime, at the Grange, preparations were being made for the ball, which Miss Stopford, with her usual reckless extravagance and love of display, had determined should be a brilliant affair.

Nancy had carefully avoided the Fosters lately, for she feared that Kitty might question her further with respect to Elliott. Through servants' gossip, she learnt that the Fosters were away on a visit; and their cottage was closed for the time being.

On the day before the ball the master of the Grange returned. As chance would have it, on his arrival, he found Major Du Cane and a couple of officers from the dépôt ensconced in the great hall, where at one end Nancy was pouring out tea. She greeted him shyly, and soon afterwards Major Du Cane and the others took their leave.

Sir Humphrey sank into a seat beside Nancy, sighing his relief.

"How that chap bores me. I am sorry, because, evidently, you like his society," he added, with a swift, suspicious glance at her glowing face.

"Oh, he is better than nobody," she exclaimed lightly.

"I am afraid you are a born flirt," he declared, "and admiration is the most piquant sauce to you."

"You are not going to lecture me again. I have been so good while you have been away."

His face softened. A dangerous forgetfulness would steal over him when he looked into her blue eyes. Afterwards, when taking himself to task, he could not account for it. The girl was his niece, it was impossible to regard her in any other light, and yet she possessed a power no woman had possessed before,

to thrill and torture his senses. This discovery had driven him away to town, where he had plunged into a vortex of dissipation; but his enforced return to fulfil the duties of host compelled him once more to stand on the brink of a precipice, where one false step might hurl him into an abyss.

"Are you looking forward to the dance to-morrow? Are you fond of dancing?" he asked Nancy in commonplace tones, while he told himself again that he must take his departure as speedily as possible.

"I don't know. I haven't had much experience. I went to a dance at Kimberley once, but my partners, with one exception, were a rough lot."

"And the exception?" inquired Sir Humphrey.

Nancy broke into laughter.

"I danced six times with him, and he made such pretty speeches that I think I dreamt of him for a week afterwards."

Sir Humphrey was toying with the silver chatelaine which dangled from her waist; her head was bent, and she could not see his face.

"He was a lucky chap."

"There you are mistaken," she returned hastily, "for he was hanged a month later for highway robbery."

\* \* \* \*

The morning was cloudy and dull, but it did not affect Sir Humphrey's spirits, he was in an excellent humour. The depression which had succeeded his arrival the night before had dispersed. A full basket makes a light-hearted sportsman, and he had whipped the stream to some purpose, having skilfully landed half-a-dozen speckled beauties.

Kitty Foster espied his tall figure at a distance, and determined to interrupt his sport.

His greeting was civil but not effusive, for he suspected her intention, and he decided that it was not a good thing to be on too friendly terms with a next door neighbour.

"We only came back last evening, and I wanted to see how everything was looking after the rain."

"Plenty more rain to come," was his laconic answer, as he looked up at the cloudy sky.

She laughed gaily. "I am going to

ask you a favour. I want to bring a friend to the dance to-night."

"We shall be delighted to entertain any friend of yours," he replied without hesitation.

She hung her head in momentary confusion.

"I am not so sure about that. Wait until you hear who it is."

"A man of course?"

"Of course." She mocked him.

"Tell me his name, then."

"You remember Elliott?"

"Not Elliott!" with considerable emphasis.

Kitty nodded her head.

"And you have forgiven him? I can't bear to think you have been so magnanimous. He deserved kicking."

"I know. Please, don't think I have been too magnanimous. I have a particular reason for bringing him to your dance to-night."

Sir Humphrey examined her scarlet countenance with a degree of curiosity.

"It must be an excellent reason," he said.

#### CHAPTER V.

There was a sound of revelry by night, such as the country side had not witnessed since the coming of age of the present master of the Grange, more than twenty years ago.

Nancy was dressed in ivory satin, and above the severe line of her corsage, her shoulders shewed whiter than her gown. Sir Humphrey watched her with secret pride and admiration, as she helped his sister in the onerous duties of a hostess.

Nancy was thrillingly conscious of his approval, wondering in vague perturbation of spirit when the farce would come to an end. Overcome by the thought, she sank upon a seat to recover herself. Sir Humphrey was by her side immediately.

"You are overtaxing yourself," he said in tones of concern.

"No, no," she hastened to reassure him. "It is all so new and delightful to me—" then suddenly her speech broke off. He looked at her face, and it was overspread by an ashen pallor. His eyes followed the direction of hers, but he saw only that the Fosters' party had

entered the ball room. The sight of Elliott's countenance, bearing traces of recent dissipation, filled him with disgust. He could not imagine why Kitty, who was really a nice little girl, should persist in wasting her sweetness upon such arid soil. He turned again to Nancy, but she had risen from her seat, and her face had regained its natural bloom.

"Who would have thought it?" he exclaimed aloud. "I never expected to see her here. The last time we met, she was in a print frock, and up to her elbows in work."

Kitty's eyes danced with merriment.

"Go on," she cried; "it sounds like a page from a romance—who is she?"

"Nancy Prothero, that devilish pretty girl in white, dancing with the tall,



"SHE WAS IN A PRINT FROCK, AND UP TO HER ELBOWS IN WORK"

"I am engaged for this dance," she told him hurriedly; "here is my partner." And the rest of her sentence was lost to Sir Humphrey as she turned away on her partner's arm.

Elliott was leaning against the wall, talking to Kitty Foster, when first he caught sight of Nancy. He grasped her identity slowly; his mind was not progressive, and literally he gaped with astonishment.

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dark chap, there, in the middle of the room—don't you see them?"

"You are mistaken," said Kitty; "that girl is Nellie Douglas, a niece of the Stopfords, who has just lately come from the Cape."

"The little jade, oh, the little jade!" And his coarse laugh rang out. "Her brother married Miss Douglas, and she is Nancy Prothero. I knew her quite well out at the Cape, and I have good

reason to remember her," he added under his breath.

"Is this really—really true?" gasped Kitty, half frightened at the revelation.

"Then she is an impostor. What will the Stopfords say?"

"We shall see," he answered grimly.

\* \* \* \*

Nancy was alone in the grounds with Sir Humphrey, and a wild impulse prompted her to make confession, and thus, in a measure, to rob Elliott of his revenge. But how could she tell him? When first the plot had been hatched under her brother's roof, it had appeared more in the light of an escapade. Nancy could see again the white-washed walls, and sanded floors, the supper table, with the lamp light shining full on her sister-in-law's eager face, as she endeavoured to persuade Jack to consent to their wild proposition. If only they had been

guided by his maturer judgment, then she would—never have known Sir Humphrey Stopford. The sentence ended thus, in spite of Nancy's repentant mood.

The Venetian coloured lights twinkled round them, mocking the starless night. The strains of the Hungarian band floated out from the house, inviting their return. Nancy clasped Sir Humphrey's arm tightly, while she struggled with breathless, incoherent sentences, which fairly choked her in their utterance. Sir Humphrey listened to her confession with something approaching to bewilderment. When she had finished her story, still he remained silent, while the girl hid her face and broke into weeping.

Then Sir Humphrey took one of her trembling hands, and carried it to his lips.

"God!" he exclaimed. "I believe I have known it all along."



TWO LOVE-NOTES

— — — — —  
" F E A R "

" A LITTLE less, O heart of mine,  
" Love her a little less for fear  
" Thy love should tire her love, and shine  
" On ashes ere another year."

Such is the thought that calls in me  
Each time I watch you disappear  
From my poor sight that cannot see  
How rich it is when you are near.

" F A I T H "

Your love is like a sun to show  
The lesser things that life would pass,  
The little flowers that strive to grow  
Amid the common worldly grass.

And all the days that I may live  
I'll clasp this comfort to my mind,  
And think how little I could give—  
How much by love, you seemed to find.

J J BELL.



## Chaufontaine: A New Discovery

WRITTEN BY MATILDA CREAGH. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



ALTHOUGH for some inexplicable reason Chaufontaine, in Belgium, still remains unknown to fame and ignored by the tourist, there could not possibly be a pleasanter place at which to spend a summer or autumn holiday. For it lies in the heart of a smiling valley, the surrounding scenery is both beautiful and impressive, and the hotel—Grand Hôtel des Bains—is situated in such a good touring centre that many delightful excursions can be made from it.

The first object that strikes your eye as you reach the railway station at Chaufontaine is this hotel, which forms the nucleus of the village on the opposite side of the River Vesdre. And as you cross the handsome metal bridge which unites the two banks of the stream like a clasp, the fine old building rises just in front of you, and looks so imposing, and at the same time so inviting, that you experience a thrill of satisfaction at the thought that you are about to sojourn in it. Nor are any of these pleasant anticipations dispelled by a nearer approach. On the contrary, the internal arrangements leave nothing to be desired. And from many of the windows you have an enchanting view of towering hills and hanging woods, sprinkled here and there with white houses; also of the pretty little kursaal, with its sunny garden and shady groves; and of the winding river, which, as it meanders through the Vesdre Valley, adds much to the beauty of the scene. For though it looks more like a blue ribbon than the typical silver thread, it has a lovely sheen upon its surface, which in certain parts reflects the trees and houses on its banks with

such fidelity that you are sometimes puzzled to think which is the more real—the objects as they are, or as they appear when reproduced in the shining waters of the River Vesdre.

The houses of which the village of Chaufontaine is composed extend for some distance on both sides of the river, and on the left bank are effectively grouped round the old grey church which rises in their midst. I noticed that few of them were identical in colour, and that they varied very much in their physiognomy likewise. But what struck me as being most strange was that, while every available spot was occupied by a *café*, very few shops of any kind were to be seen—a circumstance which suggested the idea that the inhabitants must live on amusement alone, instead of on bread and meat, like ordinary mortals. Nevertheless, the children whom I saw playing about the quaint little street appeared to be very ordinary indeed; and they were, moreover, so dirty that while their faces looked as if they hadn't been washed for a week, there was really nothing about their hands to indicate that they had ever been washed at all! And yet there is water everywhere. For the river turns and twines itself round the village as though it were loth to leave so fair a spot; and in one part it indulges in so many sinuosities that the piece of ground on which the hotel stands is actually an island.

The Bois de Ninane runs up behind the hotel to a great height, and leads to the little hamlet of the same name, which, by some strange architectural freak, has been built on the very top of the hill. Of course it can only be reached by pedestrians, and the steep

pathway leading to it is really a triumph of engineering skill. But then the walk is so pleasant that you are indemnified for the fatigue it imposes; and through every opening in the trees you obtain the most charming views of the surrounding scene as you advance.

Ninane itself, however, is a poor place, almost pathetic in its insignificance, and, despite its alluring aspect, containing so little besides a mouldering church and a mildewed post-office,

quently fell into disuse; but that, having been rediscovered in 1713 by a man named Sauveur, they have since that period enjoyed a considerable (local) reputation, and are now much resorted to by people suffering from stiff joints, rheumatism, neuralgia, and other kindred maladies. He added that the Chaudfontaine season begins in May, and that his visitors are chiefly Belgians, French, and Germans; but that if the Great British would honour



TILFF

that life must be reduced to its simplest expression there. It is thus one of those places that make a promise to the eye from a distance, which is broken at close quarters; and my advice to future visitors would, therefore, be to go to it by all means, but not through it.

On descending from this quaint little spot I found myself in the fragrant garden at the rear of the hotel, where I had a long chat with the proprietor. He told me that the waters of Chaudfontaine were known as far back as the thirteenth century, though they subse-

him with their company he would furnish his hotel with English newspapers, and everything else that they regard as necessities of life—including soap!

On the opposite side of the river there is another dense and beautiful wood called the Bois de la Rochette, whose dim recesses and green arcades afford a delightful ramble. Moreover, they lead you to the very interesting old Château de la Rochette (formerly a State prison), which, from its position on the summit of a steep, ivy-clad escarpment, forms a most prominent

feature in the landscape, and gives it an emphasis and a dignity that it might otherwise have lacked. For, after all, it is from human association that Nature derives her subtlest charm. And I have often noticed that in any scene, however fair it may be, which has received no inspiration from historic memories, and no halo from tale or legend, a certain want is always felt.

The next place to be visited at Chaudfontaine is the Elysian Fields—a fairy spot which struck me as being like a pleasant story woven out of the simplest words, which, though it may touch none of the deeper chords of feeling, can yet both awaken and sustain interest. For the materials of the picture were all familiar—a crystal stream, embowering foliage, patches of emerald sward enamelled with wild-flowers, and sheltering hills. But they all “composed” so well, the trees were so happily grouped, the anthem of the waters was so clear and sweet, and there was such a spell in the enchanted silence, that somehow I felt as if I must have wandered into Fairyland by mis-

take, and was glad to think that even for a few minutes I had been in Elysium.

One of the pleasantest excursions to be made from Chaudfontaine is to the pretty little village of Tilff, with its ancient castle and church (said to contain a bit of the true Cross), and its extensive stalactite cavern; and thence on to Esneux, which is one of the beauty-spots of the region, and replete with archaic as well as scenic interest. It certainly is a most fantastic-looking spot, part of the town being built upon a rock on the margin of the River Ourthe, and the remainder of it running playfully up the hillside, as though it were in a sportive mood, and wanted to get away from the other portions. Thus, as there are gardens and orchards everywhere, the inhabitants can either live on the hill or in the valley, as their fancy dictates; and from every point there is something interesting to see. For the lofty rock, with its wreath of houses, is most imposing, and looks as if it were proud of its architectural crown; and, while the surrounding neighbourhood abounds in old castles (all more or less



ESNEUX

picturesque), just at that particular part the Ourthe is so very sinuous that it carries the eye most pleasantly onwards by means of its elliptical curves, and the grace and beauty of their development.

Coo, which is a little further afield, must have a word of mention also. For though it is a place which the ordinary tourist passes by on the other side, and which has no allurements for the pleasure-seeker, it is, nevertheless, a most dainty spot, and so romantically situated

Another place which claims attention is Anthisne, an extraordinary little village to which I went by Comblain au Pont. It is one of the oldest and most noteworthy places in the region, and tradition identifies it with the ancient Gallic town of Antinaque. In any case, the medals and coins, and many other traces of Roman civilisation which have been found there, plainly indicate that there was once a Roman settlement on the plateau which slopes downwards towards the Ourthe Valley; indeed, the



COO

that it looks as if it had been expressly evolved for those who are in search of the picturesque. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that no charm is wanting. For it has a beautiful double cascade, which is the heart and soul of the scene; and with its small white houses, which gleam like alabaster in the sunshine, its pretty cottage gardens, its flowers, its forest, and its girdle of hills, it offers so many attractions to the artist and the lover of scenery that it only wants a poet to sing praises and make it known.

evidence is conclusive. And even still, the little townlet has such an old-world aspect—such an air of ancient history about it—that Time seems to have passed over it with folded wing, and left it so like what it must have been in the beginning, that, as you wander through the neighbourhood, it seems to you a sort of anachronism to see modern men and women moving about, and nineteenth-century manners and customs prevailing in such a primitive little spot.

But that is one of the great charms

of travelling through this district. Wherever you go you find that the spell of historic interest is united to that of fine scenery, and that the soil is a veritable mausoleum, both of recorded and unrecorded ages. For, while the Romans have left their temples and their tombs here, and abundant relics have been found of still earlier dominant races also, the whole face of the country is sprinkled over with ruined fanes and crumbling castles—those broken letters whereby we learn to trace the story of the past.

The next excursion to be made is to La Gileppe (viâ Verviers), a deep ravine full of dark, wild beauty which is quite exciting, and where the silence is so profound that no echo from the great restless world lying beyond ever reaches it. The Lac de la Gileppe, however, is so bright and sparkling that it looks just like a Swiss lake which had found its way by accident into the sombre solitudes of a Belgic forest, and, when taken in conjunction with its environment, it really forms a charming picture. In short, it would be difficult to imagine a fairer one. For the water flashes and glitters with the brilliancy of a gem, and the banks being sculptured into mimic promontories, some exquisite little creeks and bays are the result. Besides, the bold outlines and peaks of the surrounding hills look most impressive as they cleave the silent, motionless air; and away to the horizon stretches the beautiful, mysterious forest of Hertzenwald, which is partly in Belgium and partly in Prussia.

Another most attractive spot is Hockai—a delightful little village which I would strongly advise all travellers in this region to visit, and which nestles

amid its sheltering yoke-elms with a confiding air as though it felt certain of their protective powers. It affords a pleasant walk, too, along the skirts of the Gossonfat Wood, and over the pretty bridge which here spans the River Hoëgne. The latter is a tranquil, placid stream which in this part makes but little noise in the world. Nevertheless, it is very enjoyable to listen to its soft murmur, and also to follow its course through the deep defile in which it subsequently buries itself. This defile, like that of La Gileppe, is remarkably isolated and lonely. But then it is a sunlit solitude—a voiced loneliness—for in one part the rocks which enclose it assume the form of a rude stone staircase, over which the water falls in a succession of sparkling cascades, dispersing in its descent into clusters of gleaming pearls and glistening diamonds, and emitting the most exquisite prismatic hues as it takes its final plunge into the foaming gulf beneath. Besides, it breaks the silence most pleasantly. For the deeper note of the torrent mingling with the soft ripple of the river forms a symphony which is full of music, and makes this fairy glen charming to both ear and eye.

Thus, while touring through the surroundings of Chaudfontaine, the scenery alternates so pleasantly between imposing grandeur and sylvan beauty that the interest of the traveller, whatever his individual tastes may be, is constantly stimulated, and he feels glad that he has discovered the region. Besides, the journey thither is both smooth and short; in twelve hours you can get from Harwich to Antwerp, and in eight more from that, viâ Liège, to Chaudfontaine.





THE BAND

## *Under Canvas with the Cadets*

BY ARTHUR J. IRELAND

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



THE cadet corps about which I am writing are those raised in the public schools, from amongst the boys, and under the command of an officer, who bears honorary rank, appointed from amongst the masters. It is necessary to clearly understand the difference that exists between the cadet corps and the cadet battalions, for they are completely separate organisations, appealing to boys in quite different social spheres. The corps are raised from the public schools and the large private schools, and are, therefore, composed of boys who, if they proceed with their military career, will become the officers of the future; while the battalions are raised from schools of the Board School order, and are, therefore, composed of the material that will one day fill the ranks of the British Army.

I have drawn this distinction at the outset, because, in speaking of a number

of corps—such as those which go to make up a camp—massed together, one is compelled to use the word battalion; and so to avoid all possible confusion when referring to the cadet corps as a body I shall speak of them as the Public School Battalion. By that designation, therefore, I shall embrace the representatives of the various schools which have been in camp at Aldershot during the August Encampment of 1899.

The general public has so little opportunity of learning anything about the cadet corps movement or its objects, that I think I may be permitted to briefly relate its history before dealing with the proceedings in camp—and I imagine that a large percentage of those who read this will be as surprised as I was when they hear how widely the scheme has been supported, and the numerical strength of many of the corps.

For some considerable time—it is im-

possible to give dates—before the actual enrolment of the cadet corps as an acknowledged section of the auxiliary forces, some of the leading schools had adopted the plan of musket drill, both as a physical training and as a punishment; and when the idea of forming the boys into properly organised companies on a military basis was mooted, these schools quickly came forward to form the nucleus of the newly-added volunteer force. Since that time the number of corps has steadily increased, slowly at first, but more rapidly of late years, until it is now a strong supplement to the volunteer army. Harrow has the oldest existing corps—I do not know whether it was the first enrolled, but I do know that several others which claim to be the oldest were not formed until two or three years later. The Harrow corps was raised in 1859; it is thus forty years old, and its present strength is as follows: 10 officers, 13 non-commissioned officers, and 230 rank and file. The corps is attached to the IX. Volunteer Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment, and is under the command of Captain E. H. Kempson. Eton is on a slightly different footing to the other schools; it possesses a full battalion, attached to the Oxford Light Infantry, of which regiment the school contingent is the IV. Volunteer Battalion, constituted as follows: 15 officers, 54 non-commissioned officers, 337 rank and file; under the command of Major C. Lowry.

The other schools at which there are large corps are, with the date of formation: Bedford (1886), Dulwich (1878), Haileybury (1887), Marlborough (1860), Rugby (uncertain), Uppingham (1889), and Winchester (1868). In addition to these there are a large number of schools which have very efficient though smaller corps—bringing the total number of cadet corps up to fifty. This number is small when compared with the number of schools in England; and it could easily be doubled if the War Office authorities offered ever so little encouragement to the many schools that are anxious to be enrolled. As to the objects of the corps: I think it must be apparent to all that the military training and discipline received by the boys,

at an age when the mind is most receptive, will be invaluable to the young soldiers in after life, whether they are destined for the services or not. It teaches them "how and where to put their feet," to quote a popular song, and, in short, it makes men of them. For the future "soldiers of the Queen" the experience is, of course, of incalculable value; and the opinions of our leading officers bear out this statement. Among the distinguished advocates of the cadet movements, both as regards corps and battalions, are:—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught; Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief, and Lord Roberts of Kandahar, V.C.; Generals Sir H. Evelyn Wood, V.C., and Sir George White, V.C., and a host of others whose experience entitles them to speak with authority. They are unanimous in expressing their approval of the cadet corps and battalion system, so that we may safely assume that the effect of the training of the boys has already been felt in the regular army, and that it has proved beneficial to all concerned. The substance of their opinion is that the men who have received a sound training while at school act as a most wholesome leaven in raising the standard of the efficiency of the regiment which they enter, whether they are destined to serve as officers or in the ranks. To the boys who will be officers their words most apply, so I shall quote the substance of a few remarks made to me at the recent Aldershot Camp of the cadet corps. An officer of many years' service, who has now retired, watched the schoolboys at their work most interestedly, and happening to get into conversation with him, I gleaned the following particulars: That he had served through the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, and had seen active service elsewhere as well. "I think," he said, "that these youngsters are the most promising sight I have seen for many a day. They will be the making of the Army—for look at them, they are competent to criticise the minutest detail, from the cleaning of a button to a battalion march past. It is a proud thing for England to turn out men of that stamp to lead her troops."

I readily endorse this opinion, and I must own that although I was to a certain extent prepared to see a soldierly camp, I little expected to find such splendid testimony to the work that cadet corps are doing among the boys of to-day.

There were representatives from twenty schools, together with a corps which is attached to the London Rifle Brigade, composed of boys from four of the London schools, namely—City of London, King's College, Merchant Taylor's and University College, encamped at the foot of Cove Hill, North Camp, Aldershot, this year. The camp opened on Tuesday, August 1st, and closed on Tuesday, August 8th, and during the week the boys were subject to the strictest military discipline. Each school's contingent formed a company, and the twenty-one companies were divided into half-battalions, the whole under the command of Major Charles Warren Napier-Clavering, of the Somersetshire Light Infantry, as Brigadier. The following schools sent detachments to the camp this year: Berkhamsted, Bradfield, Clifton, Dulwich, Eastbourne, Epsom, Felsfed, Forest, Haileybury, Highgate, Hurstpierpoint, Marlborough, Rossall, Rugby, St. Paul's, Tonbridge, Uppingham, Warwick, Wellington, and Weymouth—I am only sorry that there were not more.

It was a very imposing spectacle to see all the boys drawn up in line or in quarter-column, ready for battalion drill or for a field-day. They made a brave show in their various uniforms—scarlet, green, drab, gray, and black, as they marched out of camp, nearly a thousand strong, to the parade ground.

The camp was pitched in the grounds of Government House, where General the Right Honourable Sir Redvers Henry Buller, V.C., is now in command. The establishment was strictly military; and, in every particular, the boys dropped into the service habits—even to strolling about in breeches, vest, and forage-cap in the most orthodox way. In fact the whole camp was so realistic in all the details of its life, that one paused to inquire whether there had been any mistake, or whether one had come to a regular camp, by accident; it was not so, however, and I shall now try to present a picture of what met my inquiring gaze upon coming into the camp. In the centre of the outer enclosure was a large marquee, called the "recreation tent," on each side of which were the lines of the various corps, forming half-battalions, right and left, according to the situation of the lines. Immediately on the right, as I entered from the road, was the ration store, next to it was the canteen, and beyond that, again, were the tents of



MAKING A TOILET UNDER DIFFICULTIES

the sergeant-instructors. On the left of the entrance were the kitchens, that is to say, the stoves, on which the rations were prepared, from which odours of roast beef rose into the air. And, most important, immediately facing the entrance, was the orderly tent, where the guard was stationed.

The officers' quarters were separated from the men's by a wall which divided the enclosure into two distinct compounds. In the inner enclosure, besides the officers' tents, there were the ambulance tent, mess-room, ante-room, and the lines of the officers' servants. Naturally the officers had luxuries unknown outside the barrier. They had basins and baths outside their respective tents, while the rank and file had to tub in a "washhouse" at the extreme end of the lines, and across a road. They also had carpets in their tents and beds to sleep upon, all of which comforts made the boys realise how good it is to hold a commission. One little fellow who came through the officers' lines with me cast a wistful glance at the luxurious interior of one of the tents, and exclaimed, "Fancy; chairs, carpets, and beds! No wonder the officers like camp." Then with the truly philosophical spirit of the British soldier, he bowed to the inevitable and went back to his own lines to dress for parade.

An inspection of the boys' lines is really edifying. I went round with the commanding officer of the Eastbourne Corps, in the wake of the orderly officer of the day—who, accompanied by the orderly corporal, makes his round to hear any complaints that may be made, and to see that all is well. And I was greatly struck by the businesslike manner in which everything was done.

"The orderly officer comes his round to hear whether any one wants to grumble about the accommodation or the food," said my guide. "And the only thing that he ever hears is that more victuals are wanted—a good sign, and a fault easily rectified."

Captain Tuckett, my guide, confirmed the observations I had made, by telling me how thoroughly in earnest the boys were.

"If they were regulars," he said,

"they could not work better, or show to greater advantage on parade."

The signs of efficiency apparent on all sides were highly satisfactory testimony to the excellent preparation that goes steadily forward throughout the year; for unless a good foundation had been laid by the company and section drills at the various schools, the chaos produced when a large body of troops were paraded together would be too painful for words. But the result proves satisfactorily that school cadet corps are not the playthings many people seem to imagine.

Having now given a general description of the conditions under which the boys live in camp, I shall proceed to detail the duties which fill the day, leaving little time for idleness or getting into mischief.

*Réveillé* sounds at 5.30 a.m. on ordinary days, and sharp to the sound of the bugle the boys turn out and hurry to the washhouse. When they are dressed a cup of coffee and a biscuit are served to each man, and the day's work begins. There may be an early parade, an inspection, or a field-day—and in the latter case *réveillé* sounds considerably earlier. After the corps return from parade they have breakfast, which consists of coffee, bread and butter, and bacon and eggs—with, if they like to provide it for themselves, such dainties as jam, marmalade, or potted meat. Then follows the tidying of the lines, for the orderly officer's inspection. Bedding is rolled up, accoutrements are cleaned, and the kit is piled in neat lines before the tents, forming a kind of low rampart, crowned by helmets, which look like miniature turrets on a very diminutive castellated wall, and the camp assumes an appearance of life that is exhilarating to see.

After breakfast there is more drill, sometimes in companies, sometimes in sections, and sometimes in battalion, which, with the camp duties, pretty well fills up the time until one o'clock, when the welcome dinner-call rings out from the orderly tent. Dinner consists of roast beef and pudding, with ginger-beer to wash it down: and you may rest assured that the tent orderlies, whose duty it is to draw rations for their



comrades, are kept busy. During the heat of the afternoon there is not much work done, but after tea, which is served at five o'clock, drill begins again. And with little intermission the corps are kept busy until "Lights out" sounds at about ten o'clock.

This is briefly the routine of the day ; but there are many variations, according to the programme. Thus, for example, on the Friday morning *réveillé* sounded at a quarter to four, and a long field-day ensued. The corps marched to the Fox Hills, where they manœuvred for some hours. The fact that only seven men fell out during the march speaks well for the condition of the young soldiers. And when I tell you that from about five in the morning until one in the afternoon the public school battalion was on the march, with only the regulation coffee and biscuit to work on, and that the flanking companies marched upwards of twenty miles, I think you will endorse the opinion I hold as regards the excellence of the training.

The boys were thoroughly delighted with the day ; though not a few drained and re-drained their water-bottles until not a drop of moisture could have been left. And when at last they reached Cove Hill again, there was a regular storming of the canteen directly they were dismissed.

Then on Saturday evening the battalion marched out for a night attack. This was very exciting, for the pickets were on guard from about seven o'clock



AFTER THE FIGHT

until nine before the enemy made their appearance. By this time it was quite dark, and flashes of lightning illuminated the whole plain, only to intensify the darkness when they vanished. Soon after nine shots began, and in a few minutes volleys were being discharged on all sides.

I had a good deal of fun during the assault, for I very nearly paid the penalty of my spying on several occasions.





"Stand, who goes there?" I heard, as the patrol perceived me by the momentary flash of the lightning.

"Friend," was my orthodox reply.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," came from the darkness. Sometimes I dallied, and then the sound of a rifle brought sharply to the charge, and a stern voice crying, "Advance, and give the countersign, or I fire," brought me to my senses, and showed me the danger which threatened me. With trembling steps I obeyed the last summons, and before I knew where I was, the muzzle of a rifle was at my chest, and my features were scrutinised closely, as I heard the formal: "Pass, friend, and all's well."

Camp was reached about half-past ten in a drizzling rain, and the boys turned in smartly, without a thought of the toils they had endured.

This is of necessity only an epitome

of what took place during the Aldershot week in camp, but it will serve to show how our public school boys are taught the lessons of war, that would enable them to fulfil their duties, if ever the stern need of service arose, in a way that would help England to hold up her head as proudly as ever. May the need never come; but in the meantime the training, from a physical standpoint, ought to be encouraged. I hope, therefore, that the cadet movement will receive the support of the military authorities, and that the number of corps will not long remain at fifty. And I can only conclude by saying that those who wish to see young England at its best should make a point of visiting the next camp at Aldershot; when, I am sure, they will be as much edified and pleased as I have been on this occasion.



# THE TABLES TURNED.



WRITTEN BY P. GLYNN

ILLUSTRATED BY G. MONTEITH DODSHON

## I.



WAS just getting into the smoking compartment of a train about to leave Victoria Station, when I heard a familiar voice calling:

"Hello, Steenie, old chap! How are you?"

I turned and looked at the speaker. The next instant I was shaking hands with an old schoolfellow, whom I had not seen for some time. Finding out we were bound for the same destination, we jumped into the carriage, and immediately plunged into the past escapades and adventures of our school days.

"I am afraid our adventures are all over with our school days," I remarked, somewhat sadly, when Williams—for that was his name—had recalled a particularly thrilling episode of our boyhood. "As soon as a boy leaves school, he is shoved into an office, where the romance is all knocked out of him, and he settles down to a monotonous business life."

Williams laughed.

"Not at all, my dear fellow; you can have as many adventures as you like, if you only look for them."

"You may think so," I responded,

gloomily; "the trouble is to find them."

"Cheer up, Steenie; you needn't look so glum," said Williams. "I have a little adventure in hand at present, which might relieve the monotony of your existence."

"What is it?" I asked.

"An old uncle of mine, in whose office I am, owns a house near Sarsville, where we are now going. This house became vacant several months ago, and shortly after was rumoured to be haunted; and, on account of this, nobody will inhabit it. The strangest part of the affair is that no one can give any explanation of its reputation. My uncle, of course, does not want to have the house lying empty on his hands, and has asked me to find out the cause of its unholy reputation."

"Oh, it is very likely tramps who have been the cause of that, as they always make use of an empty house to sleep in, instead of paying for their lodging elsewhere. To imagine that it is haunted by the time-honoured ghost is altogether ridiculous. However, I will give you what help I can in fathoming the mystery."

"Thanks, Steenie," said Williams, warmly. "Of course, I quite believe

that some persons have given out that the house is haunted, for purposes of their own; and what those purposes are, we must find out."

We had now arrived at Sarsville, and, driving to the hotel, we deposited our luggage, and went into the dining-room and ordered dinner. The topic of the haunted house being foremost in our minds, and wishing to get some definite information about it, we decided to ask the waiter if he could tell us anything. Our questions elicited the fact that the waiter could tell us something about it, at the same time shaking his head sagely.

"How was the rumour first started," asked Williams.

"I dunno, sir," replied the waiter, flicking the flies off an adjoining table with his napkin, "but I heard that it has been haunted for the last three months or more, and that strange noises are heard at midnight coming from the house, and people have seen lights in the house, although there is no one there to light them."

"Evidently the ghost knows how to make himself comfortable," Williams said laughing, "but I am afraid he will have to look out for other quarters before long."

"Has anyone seen the ghost yet?" I asked with a smile.

"Not that I know of, sir," replied the waiter grinning, "but I know a man who has felt it."

"Felt the ghost! What do you mean?" I asked wonderingly.

"Well, it's this way, sir. A man I know boasted one day that he would go to the house and lay the ghost. I, with several others, offered to bet that he wouldn't. He accepted the bet, and one night we started off to the haunted house. We left him at the roadway, and he went on to the house by himself. In about a quarter of an hour, he came running back, looking horribly frightened, while his eye was black and his head was bruised. He told us that he had gone up to the front door of the house, which he tried to force, when suddenly the door opened of itself, and he received a blow in the eye which knocked him down the steps, although he did not see who struck him."

This story drew roars of laughter from Williams and myself, which was joined in by the waiter.

"This ghost seems to be a pugilist," said Williams, holding his sides, "but we will see how he uses his fists when we tackle him."

We dismissed the waiter, and turned our attention to the dinner which was now beginning to get cold, and when we had finished, Williams turned to me saying:

"I think, Steenie, we had better go and have a look at the house now, take stock of its surroundings, and have a peep through all the rooms. If there is nothing suspicious, we will go back again at midnight, and watch the house."

"Oh, I'm game," I replied, for my curiosity was strongly roused by the waiter's story.

We therefore set off on our journey. Half-an-hour's walk brought us to the place, and we soon caught a glimpse of the house from the roadway, and going up the disused path, we walked round the house, noting every nook and cranny. The house was old and beginning to show signs of dilapidation, which was more the result of its tenantless condition than of time. Williams, who possessed a key, opened the hall door; we went through all the rooms and finally descended to the kitchen. A table and several chairs formed the only furniture of the room. Why there should be any furniture in the house at all puzzled us, or, rather, Williams.

"I wonder how these things came to be here," he said.

"Perhaps they were left by the last tenant," I suggested.

"No, they were not. My uncle said that there was absolutely nothing in the house; besides, it is unlikely that the last person in possession would leave anything behind. I think that someone has been using these chairs lately," he added reflectively.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"By a very simple method," Williams replied, going over to the kitchen range.

"You see what I am doing."

"Yes, you are tracing your name with your finger in the dust."

"Can you do that with the table or

chairs, or even see any dust at all on them?" Williams interrogated.

"No, I cannot," I replied, scrutinising those articles of furniture.

"If they were not used they would be as dusty as any other part of the room. However, we can do nothing till this evening, so we had better be off."

## II.

Darkness had set in, and buttoning our overcoats, for the night was cold, we left the hotel, taking with us our sticks in case of need.

We soon left the town and emerged into the country, and shortly after arrived at the point of the road near the house, and walked silently up the pathway we had traversed during the day. To our astonishment we perceived a light struggling through the crevices between the window shutters.

"We have the beggars at last," muttered Williams, grasping his stick tightly. He crept to the door, and drawing out the key, inserted it in the lock and opened the door. "Come on, Steenie," he continued softly, "we'll soon pitch the rascals out on their heads."

"Wait," I replied, "don't be in such a hurry." Williams was about to rush downstairs when I laid a detaining hand on his shoulder. "Let us go down quietly and see who they are."

Acting on my suggestion, Williams proceeded quietly, I following. We crept through the hall, down the stairs, and finally came to the kitchen door which was slightly ajar, and peeping in, we saw, instead of tramps, half-a-dozen well-dressed men of various nationalities, most of them being either Spanish or Italians, seated round the table in various positions, one or two of them, with their elbows resting on the table and brows contracted, were evidently ruminating. The majority, however, were listening attentively to the words which were being addressed to them by a powerful, dark-featured man, who sat at the head of the table, and who spoke in a low, but excited tone of voice, now and then emphasising his words by a gesture of his hand, while two round objects, which

looked suspiciously like bombs, were also lying on the table.

"Anarchists, by Jove!" whispered Williams to me.

We rubbed our eyes in astonishment, but could come to no other conclusion. What were we to do?

Williams suddenly answered the unspoken question. His curiosity had overruled his cautiousness. By gradually pushing open the door, to allow of his seeing more of the inside of the room, he had drawn the attention of the speaker, who stopping in his address, suddenly called out "Come here!" in a loud tone, which so startled the crouching Williams, that he stumbled forward into the room, pushing back the door with a bang, and revealing to our astonished gaze the muzzles of five or six revolvers covering the recumbent Williams and myself.

Our position was ridiculous as well as dangerous, the speaker regarded us quietly for some moments, while the rest scowled over their revolvers at us, while the word "spies" was mingled with imprecations.

Williams was the first to recover his self-possession.

"Gentlemen," he said coolly, "I don't understand why you are so ready with your revolvers, this gentleman and myself are both unarmed."

"What brought you here?" asked the leader sternly, making a sign to the others to lay down their firearms, which they put on the table immediately in front of them.

"Curiosity," replied Williams.

The speaker smiled slightly, but resuming a fierce aspect, he continued sarcastically:

"And what was the object of your curiosity?"

"Ghosts," replied Williams, gradually edging nearer to the table, "I thought the house was haunted, and find that it is."

"By whom?" asked the leader cunningly.

"Anarchists," responded Williams, laconically, and stretching out his hands he seized one of the bombs from the table, and held it uplifted in his hands.

To say that my heart almost went into



"THE FIRST MAN I SEE TAKE HIS REVOLVER, DOWN GOES THE BOMB"

my mouth, is putting it weakly, while a cry of terror broke from the gang, and the leader roared, "Stop, you fool, that's a bomb."

"I know it is," replied Williams, "and the first man I see take his revolver, down goes the bomb."

A light broke in on me concerning Williams's eccentric behaviour, and I became courageous. Taking advantage of the general consternation, I snatched the other bomb from the table, and held it uplifted.

"That's right, Steenie," said Williams, with a quiet laugh. We had turned the tables on the anarchists with a vengeance; afraid to move, they could only glare at us in mingled terror and dismay; they seemed not to have the slightest doubt that we would throw the bombs, if they attempted to move, which intention was very far from our minds, as we knew that as long as we

had possession of them we were perfectly safe from the malevolence of the cowardly gang.

The leader was the first to recover his equanimity.

"We must confess ourselves beaten. You hold the bombs, consequently our lives; besides, you have now destroyed our plans for the future. What do you want us to do?"

"The first thing you must do, is to place your revolver in this corner of the room," which Williams indicated, "and tell the others to do the same."

The leader walked over to the corner, threw down his revolver, and resumed his seat. One by one the anarchists got up, added their weapons to the pile and sat down again.

"Thank you," said Williams sarcastically, contemplating the baffled anarchists. "I must now say goodbye, but I caution you that the first person I



see leaving his seat, I will pitch the bomb into the midst of you."

We then backed slowly out of the room, the bombs still uplifted, and our eyes fixed on the anarchists, reaching the stairs, we dashed up them, and slamming the door, we tucked the bombs under our arms, and ran as quickly as our dangerous burden would allow us in the direction of the town.


We told our adventure to the police,

giving them the bombs for proof of our story. A raid was made on the house in the early morning, but the gang had decamped, leaving no trace behind them, as their revolvers had also been taken away with them. But we had our adventure, and, coupled with the knowledge that we had spoiled the plans of one anarchist gang, we went back to business in good spirits.



## Trick Liquor Receptacles

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT

EOPLE like to be deceived. Of that there cannot possibly remain the slightest doubt, when it is remembered that our public conjurors always receive popular support of a substantial kind. We not only tolerate the deceptions genially, but we are also often anxious to know "how it is done." But on that delicate point our foremost tricksters are mute, as a rule. This is not to be wondered at when consideration is taken of the exceptional talent necessary to invent something interesting of the sort. With private conjurors, however, whose sphere of influence is generally limited to a few friends and acquaintances, the case is different. I have found them so proud of their apparatus, usually of their own invention, that when it is suggested that publicity shall be given to some of the cherished devices, they lend willing aid. In this short article all the material does not come strictly under the head of *conjuring* apparatus; but my above title, I think, embraces them all.

I go so far as to assert that if the reader were introduced to the actual object from which I made the drawing of the trick barrel, and if he saw it manipulated by a dexterous person, he would acknowledge that it was deserving of the title "mysterious." Two entirely different liquids can be withdrawn *through the same tap*, without any apparent preparation. Of course, a *post-mortem* on a piece of conjuring apparatus is bound to deprive it of much of the mystery which attaches to the same thing when it is being shown intact, and in actual operation. But I always

like, when possible, to probe to the innermost parts of anything which I consider good enough to deal with; and it occurs to me that no merit will be eliminated from the object if it be examined minutely.

We will suppose that gin and whisky are the contents of the barrel. These two spirits are so distinctly different in colour, one from another, that no mistake concerning them could possibly occur. The tap would be turned and a small quantity of gin withdrawn. The manipulator would then lift the barrel—it is about six inches in height—from the table, turn round once, quickly; and replace the barrel in its former position. The onlookers would then be astonished at beholding whisky issue forth from the contrivance, instead of gin as previously when the tap was turned on.

In that one sharp revolution the conjuror would have released a tiny hidden spring, and then turned the *back portion* of the barrel completely over. A peep at the illustrations will assist any interested reader to form an idea of the "trickiness" of the obliging barrel. The back portion is really a box with two compartments. Each end of it represents a couple of boards at either the top or bottom of the model, where there appears to be three.

From each compartment a short pipe extends, and *both* these pipes are united with a disc which rotates (like a lid on a round box) upon a kind of drum. From this drum a single pipe proceeds, and protrudes through the barrel in the form of a tap. By so



A SMALL BARREL, THROUGH THE SAME TAP OF WHICH TWO DIFFERENT LIQUIDS MAY BE DRAWN



SECTIONAL DIAGRAM OF SMALL BARREL

arranging matters as to provide that neither compartment shall be *quite* full of liquor, success with the experiment is ensured. Whether it be whisky or gin in the uppermost compartment, its contents alone run out when the tap is turned on. A clever detail prevents the top liquid from running into the lower compartment.

Naturally, in a matter of this kind success is to be ensured only in the case where the conjuror may be relied on to manipulate the barrel neatly.

A distinctly clever contrivance graces the walls of a certain Continental *café*. It is a set of eight bells, furnished with attachments which cause the melodious ringing of a peal when a sufficiently large quantity of liquor is poured into the square reservoir. The box is fitted with a wheel conforming in construc-

tion with the familiar water-wheels, and this serves as a motor when the beer which has been poured into the device trickles over it, and escapes through a tap situated in the lower portion of the invention. As the wheel revolves it rotates a set of hammers, which are affixed to an extended spindle or axle, and the pleasing effect produced is the consecutive striking of bells, the melody lasting as long as any beer remains in the quaint vessel.

In this original manner customers are often induced to order a larger quantity of beer than would really have satisfied their momentary desires, in order to hear the automatically controlled bells give forth their imitative sounds.

A device called "A trick bottle" is calculated to defy detection even when examined by an astute and

penetrative person. When nearly filled with liquor it is handed round for the entertainment of the guests, who are requested to extract therefrom some of its contents.

This is a by no means easy task. The cork may be withdrawn and the vessel inverted, yet the liquid will not emerge in response to the handler's desire.

A very little description will serve to explain the peculiarity of the device. The bottle is in reality composed of two distinct portions. The chief half consists of an upper piece containing a cork, and a hollow canister furnished with a tap fitted into a recess in such a way as not to interfere with the proper actions of the various parts. The canister is, under ordinary circumstances, entirely concealed within a mug which forms the lower half of the "bottle." For the purpose of securing access to the contents, it is only necessary to give a half-turn to its upper half, and raise it until the hitherto hidden tap can be handled.

It will be understood that the lettering and design borne upon a label, which completely encircles the bottle, is an effective safeguard against revealing the dividing line of the two portions of the invention.

To associate deception with an innocent-looking doll would appear to be a most unwarrantable act, were it not for the fact that many dolls in tipling ladies' houses are nothing more than the secret receptacles for drink, which is imbibed "on the sly." A typical contrivance of this kind is illustrated herewith. The doll's body effectually hides a spirit flask, the cork being composed of a portion of the neck of the seemingly decapitated head as seen in the illustration. I have had to mutilate the chest of my hypocritical doll in order to explain the naive simplicity, yet evil propensity, of it.

To have a drinking vessel handed to you, filled with wine (we will say), and to be invited to drink its contents, would not be regarded as a very exciting or peculiar matter. But if, after you had drunk the liquor therefrom and had returned the article as empty, it were immediately given back to you again full, yet to your certain knowledge

without having been refilled from any other vessel, you would assuredly be astonished. I could give you a photograph of an ivory and glass contrivance which, in skilful hands, can be made to produce such a result; but as the picture would only give an exterior view of it, and would therefore explain nothing, I prefer to omit sketches, and confine myself to merely verbal description.

The stem is constructed of ivory and metal, and is surmounted by a cone of glass. Upon receiving back the emptied receptacle, the performer asks you to momentarily cover it with your handkerchief, or something similar. You do this, and are greatly surprised to observe, when you take away the fabric, that the glass again contains liquor. Of course, you are aware that you have been tricked; but you enquire—How? Well, the solution of the matter is extremely simple, thus conforming to the secrets of most tricks, whether intensely mystifying, or merely playfully surprising.

The stem of the invention is hollow, and receives a quantity of wine simultaneously with the filling of the glass portion. That within the stem is held in its allotted place by means of a stained cork which serves as a bottom to the



A DECEPTIVE DOLL

glass cone, and is connected by a metal rod with another cork occupying a position within the stem near its lower end, thus being seen as the centre of the circular foot when the article is inverted.

Upon the supposedly empty contrivance being returned to the performer, he slips the end of a short rod (previously "palmed") into the hollow of the circular foot, and while the onlooker is engaged covering it with the handkerchief, the performer presses the article steadily and firmly into (and really *over*) the rod, which eventually fills the hollow stem, and in doing so forces out the interior corks and the wine. It requires a great degree of dexterity, of course, to do this, and to remove the pushed-out connected corks unseen, and without spilling any of the liquor.

It may be mentioned that a collar around the stem, at the bottom of the glass cone, is so constructed that when adjusted in a certain manner (which need not be minutely explained) it effectually prevents either the corks, or the subsequently substituted rod in the stem, from being discovered during an examination by the onlookers.

A really unique square tea-pot is also inserted among this short set of artful contrivances. When it has been filled with tea an uninitiated person experiences tantalisation from the fact that he cannot pour the beverage out of the receptacle by the usual channel—the spout—which in this case is repre-

sented by a portion of a snake, the remainder of which encircles the pot and terminates in a coil forming a very convenient and novel handle. The puzzled onlooker naturally associates this snake as being in some way responsible for the blockage. They may even suggest that the snake is a dummy spout; but the surmise would be quite wrong.

When the lid is raised in the usual manner, no tea can be withdrawn through the spout. To accomplish that result it is necessary to lift the lid, in addition to the rim, *in the opposite direction*.

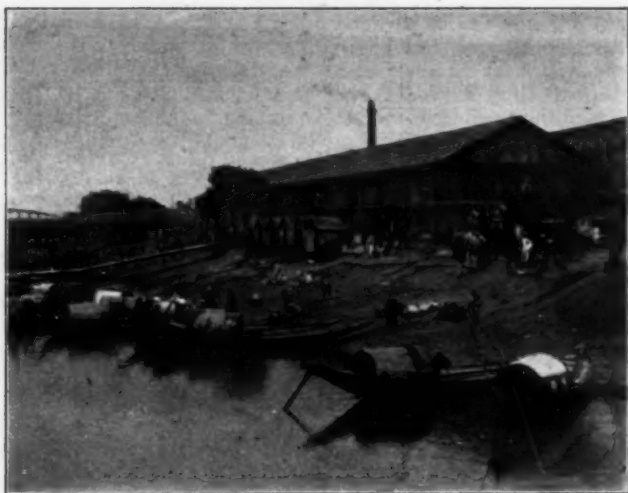
The combined lid and rim are securely attached to an interior, and false, side of the pot, furnished with a strainer in order to obviate detection. Immediately behind the strainer is a cork, and this cork fits into the hidden end of the spout. It will now be understood that when only the lid is lifted, the cork still continues to block the spout; but that when the lid and rim are raised, in the other direction, the cork is removed and a free passage ensured for the tea.

As it requires a slight effort to thus force out the cork, there does not exist much chance of the secret of construction being prematurely divulged. The rim fits tightly into the neck of the tea-pot.

The reversal of the lid usually escapes observation in actual practice, unless the onlookers are sharp.







ARMENIAN GHÂT, CALCUTTA

## *"Homeward Bound"*

WRITTEN BY GERTRUDE BACON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE steamer lies off the Armenian Ghât in the Hugli, and around her are wedged, jammed, and massed together such a marvellous and hopeless tangle of native craft, crazy, cranky boats, of a design and date apparently coeval with Noah's Ark, manned by yelling, screaming boatmen, that it seems impossible that we should ever reach her unless it were by scrambling and jumping over the floating barricade itself. The time is eleven o'clock at night, the river very badly lit, and many yards of thickest mud separate the landing-steps from the black, lapping water. Calcutta boatmen do not bear the best of characters; the Hugli's current is swift and strong; an angry shove, a false step in the dark, and another corpse

might be floating down to Garden Reach, as the one that Mr. Kipling sings about. But "one who knows" is with us, the impossible is achieved, and presently we find ourselves clambering up the steep gangway of what is to be our floating home for the next five weeks.

All that night, through the hot, steamy, damp-flannel atmosphere, comes the ceaseless creaking and groaning of the cranes, the heavy bumps of the crates and boxes rattling down into the hold, the uncouth native cries, and, worst of all, the shrill trumpet of the blatant, vicious mosquitoes, as they float in by swarms at the open port-hole. As morning breaks the anchor is weighed, and slowly we steam down past the yet sleeping "City of Palaces," to a quiet and picturesque landing-place, where the rest of the passengers come on board.

A tender brings them off. Not a very gay party, perhaps. Shattered constitutions, ill-health and suffering are clear to see on the faces of many; some walk with difficulty, one at least has to be carried on to the ship. There are wan, listless babies, drooping heavy-headed on the shoulders of impassive ayahs, holding them tight, too tight, in their dusky arms; white-faced, peevish children, with long-suffering governesses; languid, imperious officers' wives, pampered and patronising; tea-planters and Civil-servants, with hollow cheeks and guinea-gold complexions; sun-dried and shrivelled majors and colonels, returning for a few months' furlough to the wives they have not seen for half-a-dozen years, and the children to whom they are as strangers. The Irish doctor, whom a fearful attack of typhoid has reduced from the hearty, jovial physician to the feeble, emaciated invalid; the pale girl, with thin cheeks small-pox scarred; the fever-worn, wasted railway engineer, creeping with faltering steps, in whose drawn and haggard face even his mother would scarce recognise the merry boy who left her side five years ago. A sorry crew, indeed, but not nearly so low in spirits as their bodily condition seems to warrant. The flesh is weak indeed; but the heart is light. They are leaving the land of bondage behind; they are bound for home, friends and relations, health and strength.

Not that all are, perhaps, so eager for return. The tearful wife, clinging so piteously round her husband's neck in their farewell embrace, would sacrifice everything, except her children, to stay with him and share his lot. The party of excursionists, with ostentatious pith helmets and white umbrellas, whose Brummagem-made curios cram their swelling portmanteaux, and whose inquisitive cameras are ever on the snap, would like to spend a while longer in the country of which their six weeks' acquaintance has only made them anxious to learn more. But, willing or unwilling, the berths are taken, the tender paddles back to the shore, the heavy anchor comes up from the mud, the engines start, and the big

steamer stands down the river for the open sea.

But, before the Bay of Bengal can be sighted, there are many miles of yellow Hugli to be slowly traversed. Very treacherous is that muddy current, and its shifting, hidden sand-banks are veritable grave-yards, where many a noble ship and many a brave heart are sleeping beneath the stream. The passengers do not notice, but at one spot the engines work at full speed, and every officer and sailor stands silently to his post. This is where the dread "James and Mary" shoals, the most dangerous of all, almost bar the entire channel. At intervals along the way rise pitifully from the turbid flood the bare masts of some wrecked and sunken vessel. One of these we pass quite close, and the passengers point it out with mournful interest to each other, and sigh "Poor fellows!" over its awful tragedy. For this is all that remains of the good ship "Albion," and within it are yet the bones of the unhappy engineers, who were imprisoned down below when the ship sank, but managed to thrust their heads through her port-holes, as she lay broadside up, only however to lengthen their agonies, for the holes were too small to admit their bodies, and the cruel tide rose and drowned them in the sight of their agonised friends, so powerless to aid them.

We are glad to be out in the open sea at last, and see our pilot rowed away to the lonely ship that is moored at the mouth of the river. Now the voyage begins in earnest, and we settle down regularly to ship routine. We are sailing south, and every day the sun is higher in the heavens, and the Southern Cross rides high in the breathless, tropic night, when the stars blaze as living fire in the velvet sky, and the oily water, slipping so quick beneath the bows, is as a sheet of flame. Hotter it grows, and hotter. The sun seems almost to pierce the heavy double awnings; the officers perspire freely in white trousers and China silk jackets; in the saloon, Yussuf, the little punkah-boy, pulls manfully at his cord, and the flapping screen catches the steward on the nose, as he hands iced fruits and drinks to clamouring diners. The limp passengers

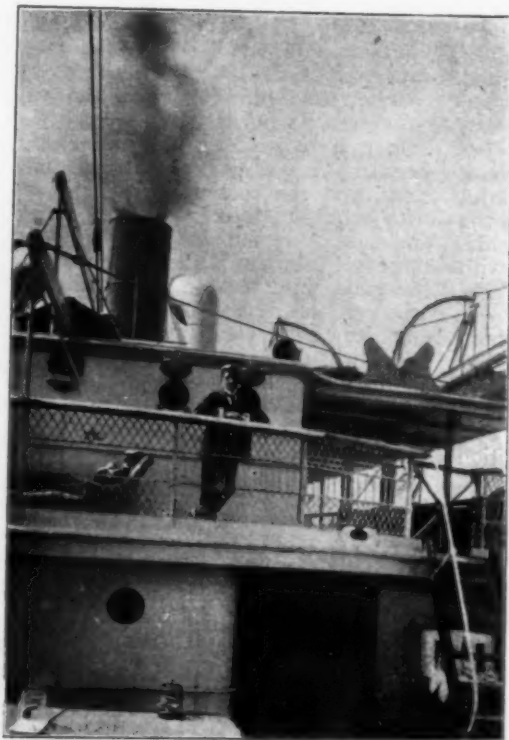
dawdle over novels, or sleep happily with open mouths and sprawling limbs. Only the children are active and energetic as ever, and engage in rampant games of "touch last" all over the deck, that make one hot even to contemplate.

Thus pass several peaceful days, until on the sixth morning we see in the distance a dim outline and a clump of palms. The tourists gather forward, and try to catch the "spicy breezes blowing soft o'er Ceylon's isle," but

turtle, and explore the country. Truly "every prospect pleases," and most truly "man is vile," for a thief slips on board in the dusk, rifles half-a-dozen cabins, and escapes undetected.

But the anchor is weighed at last, and now for nine days the good ship pounds along without sight of land, while—

The Injian Ocean sets an' smiles,  
So sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue.  
There aren't a wave for miles an' miles,  
Except the jiggle from the screw.



FULL STEAM AHEAD

though they sniff long and hard, it is only the dried fish stored below for the Lascars' consumption, pungent and penetrating, that greets their nostrils. Soon we are alongside the great break-water of Colombo harbour, and the little outrigger canoes, sometimes called catamarans, ply busily round the ship. We escape from the coaling that here takes place on to the land, lunch on

This is the pleasantest part of the whole voyage. The heat has somewhat abated, the passengers have thawed their icy reserve, the invalids are perking up wonderfully, the children's cheeks are plumping out and growing rosy, like so many ripening apples, the dyspeptics are eating meals that astonish themselves and their relations. We feel as if we had lived on the ship, and known each other for years. Each happy day is exactly like that last. We rise early, and promenade the ship in dressing-gowns and pyjamas in quest of baths; but then, of course, we are properly invisible, and, though we rub shoulders in the passages, we do not see each other. Morning salutations are first exchanged when we meet on deck, where the boards are still wet from washing, and the barefooted Lascars delight in running little streams of water from their hose upon your unsuspecting toes. How eagerly we watch the clock, and with what extreme punctuality we take our seats at table, and pass gaily from "chips and chops" to fried liver and bacon, and then to poached eggs and pancakes, and jam and toast, in a way that would give us indigestion even to contemplate at home; but here, in a couple of hours, we could go through it all again.

Then we repair on deck, to wait with feverish impatience round the door of the library cupboard, till the amiable doctor, whose duty it is—at present his sole one—to superintend it,

comes and unlocks it. We fight for our books then, and when we have secured them, read in a desultory fashion for half-an-hour. But there is a deck-quoit competition of a particularly interesting nature, provoking roars of applause, going forward; the final is more exciting than the Eton and Harrow match, and we must look on. Then a sporting gentleman accosts us, armed with note-book and pencil, and solicits a shilling for the diurnal sweepstakes on the day's run. We pay up, of course; and equally, of course, when the officer pins up the number at noon, we find we have lost by one. Then the elderly lady who seeks after information comes and buttonholes us for an hour or so, propounding an historical question; and then two ladies who are musical, but scarcely enough so, sit down together at the deck piano to play a duet they have neither of them seen before. The result drives the Major, who prides himself on his "ear," into a fury, and he comes and vents his sentiments on amateur music to us till the welcome bugle-call to lunch. After that comes an afternoon nap, or a game of draughts or dominoes, and then the children proclaim a marriage feast, and, with much noise and ceremony, unite in the bonds of holy matrimony a sailor-boy doll, with one arm, to a much-bedecked wax lady, six sizes larger. All the passengers (at least, all the amiable ones) must participate in this festivity by partaking of a quarter-of-an-inch square of cake, begged from the purser, and by drinking (from one tumbler) the health of the happy pair in flat lemonade. After that there is terrific excitement. "A sail!" Every soul on board must rush to the side, armed with telescope and binoculars, to gaze with immense interest at a wretched little ocean tramp, hull down to eastward, or else to greet with hearty cheers a sister liner, outward bound, while the two ships dip their flags in nautical salutation.

Dinner and dancing bring a happy, if uneventful, day to a close; or perhaps we hold that grand concert for which we have all been practising so long, and for which the deck is gaily festooned with bunting. The performance may be

somewhat mediocre; the Major goes to bed in the middle; but the heartiness of the applause atones for any other shortcomings.

On Sundays, at a quarter to eleven, the captain holds a grand parade of his whole crew; and a very imposing ceremony it is. The Lascar sailors, clad in spotless white, with red sashes and turbans, stand all drawn up in line, under command of their "serang," or headman, who wears his chain of office and a smarter garb. They present a splendid appearance; but they are quite out-shone by the glory of the "Agwallah," or firemen, whose turbans and sashes are of purple and gold and rainbow hues. But they in turn are dowdy beside the "Seedee Boys," real African niggers, whose duty it is to spend their days actually inside the coal bunkers, shaping and supplying the coal to the stokers. They are woolly-headed, good-tempered fellows, for the most part, made rather pets of by the men, and allowed to indulge their native fancy for gay colouring to the full. A more imposing or self-satisfied figure than "Abdoola," their "serang," as he stood grinning for his portrait, it would be hard to imagine. In comparison to the stately and gaily-clothed Asiatics and Africans, the English quarter-masters look very unromantic and commonplace. Then come all the stewards, cooks, etc., while the officers, very smart in frock-coats and glory of brass buttons and braid, stand in a group by themselves. Both sides of the deck are lined, and down the long ranks the captain and chief officer pass in royal progress, raising their hands in acknowledgment to the wave of salutation that sweeps along the line.

After that comes service. As the weather is still hot, this is conducted on deck, under the awning. Chairs for the congregation are ranged down the deck, the most musical of the passengers perform on the American organ, and lead the singing. The captain stands at a desk covered with the Union Jack, and reads the well-known prayers and lessons in a reverent, manly, straightforward voice, that should put many a mincing young curate to the blush; the congregation shout heartily in the

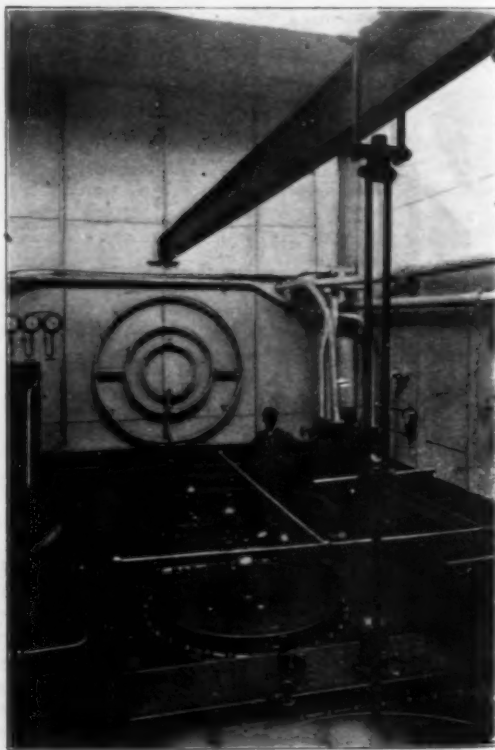


hymns, and' the short, sailor-like service, held there in such unfamiliar circumstance, with the blue sky above, and the blue sea around, has a ring of heartiness and sincerity about it, too often lacking in many an English church.

Days are fleeting fast now. We swelter in the Red Sea, cool down in the Gulf of Suez, and stick half a day in the Canal, through a Frenchman in front having run aground. We go ashore at Port Said, to avoid the hideous discomfort of coaling, and we marvel at the pace with which the monkey-like "coalies" transfer the coal in baskets from the barges to the ship, with minimum of time and maximum of dust. We begin the Mediterranean with our first rough day, which somewhat tries the veracity of some who boasted of their sea-legs in the peaceful Indian Ocean. But the sea calms down again, and festivities, temporarily interrupted, commence with fresh activity, for we have picked up new passengers in Egypt, and it is now cool enough to make exercise a necessity, and not a burden. Deck sports become very popular, and ingenuity is taxed to think of new ones. Pig-drawing, blindfold, with chalk on the smooth white deck, is very exciting for a time; so are the rehearsals for the grand play which takes place the night before we reach Malta, and which is applauded to the echo, and quoted to the end of the voyage. We are firm friends with all the officers now, from the genial captain to the affable sixth engineer, and we poke our way into all sorts of unauthorised places—down the store-room, in the cook's galley, in the fo'c'stle. One red-letter day even, by dint of special wheedling, we are allowed to stand on the sacred bridge itself, and inspect the intricate mechanism of the beautifully-mounted compass.

Of course our pet engineer takes us down the engine-

room—and what a wonderful place this is! We descend by oily iron ladders down into the very heart of the ship, into a great well, as it were, where the light filters down dimly through the network of machinery, and the air is hot and heavy with the scent of warm oil. We are deafened by the ceaseless roar of the great engines, we are bewildered with the flashing rods, the flinging pistons, the whirling shaft, all slamming, banging, whirring so close around us. Slowly our eyes become accustomed to the gloom, and we notice the engineers, whom we have only seen on deck before, trim, smart, and brilliant with gold braid, standing to their engines in coarse blue slops—hot, black and oily; the dusky natives squatting silently among the works, and behind, the dim outline of the furnaces beyond.



THE ENGINE-ROOM—ABOVE



We penetrate into the stoke-hole, where a furious downward draught of cold air makes the temperature cooler than the engine-room, in spite of the terrific fires, and where the blackened firemen—natives also, with wild brown eyes—work in the light of their furnaces like a set of demons in torment. The effect when one of the doors is opened, and a flood of fierce red light illumines the black recesses of this grim hole, is lurid in the extreme. We can believe now the stories told us, and which we did not credit on deck, of the unpopular officer, seized unawares, and thrust by

in the heat and darkness; to cling desperately in the storm to the life-rails, amid the rocking, straining machinery, working the engines in deadly peril, and in utter ignorance of what is going forward above, knowing only that any moment he may be overwhelmed by the intruding water, and drowned, without hope of escape, like a rat in a hole, or scalded to death by the bursting boilers—this to me seems to require a courage of even a higher order; and yet what honour is meted to the faithful engineers in all the thrilling tales of perils on the deep?



BAGGAGE DAY

dark hands into the flames, never to be seen or heard of more. We can appreciate the pluck, too often unnoticed, of the faithful engineers, performing their duty to the last in times of danger and disaster. To stand for many hours on the bridge, in the full fury of a fearful gale; to guide the ship with firm hand and steady nerve through the hidden rocks and the foaming breakers; to stick to the wreck till the last dim hope has passed; to hold the lives of all on board in his hands—this is the work of a truly brave man, and one who rightly deserves the praise and glory heaped upon him. But to toil below

But enough of this. Malta is passed; Gibraltar is close ahead. We are returning to a bitter, early English spring, and the air is chiller every day. We get out our warm clothes on baggage day, that most keenly exciting day of all the week, when the boxes are hauled on deck from the hold, and all dumped down together in an indiscriminate heap, over which the passengers leap and scramble, and pack and unpack, and charge about with bundles, and drop piles of miscellaneous clothing all over the deck. Truly the voyage would lose half of its interest without these periodic occasions!

The Bay at last, and a good tossing to end up with ; but we are hardened sailors by this time, and no one cares. A still but bitter day in the Channel, when the Anglo-Indians shiver under thickest rugs. Then the well-known shores of Old England loom in the quickly-approaching distance. A queer mixed feeling is in all our hearts. Joy, infinite joy, to be once again back in the fatherland ; to see friends and home once more ; but something like a tear in the eye, and a lump in the throat, to think our pleasant voyage is over—our

happy month, that has brought renewed health and life to many, and happy days and cheery comrades to us all. But Plymouth Hoe is before us, the luggage is piled on the deck. Good-bye to you, dear friends of five weeks ! Good-bye to you, courteous, kindly captain and crew, who have done so much for our safety and comfort ! Good-bye, dear old ship, which has brought us so far and so well ! Fare you well, and may as fair weather and as fair fortune ever be yours as has followed our homeward voyage !





## THE SECRET OF THE PYRAMID.

WRITTEN BY FRANK ANDRIÖT CONBUIT

ILLUSTRATED BY M. NISBET

### I.

**Y**OU want to hear the story? Well, you shall. I have never told it to anyone in England yet, partly because in all probability no one would believe it, and partly because the relation of it would bring back the recollection of horrors that, even now, makes the blood run cold in my veins.

I sometimes catch myself thinking whether it was not, after all, some terrible nightmare, but the sight of this ruby always awakens the memory, and I can recollect the affair as if it were only yesterday. I am an old man now, and my hair is white, 'tis true, but it has been white for thirty years—ever since that night in the Pyramid. This is the story. Listen:—

In the year 1860 I obtained an appointment as assistant overseer of some public works about to be started in Cairo by an English firm of engineers. I left London to take up the position in the best of spirits, as I was young then, and a residence in Egypt was the

fulfilment of my one great desire, being, at that time, a devout student of Egyptology, and the prospect of being able to visit the land of the Pharaohs filled me with the most pleasant anticipations.

There is little for me to relate as to the voyage; suffice to say that the time passed cheerfully enough. Fine weather and good company relieved the monotony of the journey, which, in those days, took considerably longer than it does now.

Travelling in the same ship was a young Englishman named Harold Crawford, the son of a well-to-do London physician, who was travelling to Egypt for a holiday, and, like myself, was an enthusiast on the subject of Egyptian antiquities, therefore it may be readily imagined that we were not long in forming an acquaintance which ripened into a close friendship before the voyage ended.

On my arrival at Cairo I immediately reported myself to head-quarters, but was informed that the works would not commence for at least another month, and consequently I was free to occupy my time as I chose, until operations

began. This was an unlooked-for piece of good fortune, as I knew that my friend Crawford had not yet started from Cairo, and the following day saw us seated together under the esplanade of The Hôtel de Khedive, planning an excursion to the Pyramid of Ghiza, the loadstar of all sightseers in that ancient land of wonders.

During our conversation Crawford mentioned a peculiar experience that had befallen him on the previous day. I cannot do better than tell it in his own words:

"Yesterday," he said, "as I was coming up the street, I noticed an old Bedouin, eighty I should think, if a day, who was feeling his way along the gutter. As I was passing by the old man said in broken English: 'Noble Effendi, you have the generous face. Your countenance speaks the charity that dwells within your heart. May it be so that you have studied the laws of medicine?'"

"This was rather curious I thought. How this old beggar could know I was a medical student puzzled me. To humour him I replied, 'Yes, I am a doctor' (rather far-fetched you know, as I haven't passed anything yet)."

"The old man looked at me for a moment, then said, 'Would your nobleness deign to look upon my daughter who lies afflicted close by? The God of my fathers will surely pour His blessings upon you.'"

"Somehow or other I felt a strange interest in this nondescript specimen of humanity, and bidding him proceed, followed his tottering footsteps. We turned down a narrow court close by, and in a few minutes reached a small house; a tumbledown affair with two rooms. Crossing the threshold the old man bade me wait a moment, and passed into the inner one. He soon reappeared and signed to me to enter. The apartment was a small one, meagrely furnished. A common deal table, stool, and low wooden bedstead were about the only things I noticed, with the exception of a few texts from the Kôran, pinned to the wall, and a curious inlaid ebony box standing in a corner.

"The patient lay upon the bed. A

young Egyptian woman of the usual type, but of rather prepossessing appearance, with her long, black hair spreading in a tangled mass over the pillow, in the centre of which her gipsy-like features glowed with the hectic flush of malarial fever, but not as yet of a malignant type.

"I saw at once that an immediate dose of quinine or bromide was all that was necessary to check the advance of the malady.

"'Will she live, Effendi?' spoke the old man, in a trembling voice. 'Will my daughter Zabyieh still be the one hope of her aged father's short stay upon earth? I am beyond the age of ordinary men, and my time is drawing near, but with my loved one by my side I can face the terrors of Eblis without fear. Save her, Effendi, save her, and the day of wealth dawns for you!'"

"I promised the old man to send something that would soon put the girl on her feet again, and left him showering all manner of blessings upon my head. After leaving the house I stepped into Hart's and had a prescription made up, sent a messenger with it, and until an hour ago had forgotten all about the matter.

"As I was standing on this verandah where we are now sitting, a ragged urchin came up, and without a word presented me with this packet. After giving it me he took to his heels and vanished. I have looked it over carefully but can make neither head nor tail of it. Can you?"

The two pieces of dirty white paper that Crawford handed me were peculiar specimens of caligraphy. One was in the form of a letter, evidently written by the old Bedouin. After a careful scrutiny I managed to read it:—

"May God preserve thee, friend of the poor; thou who hast given life unto the one help and comfort of my old age, greeting!"

"It is far beyond the power of thy servant's servant to repay the debt he owes, but this much can he do. See thou the parchment; follow this to the end and thou shalt discover that which has escaped the hand of man. Seek and thou shalt find, but with this thy servant bids thee heed. *When once the stone*

turns thou holdest thy life at hazard.  
Death lives within the chamber.

"Further guidance thy slave cannot give.

"HUSSEIN ABBAS."

"Now we come to the parchment," continued Crawford, as he produced a remarkable document which appeared to be a sort of plan or sketch traced in

at the foot of the parchment the representation of the entrance to the Pyramid with the passage leading to the subterranean chamber, then the one terminating at the King's Chamber, situated, as every student of Egyptology knows, exactly in the centre of the monument itself. Branching from this to the left in a slightly downward direc-



"WILL SHE LIVE, EFFENDI?"

rude outline upon something resembling sheepskin, but so old and worn as to be scarcely decipherable.

Spreading it before us we studied the rough characters, but could make nothing of it until an inspiration suddenly seized me.

It was nothing else but a diagram of the interior of the Great Pyramid, but containing more details than are known at the present day. It was simple enough to follow—first there appeared

tion, the diagram showed *another passage* ending in a square (evidently meant to represent an apartment) but almost before the line reached this spot the figure of a Death's-head had been drawn or painted (for it was in red) and stood out in bold relief upon the dirty crumpled skin.

My knowledge of what had been discovered in the Pyramids up to that time was complete, and I had no doubt whatever, that the document was in-



tended to show that there was a passage and chamber still unexplored.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Crawford, as I finished my inspection. "Is it worth going into?"

"Certainly," I replied; "it may be some stupid hoax, but nevertheless I must confess the thing impresses me, and I feel strongly inclined to see what truth there is in it. Who knows? stranger things have happened."

"Very well, then," said Crawford, "we will make a start to-morrow and see what the old chap's plan is worth. Keep the thing to yourself, and we will explore the place together quietly. It is no use taking any guides, I hate those fellows; besides," he laughingly remarked, "in the event of our coming across a hundredweight or so of gold or a pocketful of precious stones, there will be less to divide it among."

Poor fellow, how those words of his come back to me even now!

## II.

By ten o'clock the following morning we were on our way to the Pyramids, those huge structures that for countless ages have bid defiance to time. They loomed up against the bright Egyptian sky—vast, solitary, grand.

I gazed upon the mighty monuments with a feeling akin to awe. Their immensity seemed to dwarf into utter insignificance every modern building I had ever beheld.

We were not long in reaching them, and both stood wrapped in silent admiration of their splendour, until our meditations were rudely broken by the noisy importunities of a ragged gang of Bedouins clamouring for "backsheesh" and acceptance of their services as guides. We had some little trouble in disposing of these unwelcome visitors, but after a liberal donation managed to send them away satisfied, and seated ourselves on a fallen block of stone to rest for a while before venturing into the entrance, a dark hole about six feet in diameter, which showed itself black and uninviting in the side of the Pyramid.

We had provided ourselves with some candles, a sectional steel crowbar, and

coil of strong cord in case of having to remove any fallen masonry, or to assist us in making a safe descent, should we be compelled to do so.

"Come along," said Crawford, rising from his seat, "let us make a start," and we entered the gloomy passage.

As we did so a most peculiar feeling came over me which I cannot describe. It was neither fear nor presentiment, but an undefinable sensation of uneasiness about I knew not what. A shudder ran through me, but the next moment I had shaken it off, and stumbled on over the loose stones and rubbish that lay thickly in our path.

As soon as we had proceeded far enough to be secure from the observation of anyone outside the Pyramid, we halted and lit our candles.

The flickering light threw strange fantastic shadows on the walls of the narrow passage which stretched away before us into the impenetrable darkness. The air, which had been so warm and soft outside, was now cold and dank, like that of a cellar.

On we went up the incline, the loose stones underfoot making our progress necessarily slow.

"Tough climbing this, old chap," said my companion. I started as he spoke. His voice sounded hollow and deathlike in the terrible stillness. "Not a very nice place for a ramble is it?" he continued with a laugh that reverberated through the passage like a shout of many voices. "Never mind, there's an end to it before long, I suppose, and something worth coming for too, I hope."

For another ten minutes we toiled up until the passage suddenly became level, and I knew that at least half of our journey was over. My previous study of what was already known of the interior of the Pyramid told me that we were now within a short distance of the King's Chamber, which was supposed to be the conclusion of the passage.

The way now became very narrow and we had considerable difficulty in making any progress, but in a few minutes we were at the end of it and entered the chamber, where we were enabled to stand upright and rest after

the labour of toiling through the dust and débris.

The hall we had reached was bare and cheerless, and the echo of our footsteps as we walked upon the stone floor sounded dull and hollow in that frightful stillness. The very air seemed dead and stagnant, like the atmosphere which sometimes precedes the bursting of a thunderstorm, and was cold and death-like as the grave.

Crawford got out the parchment.

"Strikes me this is a fraud," he said. "We've got to the end of our tether, I think, but still, as we are here, we may as well have a careful look round. Let us have another look at the plan first," and he spread the sketch open upon his knee.

There was the line indicating the way we had come and ending at the chamber we were now in. The other line commenced exactly on the opposite side of the apartment.

"Plain enough," said my companion; "but where is the entrance to this wonderful new thoroughfare? The walls are all solid stone everywhere. Let us try over there."

Holding our candles close to the stone we carefully scrutinised the side indicated by the sketch, but for a time could discover nothing. The massive blocks seemed to fit together as if in one piece.

Suddenly Crawford called out—

"Come here; let me have that crowbar a minute." I went over to him, screwing together the three sections of the steel-bar as I walked. He was busy picking out the mortar from the side of one of the huge blocks.

"See here," he exclaimed, "this stone has been swung round at one time or other, because the little line of mortar only goes in a very short distance, and probably has been put there as a blind, to make it appear that this block is as firmly set as the others. We will soon see."

A few seconds later he had got enough of the mortar out to admit of the insertion of the flat point of the crowbar. Bracing his foot against the wall he grasped the bar and pulled.

Heavens! The ponderous mass moved at least an inch!

"Now then! Both together!" cried Crawford, and as we pulled, the stone slowly swung round upon its axis, disclosing a yawning pit, a black void, the awful gloom of which the light of our candles only seemed to intensify. I involuntarily drew back with a thrill of fear.

"There must be some way down there," said my companion; "get out the cord."

Fastening the line round his waist I held the other end while he cautiously crawled on his hands and knees to the edge of the chasm and, candle in hand, peered over into the darkness.

"It's all right, old chap. There are steps here. Come along, but be careful how you go." So saying he turned round and slowly began to descend, while I prepared to follow him.

There were scarcely twenty steps in all, and on arriving at the foot of them we found ourselves in a narrow way sloping in a slightly downward direction.

Our lights burned dimly in the gloomy, echoing passage, leading probably, to solitudes that had not been invaded for perhaps, two thousand years, and it was with a strange feeling of mingled awe and apprehension that I followed my companion, breathing the dust of a vast antiquity, and with up-lifted candle vainly trying to pierce the inky blackness that lay before us.

The pathway was even and free from loose stones, enabling us to proceed with comparative ease, although our progress was slow, as we were treading upon unknown ground and knew not what pitfalls might be before us.

Crawford suddenly halted, stooped down and picked up something. Peering over his shoulder, I looked to see what it was, and uttered an involuntary cry of horror as the light of our candles fell upon the object he held. It was a human hand severed at the wrist; the flesh had mouldered away, leaving nothing but skin and bone. The horrible thing had the appearance of a claw, as the nails were long like talons. Upon one of the fingers glistened this ruby ring.

"Put it in your pocket, old man," said Crawford, "mine are full. The ring may be valuable," and handing me

the grisly object, he recommenced the journey. However, a slight pull slid the ornament from the bony finger, and I let the hand drop, putting the ring in my pocket. It is a very fine specimen of an Egyptian ruby, as you will see, and the setting is most elaborate.

Continuing on we at length came to

and won't stop *me*. Let us try the persuader again."

Once more the strange feeling of uneasiness seemed to come upon me, and my heart gave a convulsive leap as the crowbar clanged noisily against the metal lock, the blows of the heavy instrument resounding along the



"UPON ONE OF THE FINGERS GLISTENED THIS RUBY RING"

a massive wooden door crossed with heavy bands of iron, and as the light of flickering candles shone upon its panels, I saw with a thrill of horror the painted presentment of a huge skull and cross-bones.

"Hallo! here we are at the door mentioned in the plan," said Crawford. "It is evidently only painted with the death's-head to frighten the ignorant,

vaulted passage like the thunder of cannon.

Crash! The cumbrous fastening at last gave way under the repeated onslaughts of Crawford's muscular arms, and the door suddenly flew open. A gust of stifling, foetid air belched forth, extinguishing both candles.

A moment's death-like silence ensued, followed by a strange sort of dull rasp-

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ing noise, as if a wet skin was being drawn across a wooden floor.

Then Crawford's voice rang out in an agonizing scream:

"A light! help! help! good God." Another instant and I had managed to get my candle alight.

At first I could see nothing. The sudden transition from pitch darkness dazzled my eyes. Then I looked again, and an awful terror gripped me. I stood staring and petrified.

A huge, yellowish, shapeless form, like a vast mass of wet, shining leather, was moving spasmodically forward from the opposite side of a square vaulted chamber. Two monstrous fiery eyes were fixed upon me, and the mass heaved and throbbed convulsively as it slowly advanced. The thing had some semblance of features. There was a horrible slit, which might possibly have passed for a human mouth, out of the corners of which dropped a stream of green slime. At the rear of this awful monster long tentacles, thick as a man's leg, waved in the air.

The body of my companion had been seized and crushed by one of these terrible arms which lifted the corpse on high and slowly swung it to and fro, like the pendulum of a clock.

All this happened in the space of a few moments. The unspeakable horror of the sight that met my eyes rendered me utterly powerless for the time being, then, my momentary paralysis suddenly passed into active fright, and I turned and ran headlong, dropping the candle as I did so.

I am not ashamed to confess it. The frenzy of fear obtained the mastery, and I tore back at full speed through the darkness, knocking and bruising myself at every step.

How or when I reached the King's

Chamber in the terrible darkness I cannot tell, but suffice to say, I did get to it, and with a superhuman effort, turned the massive block of stone again into its place. From that time until I found myself in the hospital at Cairo, my mind became a perfect blank.

They told me afterwards that I had lain hovering between life and death for nearly a month. At intervals a wild delirium would seize me as I again fancied myself in that fearful chamber of death, and after the madness passed, my very life trembled in the balance.

I must have lain unconscious in the King's Chamber for several days, as it was only through a party of English tourists happening to find me stretched (lifeless as they thought) upon the stone floor, that I am alive and able to relate what I have told you.

My account of the affair received very little credence. One or two attempts were made to discover the secret entrance, but without any result, and my story has been put down to the fancy of a disordered brain. I was pressed to accompany several search parties in order to point out the swinging stone, but nothing on earth will ever induce me to set foot in that terrible place again.

Poor Crawford's words, "There will be less to divide it among," ring in my ears even now, and in fancy I can again see that unearthly monster swinging my poor friend's lifeless body to and fro in its huge arms.

I have faced many dangers in my time both by sea and land, and fought for my life against overwhelming odds, but even the memory of that awful time fills me with unspeakable dread, as I look back upon our ill-fated attempt to unravel the Secret of the Pyramid.



# The Street Markets of London

WRITTEN BY GEORGE A. WADE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**W**HAT London—the populous districts of London—would do without the well-known street-markets is a problem! They are the very life and soul of the busy neighbourhoods graced by their presence; the business marts; the meeting places of old friends; the rendezvous of 'Arrys and 'Arriets innumerable. They just fill, to the busy coster and his wife, and to their numerous patrons, the place that is filled for the country farmer's family by the weekly market in the sleepy old country town. Only there is infinitely more noise, more show, more trade, and the wit and jests are both coarser and more abundant.

To a superficial observer it might seem that most of the street-markets of London were alike, that it was always the same, a succession of vegetable stalls, meat barrows and old book stands. But this would be a mistake. There are many differences clearly perceptible on a closer examination of the various marts where London costers thus dispose of their wares. We shall see them best by noticing some of the most famous of these outdoor business places.

Just below Waterloo Station the main road is crossed by a wide street, which, on the right-hand side (going southwards), is known by the curious name of "Lower Marsh," and on the left-hand side, by the still more curious name of "New Cut." These names, doubtless, have some connection with the river close at hand. However, the streets they represent are fine and wide, and here every day is to be seen, on the northern side of the road, a multitude of stalls and barrows, whose owners are ready and willing to dispose of almost any imaginable article, generally new, except in the case of books or clothes.

The vendors, through the week, are mostly of the ordinary coster class, enlivened by a Dutch-auctioneer or two, and, almost always, a sporting tipster, who—kind, wonderful prophet!—is willing, for the small sum of a penny, to deliver unto the young and old men of the neighbourhood a little packet containing the names of the horses that are absolutely sure to win during the next week! This gentleman is generally very much out at elbows, and his face usually looks as if it would be the better for a good wash; but as he always professes to have just come from having a private talk with his "friend" Morny Cannon or Jack Watts, it is not surprising how much business he does!

The New Cut and Lower Marsh are, I think, the favourite resorts of turf-tipsters and sham auctioneers. Certainly no other street-market has so many of them.

But the great days for business in this region are Saturday and Sunday, the former in the evening, and the latter in the morning. It is no exaggeration to say that on Saturday night you can literally walk on the people's heads. The shouting and bawling that goes on, as each particular salesman recommends his own wares, is calculated to drive an ordinary person crazy. And this noise is further augmented by the giggling and screeching of innumerable youths and maidens who make the footpaths their promenade, walking at the rate of about a mile per hour, and stopping to indulge in an occasional ice-cream or "penn'orth o' wheelks!"

It is noticeable that, on Saturdays and Sundays, no small proportion of the crowd of stall-holders are Jews. Where they come from is, to the denizen of the New Cut, a mystery, though he significantly suggests, "they be East-enders,





NEW CUT MARKET

guv'nor, they be! We aint none o' that kidney as lives about here, and don't want any." Probably he is right in his surmise as to their place of origin. As to "wanting" any—well, the Jew trades there, whether wanted or not; and, as a rule, the Jew soon begins to "live" at a place after he has got a business going there!

Still pursuing our investigations in the same quarter of London, the next street-market that claims attention is that which embraces the very wide area covered by the London Road, the Walworth Road, and the Camberwell New Road. From the beginning of the London Road to Camberwell Green is a far cry, but the whole way is a succession of stalls and other such paraphernalia on the roadside. In many places this line of business is broken and interrupted, sometimes for a short distance, at others for a longer one. But it may be taken to represent, on the whole, one continuous market of those goods which the London poor are generally most in want of. Unlike the last-mentioned market, there seems to be, about Walworth Road, a very great demand for three things: butcher's meat, cabbages, and tools. Every kind of joiner's, carpenter's, bricklayer's or plumber's tools seems in great request, seeing that

stall after stall thinks it necessary to make an imposing display of these iron or wooden goods.

The usual accompaniments of the country market, the gentleman aforesaid with his racing "certainty," and his companion who is "bound to sell, ladies and gents, if only as I get two bids for this 'ere fine pure silver watch, stamped, jewelled and hall-marked," are notably absent from London Road and Walworth Road. The reason for this I do not pretend to know, since there is a large business done in those thoroughfares, but probably the traffic is so great that the policeman allows such energetic gentlemen no room for the soles of their feet to rest upon, as large crowds round them would be most inconvenient.

There occasionally the quack-doctor turns up with a pill or salve that is guaranteed to cure anything, from a wooden leg to an attack of "that deadly thing, gents, cholera!" But he has to go down a side street, well out of the way of 'buses and trams, and so he finds the surrounding crowd too small to be duly appreciative of his great remedy, and he doesn't patronise the South London market more than he can help.

The last important street-market in this quarter of the metropolis is that which has acquired more than local

fame from its connection with a well-known coster song, viz., the one in the Old Kent Road. Except for a market we shall presently notice, that of the Old Kent Road is perhaps the most typical of the coster's life in its most striking aspects. It also enjoys the distinction of being the largest as regards the quantity of goods sold. Every day of the week it is more or less in evidence, but the day *par excellence* for its great display is Saturday. In the evening of that day the sight is one not readily forgotten.

The staple articles of sale are vegetables. Stalls and barrows, drawn by pony, "moke" (donkey), or by hand, form a continuous line for the whole length of the long road, and are piled up, as high as ever they will possibly hold, with cabbages, carrots, cauliflowers, potatoes, etc. From morning to night the coster shouts out his cry of "cheapness and quantity," all the while busy weighing and selling, until, by the late evening, little of his stock ever remains.

A noticeable thing about the Old Kent Road population may be learned from the stalls. It is evidently of an æsthetic taste, for nowhere else, out of Covent Garden, in London do you see such an enormous show of floral dainties. They make the stalls look gay with their bright colours, and what is equally good, they find a ready sale.

The denizens of the famous "knocked 'em" district do not seem much to patronise old clothes or old book stalls; there are practically none of them in evidence here. The quack, however, does a fair trade.

"Now, guv'nor," said one of them, as I stood by, to a pale-faced youth of twenty or so, "be you a-going to 'ave a box o' these 'ere corf-drops, or not? Only a penny the box, and they'll cure that corf o' yours, or I'll eat me bloomin' head! Why, look there," he continued, pointing to a stout-looking, strong fellow, who had just sauntered up, "that man can tell you whether my corf-drops are hany good or not, since I sold 'im a box 'ere only a week since. Now, there's no blessed fake about this, guv'nor, since I never set eyes on 'im

afore then, an' you can 'ear what 'e says 'imself."

Then, to the gaping crowd, the newcomer calls out boldly, "I'm forced to say, gents, as 'ow the corf-drops that I got from this 'ere gentleman *did* do me a lot o' good, an' no blooming mistake, I give yer my word. They cured me, an' that's the truf!"

Then began a run on the "corf-drops" at a penny a box, and the "gentleman" had soon sold out. Meantime the man who had been "cured" had gone off again. Probably he met the vendor in Whitechapel a little later on, and divided the proceeds!

There are few people not resident in North London who have any acquaintance with "Caledonia," and there are still fewer people resident there who have no acquaintance with it. Some folks call it "The Market," others know it as "Caledonia"; and some have christened it "Rag Fair"; but whatever name it goes by, it is an important institution in that crowded district. On only one day in the week can you have the privilege of seeing the pristine beauty of "Rag Fair," and that day is Friday. For the market is only held on Friday afternoons and in the early evenings. To get there, you simply go up the Caledonian Road, from King's Cross, till you come, after passing the railway arch, [to Market Road, and, proceeding up this road, you find yourselves in a large square, called Market Square.

The peculiarity of this open market is that the goods there displayed for sale are not on stalls or barrows, but all spread out on the ground. They cover a lot of space, but you have the advantage of getting a good look before you buy! And a still more curious peculiarity is that almost all the articles are second-hand, not new. Indeed, it may well be called "a market of misfits, or odds and ends."

If you chance to have broken a "drop" of that pretty pair of lustres that grace your sideboard, it is almost certain that you'll find here one to match, seeing that this stall has some three hundred "odd" lustre-drops for sale! Your coat, too, may need a "patch" in, probably at the elbows; but your tailor has no "stuff" like it

left. Well, you will doubtless find some here, since two or three stalls cater especially for such an unfortunate state of things!

"Look 'ere, mister,"—evidently the seller addressing me was not a Londoner, your true London hawker always drops into "guv'nor,"—"if you want a nice first-class song or two cheap, there you are, only twopence apiece!"

I was looking at his songs—spread on the ground—and I invested. For "twopence apiece" I got the proper publisher's copies of "Tommy Atkins," "In the Gloaming," and "London Bridge"! What more can you want?

And these curiosities of "Caledonia" are only equalled by the wide variety of its products. No vegetables or flowers, no quack-doctors or auctioneers. But every conceivable kind of domestic articles, necessity or luxury. Odd locks to fit queer keys, curious keys to fit unique locks! On one floor-stall was a piano-keyboard, six octave, for those who had "thumped" that musical instrument at home till the keys were gone; on another was a sewing machine, without its table-rest, whilst the next had a table and rest minus the machine! So there you were! A gas-meter was for sale further on; then came a man who had about a hundred pneumatic tyres he wished to find purchasers for!

Ponies, donkeys and goats were here, there, and everywhere, all on sale. Five pounds for a pony could not be considered too high for a first-class animal, as I was assured it was; but I didn't buy it. Donkeys were at a discount, they were too plentiful the day I was there.

Yes, "Rag Fair" is one of London's choicest specimens in its own especial line, a market of curious and ancient articles, some of which are valuable, some rubbish, and all very novel and interesting.

Transporting ourselves to the East End, we find what may be termed three distinct street-markets. The chief of these in many respects is that which is held along the Whitechapel Road and the Mile End Road on Saturdays. Every day there are a few stalls to be seen, like remnants of a bygone time, trying to do a little business. On Fridays the Whitechapel High Street does some second-hand market trade in the shape of tools and old books. The area covered by the hand barrows of the dealers is not very large, nor is the selection of goods offered for sale very choice. The books are mostly dry and musty volumes, or odd numbers of magazines and monthly periodicals. The tools are such as are used by all ordinary workmen, and are, as a rule, not new. Their cheapness is their main



MARKET IN A STREET OFF WHITECHAPEL

recommendation, as quality is evidently a secondary consideration.

But the glory of Whitechapel's weekly market shines forth on Saturday in its fullest radiance. Unlike some of the markets mentioned, it has the advantage of a splendidly wide street. Much has been said and written of the East End's needs and disadvantages, but, to my thinking, full justice has never yet been done to its magnificent streets. There is certainly no wider, finer thoroughfare in the West End than the east of the City boasts of in Mile End Road. Besides the extraordinary width of the road proper, and of the footpaths on each side, there is a broad piece of vacant ground running the whole length of both sides of the road usable for buying and selling goods, and Whitechapel costers and others take full advantage of it.

For myself I should say this is the best of London's street-markets. In length it stretches over a mile, going from the beginning of Mile End Road at the City end, right away to Globe Road. Every kind of article is on sale, and the noise of the busy thoroughfare on its chief market-day rivals Bedlam. Many, though by far the minority, of the stalls belong to the people who have shops on the line of route, and who thus utilise the space in front of their establishments. Hence such things as furniture, which are often conspicuous by their absence from other markets, are greatly in evidence here. From what I could gather there seems to be no fees to pay for the privilege of standing with goods, and so there is a great demand for vacant space.

All that was said of the market in the New Cut and Lower Marsh applies equally to Whitechapel's market, probably even more so. Jews, as one might suppose, are quite common; sponges and washleathers show up well on the stalls.

One thing the great East End Market can boast of above its compeers, and that is the different nationalities of its patrons. Amongst those to be seen there on a Saturday evening there are few countries unrepresented. And despite the reputation that has grown around the name of Whitechapel, the people there are

probably as fair-dealing as many tradesmen in far more pretentious shops of more important districts.

Petticoat Lane, as it was in the old days—Middlesex Street, as it is to-day—has a reputation of its own, distinctly of East End flavour. Its great day is Sunday, its chief traders are the Hebrew race; their great subject of wordy warfare is old clothes. Where all the old hats, old boots, old clothes come from, that grace the booths and carts of Petticoat Lane on a Sunday, is one of the mysteries of life in that district. Of course, we know they have been collected from all over London, and even other cities, by the enterprising "old clo" man, but still the immense amount of them strikes the new-comer with wonder.

And the people, and the noise! There is no describing with full justice, the babble and sound that three or four hundred Jews *can* make, when they all get arguing on the matter of buying and selling. It is simply deafening, and calculated to give any ordinary Englishman the headache.

The second-hand clothes are in every stage of decay and wear. Holes and frays are, of course, visible on every hand; but the garments are just suited to what the district's population is most in need of, and there is an enormous demand for all kinds of cast-off wearing apparel, of all colours, all sizes, all shapes.

The last of the street-markets of London with which this article will deal is one not the least noticeable for some things. The area is just as contracted as that of the Mile End Road one is large; it is situated in an extremely narrow and busy street, so as almost to obstruct the traffic—indeed it often does so—and it is practically close to one of London's busiest thoroughfares, yet it remains comparatively secluded. The seeker who, leaving the Abbey, proceeds along the busy Victoria Street till he reaches Strutton Ground, on the left-hand side of the street, will at once come upon the object of his search, if the day be Saturday or Sunday morning.

Strutton Ground, as he will find, barely allows room for two vehicles to pass one





WESTMINSTER—STRUTTON GROUND MARKET

another, when there is nothing else in the way; how this is managed when stalls and barrows line both sides of the street is a problem not easily answered. Yet it is done, though there are often exciting scenes, which keep Strutton Ground alive! The street, fortunately, is a very short one, though the market, especially on Sundays, overflows into the Horseferry Road, where, however, the goods exposed for sale are invariably put on the ground, actually in the road itself.

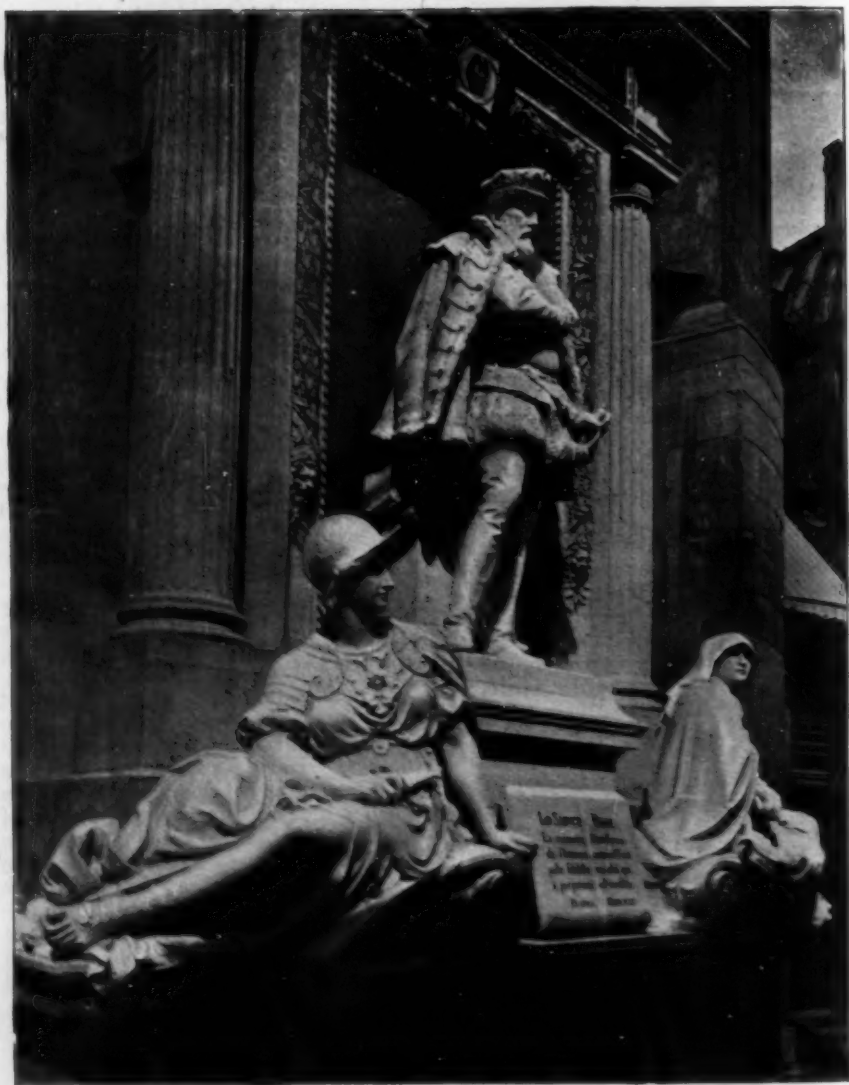
Strutton Ground's staple commodities seem to be butcher's meat and vegetables; there is practically little else. But those of the Sunday market in Horseferry Road are of the usual miscellaneous character, amongst which old clothes, and old iron-ware, such as grates, poker, etc., are most common.

One thing Strutton Ground cannot be recommended for, and that is its salubrious atmosphere. The visitor

will be more stifled and nauseated with bad air and noxious smells in the hundred yards or so that this street takes up than he would in all the mile and a half of the East End markets put together! How the ordinary denizens support life in Strutton Ground, they best can tell. It must be that use has made them callous and unfeeling in the sense of smell.

In concluding this article, I do not pretend to have given a full and exhaustive list of all London's various street-markets. But I think from what has here been detailed the reader will gain a better idea than many people have of what, after all, is no small factor in the supplying of the wants of London's poorer population, a factor whose importance could only be known by suddenly cutting off all such supplies of food, and other things. Then it would be seen what an outcry there would be!





G. DE COLIGNY.

## VILLON'S BALLADE OF THE LADIES OF YORE.

(From the French of François Villon, 15th Cent.)

TELL me, I pray you, ye that know,  
Where Roman Flora now may be;  
Hipparchia, Thaïs?—long ago  
The twain sprang of one family.  
Where's Echo, whom no man may see,  
Though heard by lake and river's flow?  
Of more than mortal beauty she.  
But where indeed is last year's snow?

Where's the wise Héloïse? I trow  
That Abelard of Saint-Denis  
For her sweet sake was crazed with woe  
To seek the cloister's sanctuary.  
Where's that fierce queen who in mad glee  
Bade men bind Buridan and throw  
Into the Seine? Such death had he.  
But where indeed is last year's snow?

The lily queen, coy as the doe,  
With voice of siren; and those three,  
Beatrice, Alice, Bertha? Lo,  
Where's she who once held Maine in fee?  
And good Jeanne d'Arc of Domrémy,  
Whose death men made a shameful show?  
May God's own mother say, not we.  
But where indeed is last year's snow?

*Envoi.*

Prince, ask not of the years that flee,  
Whereto these ladies hastened so,  
Lest this old snatch should answer thee,  
"But where indeed is last year's snow?"

J. J. ELLIS.



CAMPS BAY, ON THE WEST COAST OF THE PENINSULA

## *The Coast-Line of South Africa*

WRITTEN BY DOLF WYLLARDE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

THE popular impression that the third continent of the world is a rock, receives a rude shock when brought up before the real Africa as seen from the sea. Of course the interior, roughly speaking, is largely composed of karroo and desert, and certain portions of the south coast are decidedly flinty in appearance; but though Africa is a mineral country she is largely agricultural as well, and her vegetation is, in the main, luxuriant.

There is also a diversity in the scenery which will even compare with Europe, and that within a smaller compass. Take the little unimportant scrap of

coast known as Hout's Bay, on the western side of the peninsula, as an instance. The bay is, as a fact, divided in two by a jutting rock, and guarded by a chain of mountains which runs across the peninsula to the Devil's Peak. Right in the centre, behind the bay, stands the hill—for it can hardly be dignified with the name of mountain—known as the Little Lion, and on each side of this the line rises up, girdling the bay. They are olive-green, these slopes, wherever the great winds have not drifted up the white sand in such quantities as to make them look powdered with snow. At sunset, when the rosy light sparkles on the white drifts, it might be an Alpine scene, so

purely white is the sand, and so glittering—save that the “snow” of these sand-Alps lies on the lower slopes instead of on the summits. It gives some idea of the force of the wind when one remembers that the mountains stand well back from the bay, and that the sand must be carried some way inland in sufficient quantities to lodge it firmly up the steep sides. The colour of the sea itself is as blue as Italy’s, and wherever the olive-green of the vegetation has not gained a footing, the cliffs are warm brown and red—a Cornwall contrast. Something like Cornwall, too, are the huge smooth boulders piled up round the coast, with the blue sea leaping and breaking amongst them and falling back in torrents of white spray. But the sand is whiter than any on the coast of England—dazzlingly white and fine, and strewn with marvels of seaweed and coloured anemones, while here and there a tiny stream comes trickling down from the mountains, bordered with delicate sprays of maidenhair fern, until it absolutely loses itself among the rocks and slips into the sea. The maidenhair and the brilliant wild flowers which push their way fearlessly into the very sand, strike a tropical note that brings the Southern hemisphere vividly back to mind. This is neither Italy, Switzerland, or Cornwall, but South Africa borrowing something from all three and adding her own beauties to the picture.

An even lovelier view, or at least grander, is the line of False Bay. It is a series of smaller bays and inlets encased in one huge ring of land, floored with the white sand which is so celebrated at Muizenburg, and backed by the warm-hued cliffs. Green and red, blue and white, the endless repetition of colour is broken into lovely lines of form, and the cliffs sweep back and give a glimpse of green inland country at Kalk Bay, or draw up close over the sea at St. James’. Simon’s Bay is a niche on the west side of False Bay, and Simon’s Town lies warm along the shore, a sheet of white houses nestling under the cliff, with the men-of-war at anchor in the dancing blue below them. A sunny place is Simon’s Town, and many degrees warmer than Cape Town,

though only twenty miles off, for the warm Gulf Stream runs into the bay. The cliff here is hard and broken, but what nature has not given in trees and grass she has this time made up for in atmosphere. Perfectly clear, intensely bright, and as sparkling as champagne, the air seems to quiver with its own vitality, and the curve of shore which one can see from Simon’s Town running away into distance is sharply defined and coloured even across the wide stretch of sea which intervenes. This piece of coast at sunset, when its mountains are softened to purple and brown, and the shadows stretch out across the white sand and blue waters, yet with outlines as delicately distinct as at noon, is a more perfectly toned picture than Millet ever painted or Tennyson imagined.

The coast south of False Bay is flatter and more barren, but it has its points of interest. I took ship in the “Dunottar Castle” and made the journey to Durban in May; and the land ran along beside us in low lines of hill and valley, never hard or jagged, but now and then the monotony broken by a patch of white sand, or an opening among the hills that showed the land rising as it retreated from the shore. The “Dunottar” is an old friend of mine, and as she pulsed her way steadily through the green water, I leaned on the rail of her stern and saw Africa flowing by me, sweep on sweep, from Table Mountain and the Twelve Apostles, past the Cape and the mouth of False Bay, until the coast grew flatter, changing from white and green to light brownish yellow—a lighthouse rose on our lee, a crowd of masts appeared over a headland, and, behold! Port Elizabeth lying in the sunshine behind Algoa Bay, with ships innumerable at anchor.

Taken at full sight from the sea, Port Elizabeth is a more imposing seaport than Cape Town. The guide books will not tell you so, they lose the general view of Cape Town in a detailed description of the docks and harbour; but at first sight Port Elizabeth strikes one more emphatically than her sister City. Cape Town is handsomer in reality, and far more picturesquely situated; but it straggles along the seaboard in a disjointed fashion, its colour-

ing is nondescript, and Table Mountain distracts the attention from the town itself. There is no hiding Port Elizabeth; it is the "City builded on the hill," a compact mass of yellow-white buildings spread round the huge curve of bay, with a background of dull green veld. It is undeniably a commercial centre, and a great seaport—and it looks both; there is no getting away from the enormous stretch of its bay, wherein the big liners look like toys tossing up and down on the swinging tides. The sea is very green here, and the situation being exposed, the wind sweeps it into an uneasy motion, even on the stillest day.

We stopped for a day and a-half at Port Elizabeth, while the "Dunottar" swung on her anchors, and one passenger at least studied the bay through every lovely change of time and atmosphere. I never saw such a sunset as that over Algoa Bay; the sky was streaked with brilliant cerise, fading through shades of rose and yellow and pale green to the intense cold blue overhead. Against the sunset the hills along the coast looked liked purple velvet, and as dark

fell Port Elizabeth became a brown city decked with jewels, as her lights came out one by one. We left by night, and watched her twinkling out on the horizon—a shower of stars with the jetty for a meteor, tail and all—until a turn of the coast hid her.

The coast between Port Elizabeth and East London becomes more broken and less flat, and at the latter place itself is thick with bush and shrubs, while the white sand recalls False Bay. There is nothing much to see save a great curve of coast which can hardly be called a bay, and a town scattered against the soft yellow green which generally forms the background in South Africa; but once one gets into the river mouth the scenery is like the English Dart with a larger grandeur all its own. The steep wooded banks slope down either side of the broad river, which is two hundred and fifty yards wide near its mouth, and the busy riverside teems with craft and railway lines, reminding the stranger that East London is nearly as important a port as Port Elizabeth. The Buffalo is a deep river, as is testified by the



PORT ELIZABETH. LOOKING SOUTH

*From Photo by HARRIS & GILLARD*



liners which can ride at anchor there, though the treacherous Bar generally forces the mail boats to prefer anchoring off the coast. The Union steamship "Briton" kept us company at East London on her way back along the coast; she lay out on our port side, her great white hull hardly moving against the smooth blue water. An ugly ship is the "Briton" to look at—with all deference to the popular opinion that she is one of the finest boats on the South African lines. Fine she may be, big she certainly is, but her Belfast bows and her ponderous build give her, to my mind, a heavy appearance. Seeing her at anchor, I could hardly imagine her in motion; she has none of the racing lines of the "Scot," or the beautiful spring of the "Carisbrook Castle." You may respect the "Briton," for she is a stately ship, and suggests British stolidity, but she does not give you the pleasure merely to look at her that the P. and O. boats do, for instance.

From East London to Durban the land grows lovelier, until the wooded cliff called the Bluff brings the long soft line to a break at Durban Bay. The shores of Natal are deeply green and rich with trees, and the panorama is one incessant rise and fall of soft outlines—green hill beyond green hill rolling back into golden distance. The sun loves Natal, and seems to linger there with a warmer and more gracious tone than in other parts of Africa. The atmosphere is less brilliantly clear, and more suggestive of tropical heat, and all the dreamy land might belong to the Lotus-eaters.

In the afternoon they came unto a land  
In the which it seemed always afternoon.

The coast just beyond East London is a great place for wrecks, and many a vessel has been run on to the rocks there, but further on it grows less difficult to navigate, and there is only Durban Bar to fear. It is a pity that the mail boats and bigger ships are afraid to cross the Bar, and anchor instead in the outer bay, for Durban Harbour is one of the finest in the world. The sea runs into the land in a long creek, of which one can hardly see the further end on entering, and the wooded slopes above shut it in with a grand sweep on the left hand, while on the right lies the city, running into the harbour on a narrow tongue of land known as the Point, and stretching up along the hill. A green, sunny spot is Durban, one of those quiet corners of the world which nature seems to have especially loved. The city itself is built on a warm stretch of coast snugly set between hills and sea, and the loveliness of the bay and the loveliness of the land complement and reflect each other. If I wanted an ideal honeymoon, I think I should spend it in Natal, and for choice within sight of the sea.

Beyond Durban the coast is hardly to be called South Africa, but is counted as the East, and runs up, lovely but fever-stricken, even to Aden and the gates of the Red Sea. I came back in the "Dunottar Castle," preferring my old friend to the questionable food and cleanliness of a German boat, and she tramped her way back to Cape Town along a coast-line of which I was by no means tired. She is connected first and last with my view of the African coast, and as the one fades out of sight the other follows it, but the memory of both remains with me.





# The finding of Nitocris.

A SHORT STORY  
OF PAST & PRESENT.

By M. HOEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. FAIRHURST.



EDWARD BERESFORD by name, was about thirty-two years of age, when I decided to go out to the Syrian desert to explore the ruins of ancient civilisation.

From boyhood the history of those colossal nations of remote antiquity had enthralled me, and as soon as I had taken my degree at New College, Oxford, I had given up both time and money to the pursuit of Assyriology, till, at the time I am speaking of, I was accounted almost the first living authority on the subject.

Nor was I alone in my hobby, for Brian Maturin, an old college chum of mine, had caught the fascination of the subject from me, and was always ready to help with both brains and means.

Thus it came to pass that we two journeyed eastward together, after providing ourselves with all the Government passports, permits, recommendations, and such-like things that we could get.

Now, as I have often been asked since what first put this new whim into my head, let me state once and for all that it was the result of a dream. For one night I seemed to find myself in a

hall, whose architecture proclaimed it Chaldean, in which I moved as a spirit, seeing yet unseen. What I saw in that vision convinced me that there was a remnant of the Chaldees left, and what more fitting place to find them than under the ruins of one of their temples or palaces.

A dream, you say, is but small reason for undertaking so arduous a journey; but, my sceptical friend, whosoever you may be, let me but answer, "There are dreams and dreams, and perchance if you had been in my place, you would have followed my line of action."

But to return, Brian and I made up our minds not to set out empty-handed, but to equip ourselves with some of the greatest wonders of modern times.

Photographic apparatus, including Röntgen rays, might be of incalculable use to us; and, much to my friend's astonishment, I insisted on a large and exquisitely attuned gramophone also forming part of our travelling outfit. Last, and by no means least, was the medicine-chest, which contained some rare drugs over and above those ordinarily used in cases of fever and other Eastern disorders.

On our arrival in Syria, we sought and obtained leave of the Turkish Government to provide ourselves with

a force of twenty Arab warriors, who would both act as escort, and be overseers under us in any excavations we might desire to make.

We further carried with us a letter from the Sultan, commanding all the Faithful "by these presents" to assist us to the utmost of their power.

We started then, with a train of ten camels and our bodyguard of Arabs, to cross the dry, sandy wastes of that desert where once had stood the wondrous cities of antiquity.

Then did the words of the prophet Ezekiel occur to us, in which he spoke of Assyria, "All the people of the earth are gone from his shadow, and have left him"; for where mighty Babylon once reared its proud head, now stand blocks of shattered masonry and bleak, yellow mounds, rendering the aridness of the desert, if possible, more noticeable by recalling to men's minds that formerly the site was graced with the Hanging Gardens which were one of the seven wonders of the world.

From some such reverie we were rudely awakened by the shrill cries of a party of Bedouins, who, judging from the number of our camels, doubtless thought we were worth robbing. A sharp skirmish ensued, in which two of the marauders got killed and one severely wounded. This last was left on the field by his comrades, and it was with some difficulty that I persuaded my Arabs to let me bind up his wound, and place him on one of the camels. Apparently the members of different tribes do not expect much mercy at one another's hands, for the poor fellow's gratitude knew no bounds for the simple service I had rendered him.

Brian undertook to keep an eye on the man when he was approaching convalescence, in case any mishap might befall him.

Riding by his side one day, he questioned him as to the ruin we were now fast approaching, and was told that it was haunted, a white form having been seen flitting through a passage, whilst music was at times heard in its vicinity.

This seemed to suggest a probability of my theory proving correct, so we made straight for the spot.

Birs Nimroud had already been the scene of extensive excavations, one result being the opening up of a long tunnel at the base of one of the towers, but up to the present no entrance into the building itself had been found. Through this we wandered slowly, to see if there seemed any spot likely to prove a door if excavated from the dust of ages. After some hours' search I saw the figures of two winged bulls, which I knew to have been most frequently placed at the entrances to temples.

Brian therefore suggested that we had better begin operations at once, to see if this conjecture would prove correct in the present instance. Doubtless the base of the first of the seven stories of which Birš Nimroud formerly consisted was on a level with the floor of the tunnel, probably a means of egress resorted to in time of war. What remains of this structure is composed of burnt bricks, and we know that it was rebuilt by Nebuchadnezzar at least 504 years after its foundation. After two days' work, we were rewarded by finding a low doorway. This Brian and I resolved to open up without aid, nor did we have to labour long ere a mass of stone revolved slowly on massive hinges and we found ourselves in the vestibule which led to the great entrance.

Along this we made our way, presently to find ourselves in a huge hall, lighted with many hanging lamps of pure silver.

Before proceeding with my description, let me here state that Brian and myself had taken the precaution of dyeing our skin to resemble that of an Indian, as a European might find but short shrift at the hands of a Chaldee, if such there were.

But, to proceed. No sooner did we get into the centre of the hall, and feast our eyes on the marvellous frescoes on which were portrayed battle-scenes of 3,000 years ago, than we became aware of the subtle odour of incense, growing stronger and stronger, whilst a low sound of chanting, unlike anything I had ever heard, came nearer and nearer. We stood still, scarcely daring to breathe lest this should be but a dream; but no, for a massive silken curtain, em-

broidered with cabalistic figures was drawn aside, and seven old men entered the hall. Chaldeans these, without a doubt, they might have lived in the great king's time, to judge by their garments.

Their hair was in massive ringlets, their beards the same, whilst they wore on their heads the pointed caps one sees in Assyrian sculptures. Their robes were of costly silks, on which the emblems of their religion were thickly emblazoned in threads of gold, whilst the last to enter, a very Methuselah for age, carried a sceptre of ivory. Slowly they passed up the hall, seemingly not noticing our presence, and took their places at the farther end on thrones of cedar wood overlaid with bronze, and supported with four legs of ivory representing lions' heads.

The High Priest, for such he appeared to be, then rang a small bronze bell, and a younger man, in less costly garb, answered the summons. Evidently he was instructed to find out who we were, for he came towards us, and bowing gravely spake thus—

"By the Spirit of the air I conjure thee, by the Spirit of the earth I conjure thee, to tell me who thou art and whence thou art come."

"My lord, we have journeyed from a far land to seek out the wonders of by-gone ages, and if it were possible to find a remnant of those to whom the learning of the present world is but as foolishness, if so be that haply we might find any Chaldeans who would let us sit at their feet, and learn of them the wonders of the heavens."

I spoke in the language which I had learnt from the old inscriptions, and apparently it was correct, for the man moved back to the old priest and acquainted him with my reply.

After consulting the other six, he rose and beckoned us to go nearer. We did so, falling on our knees before his throne.

"Strangers, we have heard thee, but before returning any answer we must question thee as to the past of our nation, to see if indeed thy request is true."

"Speak on, my lord, and thy servants will endeavour to answer."

Then followed a string of questions as to their customs, religion, kings and such-like, most of which either Brian or myself were able to answer, thanks to our researches in Assyriology.

Whilst speaking, a girl had entered from behind the curtain. Her black hair was braided with gold, and fastened back by a circlet of the same precious metal; her gown was composed of fine white linen, having a broad band of purple at the hem, the waist being defined by another golden circlet, fastening in front with a sun of diamonds. To her the old priest turned when our examination was ended, bidding her send refreshments for two strangers who had come from afar to visit them. The girl gazed at us with true feminine curiosity, and I am bound to say our interest in this fresh arrival was none the less keen. I noticed that the younger Chaldean, Shalmanzar by name, frowned heavily when she bade us follow her to another room.

After partaking of refreshment from off dishes of gold, and drinking wine from goblets of pure crystal, the maiden evidently thought her turn had come to catechise us, and addressing herself to Brian, she asked his name and errand.

Now, as it happened, we had entirely forgotten to provide ourselves with names suited to our complexions, and Brian was at a loss what to answer. However, his Irish impulsiveness here stood him in good stead, for after a second's pause, he replied,

"Oh! daughter of the gods, thy servant's name is Brianus, and this thy servant," indicating myself, "is called Nimrash."

I devoutly hoped that I might remember that last fact.

We told the maiden, whose name she informed us was Nitocris, of the great Queen whose subjects we were, describing as best we could the gathering of all nations at her jubilee. Of course we called her the Empress of India, and succeeded in thoroughly interesting our hostess. She, in her turn, explained to us some of the ceremonial we should have to take part in, for which we were most grateful.

It must have been about midnight when Shalmanzar came to bid us to the High Priest's presence, and told us we were to be allowed to take part in the hymn to the divine Hea.

Brian did not know what to do, for he whispered to me that it was a clear case of idolatry, and his conscience forbade his taking part in it as such. I am afraid, much as I admired his courage,

"Ha ! sayest thou so ? What god is there who does not acknowledge Hea's supremacy ?"

"My lord, have patience with thy servant, if he recall to thy mind those words written on the wall of old, *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*,—It is the God of Daniel that I worship."

"My son, thou hast spoken well ; that prophecy indeed, was fulfilled, and far



NITOCRIS

I was distinctly cross with him at the time, for I feared the result of his refusal.

"Most gracious lord," he began when the old priest told us the part assigned to us, "thy servant, while deeply conscious of the honour thou dost confer upon him, yet begs thy indulgence in this matter, since the God of his fathers has forbidden him to sacrifice to any other god save Himself.

be it from me to speak against this, thy God."

So the matter ended, much to my relief and Brian's.

The ceremonial at which we were allowed to be present, though not taking part in it, was of the stately order that one would have expected from a religion whose followers have existed for more than 3,000 years. It consisted chiefly in chanting long litanies invoking the



various elements, and ending with a direct prayer to Hea himself. Libations of wine were also offered, incense was burnt in golden vessels in front of the golden altar of their chief deity.

After this was ended, we were allowed to retire for the night, couches being spread for us in another chamber.

Brian and I sat talking for some time, but only in whispers, not knowing how many ears the walls might have. We resolved to ask permission to fetch various articles from our camp the next day, and by this means to prevent any of our escort searching for us.

With some difficulty, our request was granted, and after being blindfolded and led out by some entrance we had never seen, we once more found ourselves in the Syrian desert. Our Arabs evinced surprise at our long absence, but we informed them that we had had a summons from one of the spirits who haunt the neighbourhood, to visit it again that same night, but by ourselves. By this means, we felt certain of keeping our followers from awkward investigations, since they have a mortal dread of ghosts.

This time, we took with us the photographic things and my gramophone.

As the sun sank behind the last sand-hill, we stood in the tunnel, by the door, and tapped seven times, when once again it opened to us. That night, the High Priest promised to show us some of the magic of which the secret remains a mystery to all Western nations to this day.

Whilst partaking of our evening meal, Nitocris told me (who by the way, was now the most favoured of the two), that there was an ancient prophecy that a white lord should come and reveal to her people mysteries unknown to them, and in return, if so be that a Chaldean maiden should, of her own free will, bestow her love on him, be initiated into the secrets of the past, and by some means restore the wisdom of the Ancients to the modern world, thus reviving their honour before the eyes of all men.

Such, as nearly as I can remember, were the terms of this decree, and to me it seemed as if the fulfilment might now be at hand. But one thing stood

in the way: it was quite evident to me, that Brian had lost his heart to this daughter of Chaldea, and I am afraid that it was equally clear that for her part she preferred me.

That night I spoke to Brian, and insisted that he should get the stain off himself, and appear as the white lord they were to expect.

The following day, when Nitocris brought us our breakfast in the smaller hall, Brian advanced to meet her, his face undisguised, and a brighter smile than ever in his dark blue eyes.

The maiden started, and asked with trembling voice what had happened.

"This has happened, O jewel of the East," responded Brian in his suavest tones; "thou didst declare to us that prophecy last night, and I resolved to deceive you no longer. I am the white lord that should come, and behold, I will show you unheard of mysteries."

"Why then, didst thou play a part, my lord?" asked the maiden.

"Because, lady, I knew not of this prophecy, and judged that I should be the more readily received if I came as an Eastern."

"I hasten to acquaint my father, then, of my lord's coming," and with a low bow, the girl vanished.

"I am afraid, Brian, there is trouble in store for you ere you win the girl. Shalmanzar will have to be dealt with, if I mistake not."

"He! why, Nitocris will not look at him."

"That, my friend, is of little moment if he looks at her. I only warn you; poisons and daggers are no new-fangled toys."

"Thanks, Ted, I will take care, though I have once or twice thought that you were likely to prove my most dangerous rival."

"I! No indeed; am I not the faithful friend of the white lord?" and I made a mock bow, to hide the tell-tale colour that rose to my cheeks, for I must confess my pulses beat quicker when the maiden was near, and it was only loyalty to the friend who had stood beside me in so many trials, and more than once saved my life at the risk of his own, that prevented my trying to win Nitocris for myself.

"Well, Ted, I am glad to hear it is so" he replied gravely. "Ah, here comes the priest."

"My daughter has brought me word that thou art the white lord; but thou must prove it, Brianus, or bear the punishment of a spy."

Brian seemed transformed in his new character, for drawing himself up to his full height, he replied haughtily,

"Know, oh priest, that I am ready to prove my words. Summon thy brethren, and let them tell me if there is one among them that can draw a picture of a man's skeleton so accurately, that if he have any bone broken, he can state the exact locality of the injury."

"Canst thou do this?" asked the old man anxiously.

"Summon all thy people, and thou shalt then see," came the dignified response.

It evidently impressed the Chaldean, for he hastened to obey the command, much to my astonishment.

Brian and I set about getting the Röntgen rays into working order, so that when Nitocris bade us follow her to the great hall, we had all in readiness.

One of the old men stated his willingness to have a representation made of his skeleton.

Upon developing the film we found the reason; the man was born with six toes on one foot.

Brian's reputation was firmly established after this, even Nitocris glanced less often in my direction. I entreated the High Priest to show us the magic he had promised.

"Is such thy pleasure, my lord?" asked he of Brian, entirely ignoring me.

Brian signified that such was his wish.

As I mentioned before, the old man carried an ivory wand. This he now proceeded to whisper over, ending with the words,

"By the Spirit of the air, I conjure thee."

"By the Spirit of the earth I conjure thee."

Scarcely had the words left his lips, than, to my horror, I beheld no longer a wand, but a great serpent, which twined its head lovingly round the old man's wrist.

Ah! you laugh, yet, on my honour as

an Englishman, I declare to you this thing is true. I cannot tell you how it was done, but both I and Brian saw it, without a shadow of doubt.

"Is it your desire to see any more?" asked the old man.

Brian again intimated that such was his pleasure.

"Then look upon me, and move not your eyes from my face," commanded the priest in clarion tones, rising to his feet and extending the ivory sceptre towards us. We obediently fixed our gaze upon him, and waited for the result. I am bound to say, that for my part, a cold shiver ran all down my back as I encountered the glowing light of his fierce black eyes, and Brian afterwards confessed to me that he felt precisely the same thing. The sage continued to glower upon us for some seconds in silence, then suddenly he broke into a low chant, at first so faint, that it seemed like the distant breath of wind in the pine-trees, then gradually swelling in volume till it grew into a majestic harmony, that rolled in mighty echoes through the vast and lofty hall. He swayed to and fro as he sang, his eyes gleaming like carbuncles in the dim light, whilst a strange white radiance surrounded his form. We felt paralysed, neither Brian nor I could move a step nor turn our gaze aside. Then all at once the weird chant ceased, and a thick darkness seemed to fall upon the hall.

"Look upon the rocky wall on your left hand," cried a voice like a distant trumpet, while we felt, rather than saw, the ivory sceptre pointing towards us. We looked, and behold! the mass of alabaster seemed to roll aside like a cloud of mist, and presently a picture was revealed to our wondering eyes.

The scene was Brian's country home in Ireland. We saw the picturesque old house of grey stone, bathed in glorious sunshine, the red-tinted Virginian creeper with which it was covered, waving to and fro in the breeze, while the birds chirped and fluttered on the roof. Then the door opened, and we saw Brian's mother come out with a letter in her hand. It was from her son, and we saw a tear course down her cheek as she read.

I heard Brian utter an exclamation, and instantly the picture clouded over, while the same trumpet-voice cried:

"It is thus that I read thy thoughts, O stranger!"

Then the thick darkness fell on us once more with a sound as of mighty rushing waters, whilst the ground rose and fell beneath our feet, and we seemed to be hurled to the floor.

When I opened my eyes, the High Priest was lying back exhausted on his throne, with his daughter bending over him, and Brian was sitting up on the floor looking at me with a rueful countenance.

When things had once more resumed their normal aspect I approached the throne and bent my knee, saying, "My lord, has thy servant permission to show thee one of the wonders of modern times?" The old man gave his assent, and Brian and I fetched the gramophone from the inner chamber, and placed it on one of the golden tables that stood in the great hall. At a sign from me, Brian began:

"Know, oh most wise among the ancients, that the God of Daniel is worshipped by the Queen of the land from whence I come; know also, that Her Majesty has reigned for more than sixty years, and, as was fitting on the sixtieth anniversary, she and her people assembled at the great temple of the capital, to raise a hymn of thanksgiving to their God. This chant you shall now hear."

The Chaldees gazed at each other awestruck, but said no word.

I tuned the instrument to reproduce the "Te Deum," and then moved away from the table.

Presently, there floated through the building those grand strains of organ, band, and voices that had once broken the stillness of St. Paul's, and moved by some spirit mightier than themselves, those Chaldees rose to their feet. Louder and louder pealed the organ, the trumpets blared forth their notes of triumph, and the voices of that magnificent choir rang through the building, where for ages had been heard only chants sung to heathen gods.

The effect was stupendous; involuntarily Brian and I blended our voices

with those issuing from that wonderful instrument, for the price I had paid in order to get one of the highest perfection, had not been wasted. It electrified even us.

When it was ended, a deep silence fell on the whole assembly, broken at last by Nitocris, who, approaching us, took Brian's hand in hers and placed it on her forehead.

This, I understood, was meant to signify that she acknowledged him as her lord and master, and I saw the fulfilment of that prophecy at hand. Shalmanzar saw it also, for he swiftly glided behind the girl, and when Brian put out his other hand to raise her from the ground, I saw the flash of steel as a blade passed under my unfortunate friend's arm, and he staggered back. I caught him in my arms and laid him gently on the floor, to see the extent of his injury. Like a tigress robbed of her young, Nitocris turned upon Shalmanzar and broke a phial of what proved a deadly poison, right on his mouth. It had all taken place too rapidly for any one to interfere, and the doomed man sank with a curse not a yard from where his victim lay.

Brian's wound was a nasty one, and I could not stop the bleeding. Unluckily, I had left my medicine-chest in the camp, and dare not leave him to fetch it. I explained this to Nitocris, who at once offered to go herself. Yet here another difficulty presented itself—would it be safe to allow the girl to go into the midst of the Arabs? If anything should happen to her, I should never know another day's happiness. I decided that the only thing was for me to go myself, and leave her in charge of her lover. The old man was much distressed at what had happened, and offered to bind up Brian's wound whilst I went for my things. Reluctantly I assented, and my mind once made up, requested them to show me the swiftest way out. This one of the old men did, this time without blindfolding me. I ran as fast as I could to my tent, secured the chest, and sped back again, having been gone under an hour. Imagine my horror at seeing Nitocris lying beside Brian with a wound in her arm. For a moment I thought there had

been some foul play, but I quickly saw my mistake. The old priest dreaded the white lord dying, lest a curse should fall on his people, and seeing how exhausted he was with loss of blood, had resolved that his daughter should save his life at the risk of her own. The blood from the girl's arm was flowing into Brian's veins, and gradually the livid colour of his face was resuming a more normal hue, whilst that of the girl was getting a dull grey. I could not look on at this, so taking a powerful stimulant from the medicine chest, I

learnt to love the girl whose life-blood now coursed through his veins. Thank God, I had strength given me to bear my pain in secret, but it left its mark, for though I am not yet forty, my hair is white as snow.

When he was strong enough, I told Brian how his life had been saved, and nothing would satisfy him but that I should fetch Nitocris to him, and the High Priest with her.

As they entered, he raised himself on one arm and held out his hand to the girl, who moved swiftly forward to find



"MY FRIEND WILL NEVER KNOW HOW I LEARNED TO LOVE THE GIRL"

forced it between the maiden's teeth, and then proceeded with the binding-up of her arm. I stopped the bleeding of both wounds with collodion, and soon my efforts were rewarded by signs of returning life in both my patients.

Gently I raised Nitocris in my arms, and conveyed her to another chamber, lest the sight of her should excite Brian. I told her she had saved his life, and a smile of content showed she understood. During the weary days that followed before he was well enough to leave his couch, my time was divided between the two.

My friend will never know how I

herself drawn close to his heart, whilst his lips sought hers.

"See," I said, controlling my voice as best I could, "the prophecy is fulfilled, for the Chaldean maiden, of her own free will, has given herself to the white lord."

The old man bowed his head, and laying one hand on his daughter's head, called Hea to witness that the day had come when, by the union of past and present greatness, wisdom should once more abound upon earth.

I then told him what Brian and myself had thought over, in reference to the fulfilment of the conditions of the

prophecy, namely, that we should establish a college for the promotion of Chaldean learning, in which these old men should be the professors.

Little more remains to be told. Brian and Nitocris now live half the year at that same college, to which the savants of the whole world resort, and for the rest spend their time at the home of the Maturins in Ireland, where I know a ready welcome always awaits me from my old friend and his lovely wife.

The college was built chiefly at my expense, for being a bachelor, and possessed of a large fortune, I could afford to gratify my desire for the furtherance of Chaldean learning.

Most of the other expenses, apart from the fabric, have been defrayed by the treasure of which the old men had been the appointed guardians, and which they placed at my disposal for the benefit of the college which was to restore fame to their ancient race.

On her wedding-day, Nitocris had given me a talisman of priceless value. It was a large ruby, on which was engraved the secret name of the god Hea, a charm which was said to have belonged to Nebuchadnezzar himself, having been given him by the Jewish Daniel. Certainly the characters inscribed on it spelt the word "Jehovah," whilst the potency of the charm has been tested frequently during my wanderings through the deserts, for in spite of Bedouins, fevers, treachery, and sunstroke, I have come out unscathed—owing, my Chaldean friends say, to that same talisman.

Of the purely technical outcome of my investigations, you will find the result in records at the British Museum, whilst the truth of this story can be verified by Brian and Mrs. Maturin, as well as by the professors at the Beresford College of Birs Nimroud.





# A Trip among the Dutchmen

WRITTEN BY RICHARD I. J. IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



WITH the broiling heats of mid-summer comes the inevitable longing of the wearied Londoner for a breath of country, if not of sea air.

If he chances to meet a friend in Piccadilly or Oxford Street, after the sun has passed the summer solstice, the very first question asked after the inevitable "cooler" is:—

"When do you take your holidays, and where do you think of going?"

Every one nowadays, from the duke to the crossing-sweeper, takes his holidays; and the pages of "Cook" or "Gaze" are eagerly scanned by the intending voyager, with a view to finding out some tour that will not exceed the modest sum of money at his command.

Personally, I had abandoned all hope of making such a discovery, and was peacefully enjoying the hospitality of some Irish friends, when, as luck would have it, I got the offer of a berth in a well-appointed cargo steamer trading between Dublin and the Dutch ports, and need I say that I thankfully "jumped at" the opportunity of making a trip to Holland. So, taking with me my camera and my bicycle, I was soon steaming out of the river Liffey and bound for the land of canals and trees.

There is nothing I consider more enjoyable than a sea voyage, so, although many of my readers might not have relished this portion of the trip as much as I did, I may be excused for remarking that I simply revelled in every hour that we were afloat. Instead of having to "rough it," as I was prepared to do, I found the food and accommodation were excellent of their kind, and I afterwards parted with sincere regret from

our jovial captain and his kind-hearted crew.

At any rate, I awoke one morning to find our good ship safely moored alongside the "Willems Kade" of Rotterdam.

Surrounding us on all sides were the ships and steamers of almost every nation under heaven, while the "fairway" of the port was constantly occupied by funny little tug-boats and launches, whose steering-gear consisted of a horizontal wheel presided over by a man or boy in a flat peaked cap, who presented the appearance of a hungry mariner seated at a round table and anxiously awaiting the arrival of his food.

And then there were the Dutch "lighters" taking cargo to and from the ships, and from their want of height and great length looking for all the world like so many aquatic *dachshunds*.

I may mention in passing that these "lighters," although little more than ten or twelve feet wide, are frequently over three hundred feet long, and are capable of carrying the entire cargo of a large ship.

Another peculiar feature of their construction is the deck-house on the stern, the dwelling-place of the crew, which usually consists of a man and his wife with their daughters; the sons (if grown up) being owners or at least "masters" of boats of their own.

I am ashamed to say that before setting foot on Dutch soil I had to refer to the atlas to freshen up my scanty knowledge of this truly wonderful and comparatively unknown country, and I there found amongst other things that we had arrived in "The Maas," which is one of the mouths of the more celebrated river Rhine.

The "Willems Kade" may be taken

as a fair example of the general arrangement of the quays, not only in Rotterdam, but in most of the other Dutch towns; and we see at a glance how Mynheer Van Dunk, without leaving the solid comforts of his stately mansion, can personally superintend the loading and unloading of his ships as he complacently enjoys the solace of his beloved pipe.

Like the rest of Holland, Rotterdam is largely intersected by canals, having quays overshadowed by trees and quaint draw-bridges leading from side to side of the water-ways. In some places indeed we find the canal occupying the entire space between the houses, and in such cases the effect of the boats belonging to the houses and the door-steps at the water's edge cannot but remind one of the more stately Venice, even though the picturesque gondola be absent.

Although the Dutch roads are as a rule good as well as level, the streets of Rotterdam will never become popular with the English cyclist; as, in addition to the cobble paving being rough and uneven, the traffic is often congested, and one has to get into the way of always keeping to the right, the same as in Paris and other continental cities. A great exception, however, to the uneven roads of Rotterdam is "The Park," which is open to cyclists at all hours, and the beautifully laid-out carriage drives of which pass through a veritable paradise of exquisitely-kept flower-beds, surrounded on all sides by leafy woods and ornamented with water, spanned here and there by rustic bridges.

A ramble through the streets affords much pleasurable information, and gives a wonderful insight into the manners and customs of this singular people, so remarkable at all times for their thrift and cleanliness.

Immediately outside every house, for instance, we invariably find the brass coupling for the hose-pipe, with which the footway and the house-front receives its morning wash, though in contradistinction to this excellent arrangement it is by no means unusual (even in the middle of the day, and in the principal streets) to be obliged to step into the roadway to avoid a pair of servants who

have come out to beat a carpet spread over a tressle, which they have planted down in the very middle of the sidewalk.

The arrangement for carrying the telegraph wires across the towns in Holland, is one of those which is undoubtedly superior to the crude method adopted at home. The telegraph-pole (if I may so call it) is composed of a tapering iron lattice, excessively light and graceful in appearance, and springs from a moulded pedestal similar in design to the base of a statue.

One's first impressions on entering a foreign country are usually those in connection with the general appearance and dress of the inhabitants, but here in Holland nothing very striking in this respect is noticeable, and anything that does attract the eye has invariably to do with the clothes worn by the lower orders.

The dress of the men, indeed, is almost identical with that of the French peasant—blue blouses, flat caps, and wooden sabots—but the headdresses of the women (more especially the older ones, and those from Zeeland) are oftentimes picturesque as well as peculiar. The groundwork, so to speak, is fine white linen, which, completely covering the hair, falls loosely on the shoulders, and is surmounted by a species of helmet made from the precious metals, which latter, encircling the head as far as the cheek, finishes with two pyramidal spirals worn on either temple. Even among the older women, however, this species of head-gear is fast dying out, and—*O tempora, O mores!*—the younger ones sometimes wear a modern toque or bonnet on top of it.

Another pleasing custom of the Dutch streets is the way in which the itinerant vendors announce their wares. Instead of the discordant and oftentimes unintelligible cries which we are accustomed to at home, these perambulating salesmen advertise their merchandise with a rich musical intonation similar to that at one time adopted by a well-known dispenser of "brandy balls" in our London streets.

We also find in Holland that the dog, as well as being the companion of man, is also the useful sharer of his toil, as



THE "GRÖEN MARKT" OF THE HAGUE

under almost all the hand-carts used by butchers and bakers, etc., the owner's canine friend, attired in suitable harness, is yoked to the little cart, which he materially assists in bringing along, an occasional "*Goot dag*" being his only incitement to labour. Dogs and goats, indeed, either separately or in pairs, are also to be seen drawing both children's carriages and the smaller types of vegetable and milk-carts, without any assistance from their masters.

These phases of street habits and customs being by no means confined to Rotterdam, I have here described them more fully than I might otherwise have done; but before passing on from that city I must draw attention to its really fine *Bier Garde*, or horticultural and zoological gardens, which, like its "Park," are at this time of the year one mass of exquisite flowers and foliage, while the animals (of which there is a splendid collection) are housed in dwellings as sweetly and as beautifully kept as are those of the inhabitants themselves.

One other feature of interest in Rotterdam is its extensive system of one-horse tramcars, which appear in some of the preceding views, and which enable one to go from end to end of the town for the modest sum of 12½ cents (twopence-halfpenny). These

trams, which are entirely open during the summer months, run at frequent intervals and completely take the place of the London "bus." Availing ourselves of one of them as far as the "Central Station," I and my friends took train for "The Hague," the seat of the Government and the residence of the youthful Queen Wilhelmina.

In "The Hague" the visitor is immediately struck by the absence of commerce and business traffic, which are everywhere so noticeable in Rotterdam. Here we seem to have left the merchants and their cargoes behind us, and to be mixing with the "upper ten" and the middle class of Dutch society, who perambulate the streets as if bent solely on pleasure.

A casual glance at the "Gröen Markt," or market-place, of this eminently aristocratic city is sufficient proof of my assertion, that the business element is to all intents and purposes absent from the Royal City.

This open space, however, is associated with the memory of many stirring scenes in the history of "The Hague," and although most of the buildings are comparatively new, some of the older houses look what we would consider decided, unsafe, though in Holland, I may tell you, it is no uncommon circumstance to find inhabited houses

forming a very decided acute angle with the horizon.

Occupying a central position in the city is the once famous *Vijver*, or fish-pond, while bounding it on one side is the Binnenhof, an imposing red-brick building, which was at one time the residence of the Counts of Holland, but now contains the Houses of Parliament and most of the offices of State.

Of the Royal Palace I can only say that as such its street front is decidedly disappointing, as with its massive portico and entablature fronting one of the *pleins* or squares, it is only the presence of the sentries that distinguishes it from the handsome buildings in the neighbourhood. The garden front, however, and the magnificent block of buildings containing the royal stables, are more in keeping with its popular inmates.

At the corner of the Binnenhof is the world-renowned picture gallery, which contains some of the most celebrated art treasures in Europe, and which is open free to the public. Other galleries and museums of minor importance are also to be met with, and are all well worthy of a visit. Here, too, as in Rotterdam, is a splendid and well-kept "Zoo," beside which we enter on the celebrated wood (*Het Bosch*) in which is situated the historic château lately

occupied by the delegates to the so-called "Peace Congress."

No visit to "The Hague" is considered complete unless it embraces a trip to Scheveningen, the fashionable watering-place on the North Sea, so thither accordingly I and my friends journeyed in one of the open trams, the distance being only three miles and the road running the entire way through a beautiful wood, the branches of whose overhanging trees fanned our burning cheeks as we passed. The day, I may add, was one of overpowering heat, and although we were sorry to emerge from the grateful shade of the wood the cooling breeze from the sea was exceedingly refreshing.

Scheveningen is *par excellence* a continental watering-place of the first order, with its Kursaal and baths and the inevitable Grand Hotel facing the sea.

We also found here a couple of music-halls and a theatre, all of a "West-end" type; while in the largesquare behind the big hotel are some very inviting shops, the terminus of the different trams and buses to "The Hague" (there are also steam and electric trams), and some merry-go-rounds and swing-boats for the delectation of the children and the more frivolous of the visitors.

The principal feature, however, of



GRAND HOTEL AND PROMENADE, SCHEVENINGEN

Scheveningen is its lovely sandy beach studded with bathing-boxes, and its promenade, where, mingling with the rank, beauty and fashion of the Dutch metropolis are to be seen many of our own fair countrywomen, always conspicuous by their elegance of attire and that unmistakable grace and beauty which causes the foreigner to turn with admiring and envious look.

Some of the curiosities of Scheveningen (which unfortunately do not appear in the views) are the promenade chairs which are hired out for the comfort of visitors who wish to sit and read or otherwise amuse themselves, without

river boats belonging to Messrs. Fop, Smidt, & Co.

Arrived at the quay, the visitor is confronted by the tramcar which starts from the boat's side and emerges from the arched entrance of the old *Stadhuis*, under which it passes, the said building being of great antiquity and historical interest and now used as a library and museum.

At best, however, Dordrecht is but a small town, and unless one has business at the railway station (to which the tramcar runs) the sight-seeing upon leaving the boat is best done on foot.

Turning to the right and passing over



CANAL IN DORDRECHT

being exposed to the inconveniences of cold or heat. They are made of basket-work, and exactly resemble in shape the hall-porter's chair of the London mansion, so that, being provided with a hood, the occupant can so arrange his position as to be always independent of sun, rain, or wind.

Our next visit was to Dordrecht, one of the oldest and most quaintly picturesque towns in Holland. Its distance from Rotterdam (by road) is about twelve English miles, but the non-cyclist can reach it either by rail or by steamer, the latter being a most enjoyable trip occupying about an hour and a-half, and made in one of the luxurious

one of those quaint old draw-bridges that look as if they had at one time spanned the moat that afforded protection to a fortified castle, we soon come upon the *Groote Kerke*, which is the most conspicuous object in the town and is a cathedral dating from the twelfth century, in a portion of which the Sunday service is still held.

Its tower, like so many other of the Dutch buildings, is very considerably out of the perpendicular, and would sorely exercise the minds of some of our L.C.C. building inspectors. When, however, we have become as satisfied as to its stability as we are with reference to the Tower of Pisa, we reach the summit by



a dark climb of some three hundred steps, and having gained the topmost platform are rewarded by an excellent view of the surrounding country, and of the town itself, which looks like a gigantic map spread out at our feet.

Unfortunately for me the weather during my short stay in Holland was so intensely hot that my cycle was not as useful as I had hoped. However, by making an early start, and thus escaping the blaze of the noonday sun, I was enabled to turn it to good account and derive much pleasure from spins to Delft, with its sixteenth and seventeenth century buildings, and to Schiedam, where the gin which we know as "Hollands" is so extensively made.

Indeed, it is an astounding fact to bear in mind that in the latter town (which is of very moderate proportions) there are no less than three hundred distilleries for the manufacture of this spirit, while great numbers of pigs and fowl are annually fattened on the grains that remain after the process is com-

pleted. Here also, as elsewhere in Holland, one is confronted with the windmills—two and three in a row—which are constantly occupied either in grinding the local corn or in keeping in check the surrounding waters of the North Sea.

All our brightest and happiest days in this world are, however, doomed to come to an end, and to leave us at eve with only the pleasures of recollection (assisted by a few photographs) to remind us of the places we have been to and the agreeable hours we have there spent.

Thus it came about that one afternoon the whistle of my steamer sounded, and my "trip among the Dutchmen" came to an end.

In looking back upon it, however, I have but few things to regret in the way of omissions, and if I could but impart to others one-third of the information and pleasure I myself derived from my holidays, I would feel more than satisfied.



# Literature Notes of a Few Old Inns

WRITTEN BY CHARLES TEST DALTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



AN inn becomes famous from the class of people who frequent it, and many an old inn swells with pride in thinking over its old days, and when it remembers some of the literary men who have talked, drank and laughed within its walls. The fame of this inn spreads when it is known that Dr. Johnson, that Dickens or Thackeray, used to frequent its table; and we walk into these old places with veneration, many of them tottering from old age and from the mass of lies which they must support to retain their reputation. Exaggeration is truly a contagious disease—it spreads. We like to think that Shakespeare used to drink in such an inn—we should not object to drinking out of the same cup, whether made of brass or alloy. It gives us a feverish palpitation to rub our boots on the same old rug where Pope rubbed his muddy boots, and to think in the same seat where Dr. Johnson was accustomed to think—true it is a beastly hard seat and fits no one except the Doctor. We will put up with any inconvenience, eat anything placed before us, and allow no one to complain. Dr. Johnson was a gourmandiser, those kind of beings who have stuffed so much, at uncertain times, that they have killed their sensitive nerve of taste. Few great authors are authorities upon dinner parties—in fact, their friends continually make excuses for their fast eating and bad manners; but being a privileged class, these small things are overlooked and their most trivial conversation is applauded and noted by some Boswell in embryo. Still we wish to eat in the same uncouth fashion and as nearly as possible the same food. Let our West End caterer spread this sort of stuff before us and we would leave him at once. Why do we not ride in a coach from London to

Edinburgh? You say the distance is too long, you have no time for this kind of foolishness; but if you could ride in the coach in which William the Conqueror rode you would undertake the journey. If you could find the horse on which Julius Caesar rode from St. Pancras to the North of England you would ride the distance. There is little doubt that the horse is still in London, branded "J.C." if history is correct; it only remains for some one to discover him. If horses could talk—some on the North London trams—English history would not need to have been written.

The traditions clinging to an old inn, not feebly, but with a vice-like grip, are probable and improbable—mostly improbable. Each new waiter embellishes the traditions of the past with a few of his own invention. Gifted with a cockney accent and an imagination prompted by mercenary motives, he soon devises a tale for new customers. It is easy, and makes him popular; and, sad to relate, his position as resident visitor in any particular inn is regulated by the degree of his popularity. To reduce the waiter to a mathematical theorem we perceive that he is a mean proportional between his popularity and the exit door. The careful waiter should have several stories, to use upon various customers as the spirit of discretion moves him.

As an example we will place the scene in "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese." Waiter, anxiously awaiting a customer—more anxiously awaiting a tip, and most anxiously awaiting a larger tip. Enter a pale, apathetic young man.

"Ah," thinks the waiter, "he is pale and has a worried look about him; this young man must be a lover or a gambler, he evidently smokes cigarettes."

Smirking and smiling, the waiter takes the order of the young man and then proceeds to unfold his tale.

"Pardon me, sir, but hin the seat where you his sitting, the venerable Doctor Johnson was haccustomed to take his libations."

"Yes," mutters the young man, "I read that story in the almanac."

"But, hasking your pardon, sir, I was going to tell you a pretty little love story, which goes to show the magnanimity of heart ensconced hin the venerable Doctor."

"Really!" and the young man looked up in surprise.

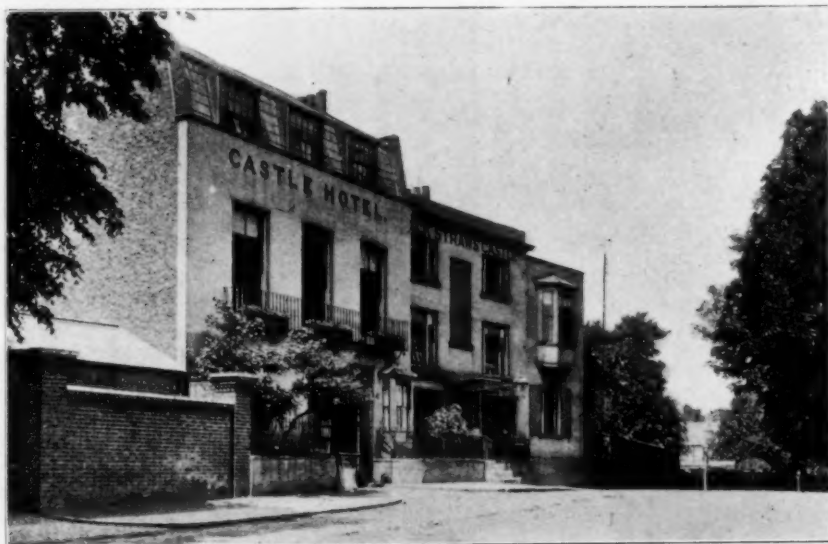
"This story," continued the waiter, "has been handed down in our family

Doctor. Soon a pretty young girl henters and ax's if this be Doctor Johnson.

"It is, young woman, and your humble servant."

"Sir"—and the young girl hung her head—"I live in Titchfield, and ran away with my young man; we were married, and now he has gone away and left me. At home every one talks of you, and I knew you were haccustomed to dine . . . Then the girl broke down here and cried.

"Tut, tut!" said the Doctor, it is presumptuous for us to base our major



JACK STRAW'S CASTLE

for generations. My great-great-great-grandfather was a waiter here. Hit his the custom 'ere, you see."

"The story ought to be ripe by this time," and the young man smiled in an encouraging manner.

"Hi don't know, sir, wat you means by ripe, but hits gospel truth. One hevening the venerable Doctor came into this inn and sat down to his supper. About nine o'clock the waiter comes to the Doctor and tells him that a young lady insists upon seein' 'im.

"Show her in, you rascal," shouts the

premise hupon evidence of this untrustworthy kind. He is probably lost."

"Large words, these, for a waiter," thought the youth; "he has learned his lesson well."

"And what happened then?" and the youth smiled.

"The young lady, she begged to differ with the Doctor, and said that Frank had been to London twice and knew it thoroughly.

"No," quoth the Doctor, 'youth is prone to consider himself han h'Adelphi hof wisdom. Mark you, young woman,

the lad his lost, but we will hendeavour to find 'im.'

"So the venerable Doctor went hout with the girl and they searched for the young man. Hafter several 'ours they returned with the lost 'usband, and then, sir, they 'ad supper with the Doctor hand he gave 'em a good talking to. You see what a good man he was, sir, hand believe me, hall this is gospel truth, sir."

"Nice story," said the young man, and he smiled again, "but it does not interest me. I do not care for the love affairs of people, unless they die of love, that interests me more."

"But may I hask, begging your pardon, in what business you hare hengaged in?"

"I am an undertaker," said the apathetic young man; and the waiter fainted, while the young man walked out of the inn.

Of London inns, "Jack Straw's Castle" is of importance to the admirers of Charles Dickens. He wrote to John Forster as follows: "You don't feel disposed, do you, to muffle yourself up and start off with me for a good brisk walk over Hampstead Heath? I know

a good house there where we can have a red-hot chop for dinner and a glass of good wine." "This note," adds Forster, "led to our first experience of 'Jack Straw's Castle,' memorable for many happy meetings in coming years."

In this Hampstead district the "Bull and Bush" is well worth remembering, as a rendezvous for Addison and several of his friends. It is a quiet, shady place, and seems far away from London.

To return to Doctor Johnson: we consider the proof of his connection with Staples Inn and St. John's Gate to be authentic, without a doubt.

Staples Inn is of the time of James I., and the old style of architecture is the finest remaining specimen in the City. It is mentioned in "Edwin Drood," and it was here that Johnson, in the course of a week, wrote "Rasselas"—a little story book, he called it.

St. John's Gate, at the side of which stands "The Old Jerusalem Tavern," is by far the most important of Johnson landmarks. The arch above is a magnificent piece of work, and the room above the arch is where the Doctor wrote for Cave, the editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," and where



STAPLES INN



ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL

Garrick made his first appearance in London, playing the Mock Doctor for Mr. Cave, and assisted by several of his printers.

Another old house of interest, now turned into an inn, was formerly occupied by Sir Paul Pindar, a great City merchant of the reign of King James I. The old house is in Bishopsgate Street, adjoining the entrance to Halfmoon Street, where to-day are to be found the most beautiful ceilings in London; naturally they are mutilated, but many traces of their ancient splendour are still preserved.

Sir Paul Pindar, who owned this beautiful house, and a vast quantity of adjoining ground, was immensely wealthy. At one time he was ambassador for James I. to the Grand Legion, and aided to extend English commerce in the Levant. When Sir Paul returned to England he brought back a beautiful diamond valued at £30,000, which his royal highness wished to purchase on credit, but Sir Paul declined with thanks—he was too wise, therefore he preferred to lend his jewel to James upon special occasions. The diamond was afterwards purchased by Charles I. It was merely a leap from the frying pan into the fire.

Sir Paul held several important positions, and always gave infinite satisfaction. He was Farmer of the Customs to James I. and often supplied money to both James and Charles; despite this fact he amassed wealth rapidly and as rapidly lost it again. In the year 1636 he was worth £236,000, exclusive of his bad debts. It was Sir Paul who gave £10,000 towards repairing St. Paul's Cathedral. In 1649 King Charles was indebted to Sir Paul and the other Commissioners of the Customs to the amount of £300,000, and Parliament refused the offer of security of £100,000, and Sir Paul died indebted to a large amount. His financial affairs were left in so complicated a state that his executor, Mr. William Toomer, was unable to bear the burden of the work and committed suicide. The residence of Sir Paul Pindar was commenced in the closing years of the reign of Elizabeth, immediately upon the return of the owner from his sojourn in Italy.

Mr. T. J. Smith, in his "Topography of London," gives an excellent drawing of the first floor of this residence as it stood intact; to-day it has all been destroyed by the modern spirit of progression.



Thornbury says of this room: "The ceiling was covered with panelled ornamentation, and the chimney-piece, of carved oak and stone, was adorned with a badly-executed basso relievo of Hercules and Atlas supporting an egg-shaped globe. The sides of the chimney-piece were formed by grotesque figures, the whole being a very splendid specimen of Elizabethan decorative art.

In 1811 the whole of the ornaments were barbarously cut away to render the room, as the possessors said, "a little comfortable." The Pindar arms—a chevron argent, between three lions' heads erased ermine crowned or—were found hidden by a piece of tin in the centre of the ceiling. The walls are covered with oak wainscoting, crowned with richly-carved cornices. The house, No. 169, is now a public-house, "The Sir Paul Pindar's Head."

We see that since then the name has been shortened to "Sir Paul Pindar." The exterior to-day, with its gaunt, gabled bay windows and peculiar panel and brickwork, is well worth noting as an example of the later Elizabethan style of architecture, and it stands as a lonely relic of former splendour in a district which is dirty and crowded, not fifteen minutes' distance from Petticoat Lane and the overcrowded land of the weavers—Spitalfields.

All through Bishopsgate Without, and

Within, are many remains of pure Elizabethan architecture. This ward partially escaped the Great Fire, which accounts for these remains.

From Halfmoon Street through Still Alley, passing White Hart Court, Devonshire Street, Camomile Street to Houndsditch, you will find many interesting houses, some containing handsomely decorated rooms, others carved mantelpieces, some old oaken stairs and a few with gabled roof, which for the most part have a modern addition built; but the backs of many of these houses remain unchanged. In Great St. Helen's there are several doorways designed by Inigo Jones—withal this district is by far the richest in Elizabethan remains of architecture, and the poorest in Victorian specimens of humanity.

From among many places of interest to those cherishing the literature of the past these few spots are worthy of attention. Do not believe all that the guides may pour into your gullible ear, but find out from authentic sources, then the guide may talk to his heart's content.

Of all cities in the world none are so full of the bygone relics of the past—literary and historical—as this huge London; and long may these sacred spots be preserved, but not sullied by the foolish clatter of an ignorant guide who talks by routine.



## The Bastille of Perugia

WRITTEN BY CONSTANCE TOD-MERCER. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



HE 14th of July in Paris is the day the foreigner avoids. Yet, if he happen to be there, he sees nothing but a happy crowd—bands of blue-bloused workmen and white-capped women, father, mother, baby and maid, French fashion, all out together, everybody gay and bright, apparently thinking of nothing but the shouting conjurer, the toy-stalls and the greased poles to climb, a chattering, laughing, simple crowd, so dense that no wheeled thing can move. Yet every official and every man in authority in Paris gives a sigh of relief when night descends on peaceful streets and orderly citizens! And why? Because this is no ordinary holiday—there is an electric current in that crowd, which passes from man to man, the whole populace is charged with it. It only wants a faint spark, a little something beyond the normal in the political atmosphere to fire that mass of human being, and turn Paris into a scene of wild madness.

That day France revives a great memory!

On the morning of the 14th of July, 1789, the tocsin rang out from sixty churches at once, yet the sound was scarcely heard above the tumult, and the people rose as one man, each saying to his fellow, "This day we must do or die. Our only help is in our own right hands!" The doing was to raise the famous tri-colour standard for the first time in history, rush to the Invalides, seize 28,000 muskets and twenty cannon,

and then march on to the great castle of the Bastille! They never left it through all the long hours of that day, till the draw-bridge sank, and a great cry rose up, "The Bastille is taken!"

In the dead of night they woke Louis at Versailles with the news! "This is a revolt," said he. "Sire," replied the messenger, "it is a revolution!" Three days after, Louis entered Paris, and as the mayor presented the keys of the city he said, "I bring your Majesty the keys which were presented to Henri Quatre. He entered the city a conqueror, now it is the people who have conquered their sovereign."

Other cities than Paris have had their Bastille; other people's hearts kindle with thankful enthusiasm when anniversaries bring before them that the reign of tyranny is over, and that they also have begun to thrive and expand in the sunshine of freedom.

High above a rich plain in central Italy, cold and grey on its rocky ridge, which juts out from the mountain background, spreading down in limbs from a centre of spires and towers, stands Perugia, "Empress of hill-set Italian cities."

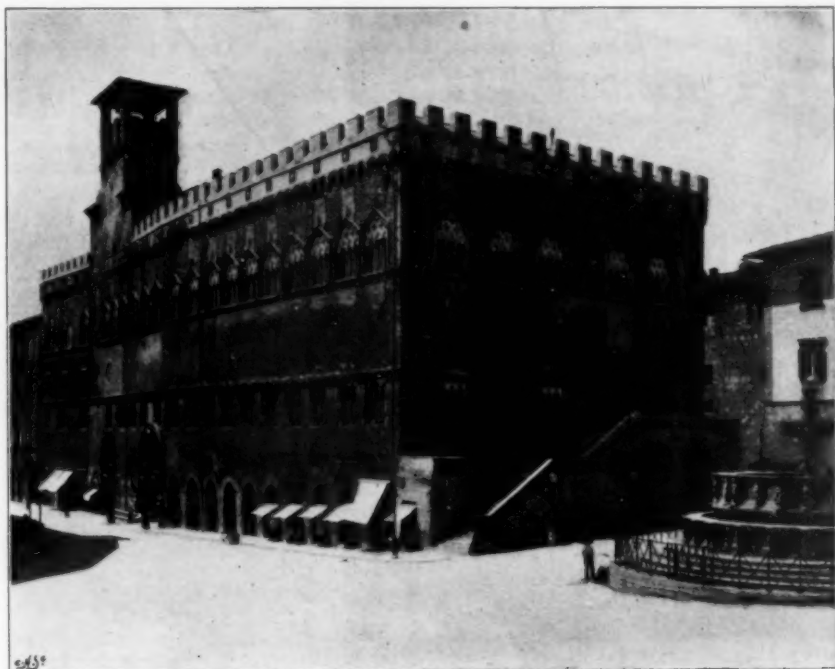
No town in the world perhaps more completely preserves its mediæval character. Once the railway station is left below on the plain, and the city gates come in sight, one finds oneself amid such surroundings of beauty and art and historical suggestion that life becomes dream-like, the centuries seem confused, the land-marks of time are blurred. There is even a certain something about the people which makes it easy to forget the present, and place oneself in almost any age one pleases.

We go in search of some common household necessary, and enter a dark shop like a cavern, the dim light showing up articles of quaint form, hanging about in all directions, and are served by a person with stately manners and great solemn eyes; it is all so strangely like what we have just seen close by on an ancient Etruscan tomb, surely what is before us cannot be far removed in time from those dead people and their lives!

We wander up the principal street—

draped round them as if for a sculptor's models, laughing and talking on the pavement, be verily Astorre, Simonetto, Gismondo, Baglioni, themselves? Only we have just been reading the ghastly tale of how one night, after a wedding, they were all murdered by their own cousins, and their bodies thrown out naked into the street, while the citizens gathered round, struck more with admiration of their splendid forms than with horror at the crime!

It is true that the girls are dress-



PALAZZO PUBBLICO ORA "MUNICIPALE"

the Corso Vannucci, with its palaces—glance up at the windows where the red velvet cushions are arranged along the sills to accommodate the elbows of those who look out (that manner of passing time so dear to Italians of every age). There is no visible reason why those dark, damask-cheeked girls should not be the sisters and lovers of Baglioni and Oddis! And why should not that group of stately men, with cloaks

makers, or daughters of the tradesmen in the shops below; that the statuesque men are only the officers of the regiment, detailing the last club gossip; but the stranger who comes fresh to Perugia feels as though he must have passed not only into a new country, but into a different age. A picture of the whole history of Italy, with all its extraordinary inconsistencies and contrasts, seems concentrated there. Within

the short compass of half-an-hour's walk we have reminders of all the centuries since almost prehistoric times.

Buildings, solid and grand, fortress-like in strength and colour, suggesting battle and violence, stand side by side with noble churches, exquisite bas-reliefs, fairy-like tracery, loggias and balconies and frescoes that, without knowledge to the contrary, one would suppose could only be the outcome of the life of a calm and peaceful people. Neither storm nor earthquake, fire nor pestilence, nor all combined, have interfered to any great extent to alter the outward aspect of things. Streets of palaces, so narrow you can all but stretch across them, so steep that at every step there is a ragged ledge in the brick pavement, to give foothold to the mules, carrying great packs fixed on enormous wooden saddles lined with a whole sheep's fleece. Then suddenly bursts into view the loveliest picture imaginable, framed by the arch of a great gateway! Olive-covered slopes, farm-houses glittering and sparkling among groups of dark cypress, the distant violet hills, crowned here and there with white villages, the whole landscape shining through a dancing shimmer of golden light! A black charcoal-burner passes by with his laden ass; a clumsy cart comes creaking behind two immense solemn-eyed white oxen; nothing is very different to what it was in the days of the Cæsars! The open shops, with a great glowing brazier in the centre, where conversation seems to be the principal occupation, and only a little business is done by way of variety, the old woman spinning at the door, the cobbler sitting in the street, however narrow, plying his awl, the little children playing with yellow haricot beans for toys, the wine-shops, where the men sit gambling at "Morra," shouting all the while, like a monotonous chant, "*Due! cinque! dieci! uno!*" according to the number of fingers they throw up—all is in general outline, colour and sound, just as it was a thousand years ago.

But one thing in Perugia is changed. On the 13th of December, 1898, the Perugians assembled to hold high festival in celebration of the fiftieth

anniversary of the destruction of *their* Bastille, "*La Rocca Paolina*," the terrible memorial left to them by the great Farnese Pope, which for three hundred years had cast a shadow of oppression and fear over their city. The dungeons of the French Bastille could not tell tales of more frightful misery, nor were they more awful in their construction for the cruel torment of their wretched inmates.

"On the 30th of June, 1540," says an Italian account, "there was begun the destruction of respectable buildings, on the ruins of which was raised a superb and most useless pile, after the design of the Florentine architect, Antonio San Gallo, by the order of Paul III., in order to satisfy the fury of his beloved son, Pier Luigi Farnese, Duca di Castro, fiercely irritated against the Perugians after the Salt War."

"The Perugians," says Adolphus Trollope, "had never ceased to be a hard nut for the grinding teeth of papal tyranny to crack."

From very early times the Popes had seen that the population of Perugia was important to them; but so long as she belonged to nobody else, and did not oppose them, they were content to let her govern herself, only paying her occasional visits of friendship and patronage. But every now and then the Pope and Perugia differed, with the result that each time the papal hand took stronger hold. At last Paul III. became Pope, and being a man of large ideas, he put many irons in the fire. He wanted to help on a war against the Turk; he wanted to keep friends equally with Francis, King in France, and Charles, Emperor in Germany. Above all, he wanted to secure nice berths for his own family, in the shape of duchies and principalities up and down Italy. All these wants entailed the spending of money, and just before his reign began, the "little monk" across the Alps had been giving a great deal of trouble, upsetting people's ideas about the sale of indulgences, and Paul's funds were getting low. So he bethought him that he would raise the price of salt in his dominions, Perugia amongst them. But the Perugians did not see it. Why should they pay more for their salt?

Had not Martin V. faithfully promised them that no Pope should ever make them pay any tax beyond what Boniface IX. had required; and had not Paul himself confirmed the promise? So they refused. Paul was obstinate. If the Perugians would not pay his price for their salt, he would shut the gates of heaven upon them, he would excommunicate them!

This had happened to them before—they were accustomed to it; but this

was nothing for it but for the poor Perugians to cry "*Peccavi*," and send messengers to Rome with halters round their necks to beg for pardon. Paul forgave them; but the messengers returned with very sad news indeed, and this is the account of what happened, which Raffaele Sosi has left in his contemporary chronicle.

"The supreme Pontiff, desiring to renew the state of Perugia, and to curb for ever the ardour of the Perugians,



PANORAME DELLA CILLI VISTO DALLA CHIESA DI SAN PIETRO

time they did as the Florentines had done in Savonarola's time, they declared they would own allegiance only to Christ, and they laid the keys of the city down before their big crucifix in the cathedral, and went up and down their steepest streets in procession, weeping and wailing, praying and crying.

Then Paul sent Pier Luigi to them with an army of 13,000 men. They could get help from no one, so there

and deprive them of all opportunity of ever deflecting from their allegiance to the Holy Apostolic See, as well as to repress the tyranny of any one who, having acquired name and fame, might try to abuse his authority, and permit himself to give laws to the citizens, did resolutely determine to build a citadel in Perugia, which should always be a means to enforce a quiet life, and the rendering of due honour to the supreme Pontiff. Pier Luigi came back, and



with him Messer Antonio San Gallo, the great architect from Florence; and it was decided that the space on which stood the palaces of the great family of Baglioni should be taken, 'there not being in the city a place more convenient,' which resolution was heard by the afflicted citizens with terror and horror, knowing how much evil and grief would come to them through that fortress. Then Pier Luigi departed, leaving to the care of Monsignor della Barba, our Lord's lieutenant-general, to use his utmost diligence, and gather the materials for the building.

"Della Barba was faithful, and San Gallo was in his element. He knew his Pope; he had been employed before to build the great Farnese Palace at Rome, and he had seen that knocking down other people's buildings to get materials for his own was quite in Paul's line; for that huge pile is built of nothing but blocks of travertine, carted away from the Coliseum. San Gallo was therefore quite at home battering down all the Baglioni's palaces, ten churches, and four hundred citizens' houses, while the poor Perugians stood sadly by. How they must have wished that they had been willing to pay more for their salt, as they saw each bastion carefully placed, just so that a gun from this one could sweep down their principal street, from another destroy every house in their principal square, while a third commanded the road to the city, so that help could never reach it. Day by day they watched the monster castle grow in size and awfulness, "the lower dungeons accessible only by a circular opening in the pavement of the less dreadful dungeons above them, the fearful cells constructed in the thickness of the colossal masonry in such devilish sort, that the wretches who had dared to question the deeds of Christ's Vicar on Earth, once introduced into the cavity through apertures barely sufficient to admit a crawling figure, could neither stand nor sit in them."\*

The Italian's tale continues. "And the Fortress Paulina not only during

the successive years of the pontificate of its founder, who returned several times to Perugia to enjoy the sight of his work, served the intention which he had proposed to himself, and from the arrival of Cardinal Crispo, successor to the despotic Cardinal della Barba in 1545, there commenced truly for us the repose of slavery."

For three centuries it remained an "*incubo maestoso*," sending up to heaven its cloud of groans and sighs and tears, and souls to swell the noble army of martyrs—"those that had been slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held, who cried with a great voice, saying, 'How long, O Master, the holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?'"

But in 1848 a wave of revolution, a struggle for liberty, passed over Italy. Pio Nono had to fly from Rome to the protection of Ferdinand of Naples, and the Perugians seized the opportunity to obtain a faculty from the *pro tem.* Minister of War, to demolish the hated sign and engine of their slavery. The work began on the 13th of December of that year, in the presence of all the magistracy, the civic guard, and the assembled citizens, and by a strange coincidence the first blow of the hammer was given by Count Benedette Baglioni as Chief Magistrate, the houses of whose ancestors had been destroyed to make room for the great fortress.

Paul's cement was of such marvellous strength, and the walls of such thickness, that the destruction was a work of time, but it was accomplished at last. Of the Rocca Paolina not one stone remains upon another, and there is nothing in the great block of modern buildings, with gardens around, which meets the traveller on his first entrance to the city, to recall that they stand on the site of that huge monument of tyranny.

But the Perugians do not forget, and on the 13th of December, 1898, they joyfully assembled to celebrate the jubilee of the great work of destruction. There were many among them who themselves had taken part in it in their youth, and the chief function of the day was the unveiling of a marble slab,

\* From an account by T. A. Trollope, who visited the fortress before its destruction.

fixed on the walls of the Prefettura, to record for ever the story of their victory.

The inscription runs thus :—

"Here, where resides the Council of the Province and the Prefect of the National Government—on an area still more vast—arose, designed by Antonio San Gallo, the strong Fortress which Paul III.—Farnese—caused to be constructed by decree in 1540.

"AD COERCENDAM PERUSINORUM  
AUDACIAM.

"On the 13th December, 1848,  
Perugia—always impatient under the

yoke—began the destruction of the bulwarks of tyranny. And the Count Benedette Baglioni, Gonfaloniere—by the overthrow of the first stone of the Edifice raised on the ruins of the houses of his own ancestors—witnessed to a new era. The Demolition—interrupted by a decade of fears and hopes, between the days of Novara and San Martino, from 1860 to 1870—was renewed and completed when Italy became Italian.

"Fifty years after, the veterans who had fought in their country's battles—approved by the Municipality—placed this record for posterity.

"December 13th, 1898."



## A SONNET TO—

RED are thy lips as is the reddest wine,  
Brighter thine eyes than Summer's fairest day;  
Oft in thy hair the sunbeams love to play,  
Knowing not where they may more sweetly shine;  
Thy graceful form, human and yet divine,  
Thy silvery tones, softer than any brook  
That murmurs low in some sequestered nook,  
Breathe forth a fragrance that is wholly thine.

Such gifts 'twas Nature's pleasure to bestow  
On thee the purest flower that she could find,  
Gifts from their mistress which shall ne'er depart,  
Nor change with changing years of grief and woe;  
Love's chains alone shall thy sweet spirit bind,  
Queen of my life and goddess of my heart.

D. O.

# Carlo: A Story of Etna

WRITTEN BY STANHOPE WORSLEY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIGNOR CRUPI OF TAORMINA

“**B**UONA sera, Signore.”  
I was leaning over the marble wall of the fountain of Arethusa at Syracuse, one sultry evening in January, 1894, watching the graceful papyrus reeds swaying in the sea-breeze, when my young guide, Carlo, came up and accosted me.

I had made various ascents with him, in the previous year, in the Abruzzi; and had now arranged to try an ascent of Etna with him. The mountain, though new to me, was an old friend of Carlo's; he had lived under its shadow for twenty years, and had stood on its summit more than once. Though scarcely twenty-five years old, Carlo had given me ample proof of his steadiness and qualifications as a guide; and I had had no hesitation in hunting him up in his Syracusan home, with a view to trying an ascent of Etna in mid-winter.

It was cold and cheerless when we arrived at Nicolosi, towards sunset on the tenth of January. We had been driving over interminable beds of lava and scorice since 10 a.m., when we left our hospitable quarters at Randazzo amid the “*buon viaggios*” of our friends. We had driven through a blazing Southern sun, little benefited at times by puffs of hot air that came like heat waves over the sea of lava; we were, moreover, dust-laden and tired; the regular tramp of our horses' feet, and the jingling of their many bells, had long become monotonous; and the great, gleaming cone above us, which we had come so far to see, was fast

becoming obtrusively objectionable in its lack of variety.

But though the day had been hot, the evening was becoming decidedly chilly, and as we neared the dull little village of Nicolosi the sun went down behind the brown lava-hills, and the aspect of the country was bare and desolate in the extreme.

Our arrival at the inn caused no unusual sensation beyond the joy of the proprietor at seeing Carlo's beaming face once more. But when we explained that we had designs upon the mountain, the “*padrone*” shook his head slowly, saying “*È molto freddo sopra; credo è impossibile!*” (“It is very cold up above; I fancy it is impossible.”)

Carlo, however, was as resolved upon the ascent as I myself; and the weather certainly was in our favour. I had read of Mr. Gladstone's remarkable ascent in the early fifties; and the more recent climbs of English and Italian mountaineers, graphically described in the *Alpine Journal* and elsewhere; and my desire to stand on the edge of the crater of “*Mongibello*” was greater than ever.

We arranged, therefore, to pass the night—I studiously avoid the verb “to sleep”—at the little albergo in the centre of the lava-built, lava-stricken village; and at three o'clock next morning I was roused by Carlo. He said it was a bright, starry morning, and that the two mule-boys, Giuseppe and Giovanni, were waiting outside the inn with the mules. These latter the “*padrone*” had laden with sacks of provisions and warm clothing, wine, and fodder for the beasts, nor was a telescope forgotten.

We ascended gradually under the Monti Rossi, small volcanic cones that were raised during the eruption of 1879, the mules picking their way with surest feet among the scattered masses of lava.

We had not proceeded, however, more than a few miles, when the sky became suddenly barred with long dark lines of cloud, and at the same time a violent wind arose. It was already light enough to see that, up above us, matters looked anything but

summit; and that great risk might be run if the ascent were made during a changeable wind, owing to the uncertainty of knowing on which side the sulphurous fumes would descend. It was mainly this last point which decided us to abandon the ascent for the day, and to await the improvement that a night might bring. We therefore selected a suitable halting-place for pitching our light silk tent, and sent the mule boys down to Nicolosi for extra blankets and provisions, wood and water.



OUR CAMPING GROUND FOR THE NIGHT

promising. Great clouds and wreaths of fine snow were now and again carried up and swirled about like smoke, and everywhere around us was a dull roar of wind.

I looked at Carlo, but he gave no sign. I was fully aware that he knew the notorious fickleness of the mountain and its weather; and Baedeker had earlier impressed me with the fact that the wrath of Enceladus could at times be quite terrible; that, even on a calm day, blankets were a necessity on the

In the meantime we fixed up the tent, and soon had a good fire. We mulled a little red "Corvo," and attacked with some vigour a fowl, which Carlo declared had lived too long. We then laid ourselves out to sleep, and slept so soundly that we did not hear the arrival of the boys, some five hours later, with a mule heavily laden with stores. The weather had already improved; the sun was high in the sky, and there was not a breath of wind.

The afternoon passed more rapidly

than we had anticipated, and towards sunset we enjoyed a magnificent view over the southern slopes of Etna, while the distance beyond was bathed in a pink and purple haze.

The stillness up here was very marked. Not a bird, not an animal—for even the lizards had gone to their nests for the night. The only active thing was the volcano itself, whose clouds of smoke came rolling out of the crater, and coiling upwards in the evening air, undisturbed by any breath of wind. It was quite dusk when Carlo brought in a bundle of faggots for a fire, and we rigged up a lantern light on one of the tent poles. We were soon seated round a cauldron of steaming soup, which was followed by roast fowl and hot wine.

After we had all supped, the boys brought boughs of juniper and some layers of hay, and arranged our "beds" for the night, and as we disposed of our bodies as best we could, in the hope of inducing slumber, the distant bells of Nicolosi rang out nine.

But, in spite of the nasal duet performed by Giuseppe and Giovanni, I could not sleep. My thoughts reverted to a certain cosy club in Piccadilly, and I wondered how many of my friends knew that I was at this moment lying on my back, on the cindery slopes of Etna, surrounded by glittering stars, and a solitude as of death.

The stillness, too, of that night! Not a sound, save now and again the slight crack of a burning log, or the spitting of resin from the pinewood. Even the boys had paused in their musical sleep, and were now dreaming silently.

I imagined myself to be the only one awake, when Carlo suddenly raised himself on his elbow, and asked permission to light a cigarette. I readily granted the request, and was not sorry to smoke myself, for sleep seemed far away from me. So we raked together the embers, and replenished the fire, and chatted over our tobacco. Our conversation naturally turned upon the climb we were about to make, and Carlo was full of reminiscences.

"You will see," he continued, as he

pushed a smoking faggot further into the fire, "a distinct triangular outline of Etna lying on the Ionian Sea, as soon as ever the sun is above the horizon over Calabria. You will look down on it, and see the smoke rising from its crater, as it rises when you look above at the reality; and you will see more. To the north, Stromboli, Volcano, and distant Ustica, will lie like boats on the water; to the south you will see the churches of Syracuse lit up by the rising sun, while down below Messina and Reggio will stand out like white sheets on the borders of the Straits, glowing in the sunlight. It is a sight one seldom sees. It is a sight that I have longed to see once more, and never dreamt I should!" Here he gave a shrug of his shoulders, and looked sadly on into the fire. I did not understand him then. I thought I did so—later on.

Presently we grew drowsy, and the fire became too hot to face longer. So we lay down again in our rugs, and were soon asleep. Giuseppe was standing over me, when I woke at two a.m., with a broad Sicilian grin on his dusky face. He said that Carlo was cooking an omelette, and that our two sacks were provendered, ready for a start. So I rose at once, and joined the others in a hurried breakfast, and by half-past two we bade the mule boys "Addio," and started off for the summit, arranging to return to camp by midday. After four hours' steady climbing, we reached the snowy plateau at the foot of the crater, and here we called a ten minutes' halt, in order to have a pull at our flasks, and eat a few biscuits. Then, putting on our woollen gloves and adjusting our leather gaiters, we renewed the ascent.

And, as we rose, the dawn broke on us, and things began to assume definite shapes. We put out the lantern, and left it, with a bottle of wine and part of our food, under a prominent rock on the route, intending to take them on our return. We could now see Catania—a vast semicircle of white houses embedded, as it were, in the arms of the lava, by which it has been already thrice destroyed, and which still hugs it around menacingly on all sides save





ORTYGIA FROM THE MAINLAND

the sea. Beyond, far down the coast, we saw Augusta, and, still farther, Ortygia. The Straits of Messina were already reddening in the dawn, and some of the houses in Messina were fire-lit by the sun. Reggio, on the opposite bank, slept still in the mist, untouched by the rising light.

Suddenly a cry from Carlo. "Viva! Viva bella Trinacria! Ecco, Signore!" and he pointed excitedly downwards at a vast triangular shadow that lay on the sleeping sea.

We had got up. So, too, had the sun. And all around us, far as the eye could range, was a blaze of light; in the east, over the Bay of Taranto, the sky was radiated with blood-red bars. Immediately opposite, to the west, the sky was of palest yellow, and the purple mountains were just tipped with the faintest pink.

Gradually, as the sun arose, town after town, village after village, hamlet after hamlet, emerged from the night; far below, around the face of Etna, green valleys and orange groves came out in liveliest emeralds; blue smoke

began to curl upwards from the houses; the red of the sunrise pierced the forests of larch and pine, and ran in crimson flood along the miles of lava that lay on the plains below. Far away, the Alcantara shone like silver under Castiglione, while, perched on her proud and world-famed height, Taormina stood out and took the morning, her great Greek Theatre flushed in the risen sunlight.

Even as we gazed, the scene changed. No longer any green and yellow tints away northward and westward; no longer that wonderful reflection of the mountain in the sea below; no shadow-land seemed left, no valley unexplored by the searching rays of the sun. All was a flood of light, a golden glow!

Carlo had not one whit exaggerated when he said that this novel view would surpass anything of the kind that I had ever seen before. So entrancing was it that we did not turn aside at once to examine the extraordinary crater, on the brink of which we stood. A sudden rumbling, however, reminded me where I was; and, as I turned, a

fresh volume of ashy smoke rose out in curling clouds, and rolled upwards into the still air. For a moment, we could see nothing. Then the mouth of the crater cleared, and I looked down into the earth as I had never looked before. Seething masses of lava and sulphur seemed to boil together far below; the sides of the crater streamed with the liquid mud, and emitted jets of sulphurous smoke and steam which frequently interrupted our view. Now and again there would fall on the lee side, a molten mass of sulphur or lava, and occasionally small pieces of cinder, called "rapilli," but these last were very rare. The circumference of the crater is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles; the circumference of the mountain's base, nearly 82 miles. This mighty volcano rises to the height of 11,960 feet above the Mediterranean Sea; and from its summit not only are the three angles of the Island of Sicily visible, but also Malta, far away to the south.

It was impossible to tarry long on the summit; the ground on which we stood was intensely hot, and during the fifteen minutes already passed there, we both began to be sensibly affected by the sulphurous gases from the crater. A longer halt was out of the question. Carlo gathered up the wraps and other articles, and with an "Andiamo!" set off down the now soddened snow, singing "O bella Napoli!" at the top of his voice.

I shouted after him, but it was long before I could get him to hear. I wanted to know whether he intended continuing the descent thus, without any halt or breakfast. When he did hear me, "O bella Napoli" ceased, and he looked suddenly grave.

"Not too fast," I called after him, "or you will forget the provisions!"

"Subito, subito, Signore," he replied, landing at the same time in a mass of churned-up snow by the rocks of our "câche."

The sun was now intensely hot, and we were not sorry to find some shelter under a few tall blocks of lava. Here we had our breakfast and a smoke; and afterwards resolved, as it was only eight o'clock, to have a nap before descending.

For a time, however, we sat and watched the view, surely one of the finest on earth—the glittering line of the Ionian Sea in the distance, the broad valley of the Alcantara below us, the misty heights of Epipolæ to the south, the scene of the strife of Naxos and Tauromenium, and orange-girt Catania. It were a sin, indeed, to hurry away from the magnificent view, the bracing mountain air. But our night's exercise, the invigorating air, and the increasing heat, soon began to tell upon us, and I was not long in following Carlo's example in coiling myself up for sleep.

\* \* \* \*

It was evidently getting late when, starting up from an exciting dream, I rose and looked around me. The sun had long left the zenith, and was nearing the west, casting shadows over the pine forests of the valley; and I knew that it was time for us to be going, they would be expecting us at the camp.

I looked at Carlo; but he slept so soundly, his face on his arms, and his head sheltered from the sun by a wide sombrero hat, that I hesitated to wake him. But I had no watch, and I was anxious to get at his, though I could not do so without waking him, as he lay face downward.

I looked again at the deepening sunset, at the snowy cone above, at the darkening valley below, and very cautiously I drew Carlo's watch from his pocket, and looked at it.

Good heavens! It was past five. There was no need to replace the watch quietly.

"Wake up, Carlo!" I cried, giving him a push. "We must be off at once; we have overslept ourselves."

But Carlo did not move. How soundly some of these guides can sleep.

"Come, wake up man!" I cried louder, again poking him in the ribs. Still he did not move.

Then I gave his body a more violent push, and it rolled inertly on one side.

*Then I saw his face.*

In an instant the horrible truth flashed across my mind. I tore open

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his shirt and laid my hand upon his heart. It had ceased to beat! I seized his wrist, and felt the pulse. It throbbed no more! I took out my pocket-knife, and laid the blade to his lips. But no breath tarnished it; and I knew that I was alone—alone with the dead!

What could I do? Far removed from habitation or aid. Should I leave the dead body to freeze under the coming frost, while I went down for succour? Still, poor Carlo was dead, and it was useless to remain with him now that he was beyond the reach of human aid. There was nothing for it but to descend to the camp.

I took off my coat and laid it over Carlo's shoulders, and rolled the body in the rugs we had carried up with us. Then I dragged the burden into a nook where it would not be exposed to wind or frost, and fixed as firmly as I could the dead man's ice-axe, erect between the lava blocks, tying a white handkerchief to the adze. Then I turned to descend, taking up my axe and the lantern. The latter I saw I should

soon require, for it was already dusk, and growing very cold.

I was terribly unnerved. I had not yet had time to realise and feel the loss of a true friend and faithful servant; I was almost stupefied by the sudden shock, and began groping my way downwards in a dazed manner, scarcely looking where I trod. My brain seemed reeling, and I felt very sick in my stomach. I halted after about half-an-hour, and took a draught from my brandy-flask. This gave me more energy; I sat and rested for a few minutes. Great beads of perspiration came out on my forehead, and I felt very faint, so I lay back and watched the stars beginning to brighten above me, one by one emerging from the vast vault of heaven in the frosty sky. After a brief rest in this position, I was able to get up and resume the descent, and shortly after eight o'clock I could see the glow of the camp fire.

Both the boys were anxiously awaiting us.

But Giovanni, when he saw me



ERUPTION ON SOUTH SIDE OF MOUNT ETNA, AUGUST, 1889

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Do you feel run down, out of sorts, debilitated, weak and languid? Your complexion sallow, no appetite, headaches prevalent, and feel that you are not half the woman you used to be? Wear an "Electropathic Belt" at once. It will quickly restore your health by driving away all nervous disorders, curing backache,

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## NOTE

You don't have to believe in them to be cured, for whether you believe in them or not—if you wear them—they must cure you. Write to-day. Advice free.



appearing alone, dropped his lantern and ran to me crying:

"Corpo di Baccho, tutto solo, tutto solo!"

It required but a moment to explain what had happened.

Giovanni and Giuseppè at once wrung their hands and wept copiously. They were Italians; moreover, they had been devoted to Carlo, and had made more than one previous ascent with him.

I entered the tent, and threw myself down before the fire, and hastily partook of the soup that the boys brought me.

My convictions that poor Carlo had had an attack of heart disease, were now confirmed by what the boys told me. It appeared that he had from time to time complained of acute pain when climbing, and during his last ascent of Etna had been obliged to halt near the summit owing to a sudden attack. This was quite unknown to me, or I should never have counselled the present ascent.

\* \* \* \*

It was a slow and mournful procession that, with lanterns and a litter, arrived at the little albergo in Nicolosi that starlit midnight. We bore poor Carlo to the church, where his body lay till morning, then, with the sanction of the authorities, we took it on to Syracuse.

\* \* \* \*

Those who, journeying to-day through that lovely city of Sicily, where the flush of sunrise is ever carried oversea in a thousand varied hues till lost in the deeper flush of sunset, may chance to enter the shade and quiet of the great Cathedral; where, on a simple cross in the South Transept, they may read the legend:—

"C. M.

"Per aspera ad astra. R.I.P."

For there repose the remains of Carlo Maliti, one whose life was noble, and whose end was peace.



**CORRECTION.**—We much regret that a photo of "The Cloisters," the private residence of Mr. Richard Thomas, was used to illustrate "Round about Bushey" in our Christmas Number, and incorrectly described as "Professor Herkomer's Studio."

HEIRS to Money, Property, Legacies,  
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It is Purely Vegetable. No Mineral Drugs, Colchicum, or Citrate of Lithia enter its composition.

It is a "**DISEASE CURE**," and **NOT** a "**SYMPTOM CURE**" only.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS, which may be seen on application.

In its action it goes direct to the root of the complaint, expelling all excess of uric acid, thus attacking the cause and destroying the effect. Every drop of the mixture is worth its weight in diamonds. It is marvellous in its action, safe and effective.

Prices **2s. 9d.** and **4s. 6d.**, of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, or direct from the Factory (post free) for the same price.

Prepared only by the **BRITISH AND COLONIAL MEDICINE COMPANY.**

Factory: 48a, ARTILLERY LANE, BISHOPSGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.



## DON'T CATCH COLD

WITH the winter comes the cold damp weather so dreaded by those not naturally robust. Colds are plentiful—almost everybody has one—and while not perhaps very serious in themselves, it is the after consequences that are to be feared. A neglected cold will often lay the seeds of consumption, and every one knows what that means in most cases—death, and if not, a life prolonged at the cost of much pain and suffering. People are too apt to make light of a cold as a small matter that requires no special attention. That is where they make the mistake, only to be found out often when too late.

Whenever you find you have a cold, take care of yourself, and do not expose yourself more than necessary, and besides doing that you will be wise if you provide yourself with some reliable remedy. If you do, you will get better all the quicker.

Owbridge's Lung Tonic for the purpose cannot be beaten. A dose at bedtime will remove any cold, or relieve a cough. It is sold by all chemists, and prepared by W. T. Owbridge, Chemist, Hull.

## KEEP THE PORES OPEN

If we want to be healthy, one of the most important things that we have to

do is to keep the pores of the skin open. By doing this we allow the effete matter in our bodies to escape, that otherwise enters into the blood and contaminates it. Those who do not take much exercise especially need to be careful, as their pores are bound to be closed, unless kept open by hot baths.

A great luxury, which if better known should and would be in every household, is the Thermal Bath Cabinet, really a portable Turkish bath, the management of which is so simple that every one can understand it. The price, too, is within the reach of every one, commencing from 25s.

These baths can be seen at the L. P. Century Thermal Baths Cabinet Co., Regent House, Regent Street, London, W.

## SOMETHING NEW

I SAW a new trunk the other day and was charmed, it was just the thing I had been wanting for a long time. I had it pictured in my eye and had visions of having it made to order if the expense would not be too great, when suddenly I came across it and found it precisely as I had pictured it, perfect in every detail. About the best way of describing it would be to call it a miniature chest-of-drawers contained in a trunk, with a place for everything and anything. You always know exactly where to lay your hands on what may be wanted. How

different from the old variety; many a time to my cost, I remember, have I vainly rummaged, trying to find something, and not succeeding, have had to turn the whole contents out before doing so and pack them all up again afterwards.

And in addition to the pleasure of knowing where your things are, is as strong as the old kind, and the price within the reach of all. They are sold by L. J. Foot & Sons, 171, New Bond Street, London, W.

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### AN EVERYDAY AFFAIR

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WHEN we feel seriously ill, the first thing we generally do is to go to a doctor to find out what is the matter, and when he tells us, follow his advice and hope soon to be better.

But more often than not, though feeling far from well, we cannot call ourselves seriously ill, or at last bad enough in our opinion to need a doctor, and we hope and trust that it will be only a matter of a few days before we are about again feeling as well as ever.

And though this may sometimes happen, as we hope and pray for, more often instead, very slowly almost imperceptibly but none the less surely, we grow worse and in time become chronic invalids, unable to participate in any of life's enjoyments, formerly so dear to us, doomed to pass the remainder of our days in an existence from which all pleasure has been eliminated, and this is the fate of those troubled with Chronic Indigestion.

No other disease that afflicts the human race causes a tithe of the misery that this one does. Failures in business, through lack of being able to give the necessary effort to attain success; unhappiness in married life, and the breaking of life long friendships—these are only a few of the many evils due to an irritability of temperament caused by this dreadful complaint.

When we realise this, and trace as we do the cause directly to its source, Indigestion, we are at least forewarned as to

what to expect, should we be unfortunate enough to be numbered among its victims.

But if we are careful there is very little cause for alarm. It is only when neglected that indigestion becomes dangerous. If attended to in time, it is easily cured, and a great deal of pain and misery prevented.

At the first symptoms of an attack a reliable specific should be immediately taken. This will be found in Orain Tablets, an ideal remedy for this complaint. It is put up in a most convenient form, in small tablets that can easily be carried in one's pocket, and is always there when wanted.

It is no patent remedy or cure for everything, but it does what it is meant to do, and that is, cures indigestion, and is simply the prescription of an eminent doctor who found it so successful in his private practice that he determined the public at large should participate in its benefits; and that they appreciate the fact that it is a reliable remedy that can be trusted to do what it purposes to, is shown by the wonderful favour it has already met with at their hands.

Orain Tablets are sold by all chemists, and manufactured by the Orain Company, Ltd., 8, Catherine Court, London, E.C.

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### ABOUT TRAVEL

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WHEN about to travel, after deciding where to go, most people will, I think, agree that it would be most delightful if everything could be arranged for us and so be saved all anxiety and worry, as to routes, hôtels and stopping-places. Could this be done, the trip would be twice as enjoyable.

And yet it is not generally known that this is an every day occurrence, both parties and individuals travelling under these circumstances to all parts of the

world without any extra exertion to themselves other than the teping in and out of the vehicles.

Should you wish to see any part of Europe, or for that matter of the world, on the system advocated, without trouble to yourself, you should join one of Lunn's admirably organised tours. "The name speaks for itself." From long experience he knows exactly where to go and what will interest you best, and at the same time not be too expensive.

If you want to go anywhere and to do so at the least cost to yourself, it will pay you to write Co-operative World Travel Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

that the appetite has returned it will do him no harm.

What he should have, however, as often as he wants and as much as he can take of it, is good cocoa; there is no better drink, being palatable as well as nourishing. It is just the thing for an invalid, and will help him more than anything else to regain his lost strength.

Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is about the most suitable preparation that I know of for an invalid, as, owing to the special process employed in its manufacture, it assists digestion. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is sold everywhere, and can be obtained from any grocer or from the Stores.

## CONVALESCENCE

WHEN recovering from a severe illness, after the critical period is over and the patient declared out of danger, he has still to face a long interval of more or less enforced rest. He is too weak to do anything, except lie in a reclining position, and patiently look forward to the time when he will be up and about again. Alas! it is often a question of months before his trembling limbs are able to support their burden, and if not carefully nursed and looked after, he will probably never be the man he was before his illness.

More than anything else, he requires palatable, nourishing food at frequent intervals to keep up his strength; just at first nothing is better than good beef tea. But after a little, with returning health, his appetite grows and he requires something more substantial. He should get it and plenty of it, the more he eats and digests, the better for him and the sooner will he be about. About this time a little wine will do him no harm, and most probably a lot of good, the stomach cannot be over strong, through long disuse, and now

## A PERFECT PEN

A GOOD pen is essential to a writer. Almost every one has their favourite type, and if by any chance it be mislaid they feel quite miserable and cannot do themselves justice.

Of late years the Stylographic Pen has made its appearance, and is gradually coming into general use. It is a great improvement on the old variety, and no one who has once used one would ever think of having any other kind.

You can carry it about with you and it is always there when wanted, giving so little trouble, as you have not always to be dipping it in the inkstand, that its use is a perfect pleasure.

If you have not already tried one you should certainly do so, and you will not be disappointed.

The Calton is a perfect Stylographic Pen, and can be safely recommended. It is sold for the low sum of three shillings, inclusive, with box and filler, and a better article from five shillings, called the Jewel Fountain Pen.

These Pens can be obtained everywhere, and are manufactured and sold by the Jewel Pen Company, 58, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.



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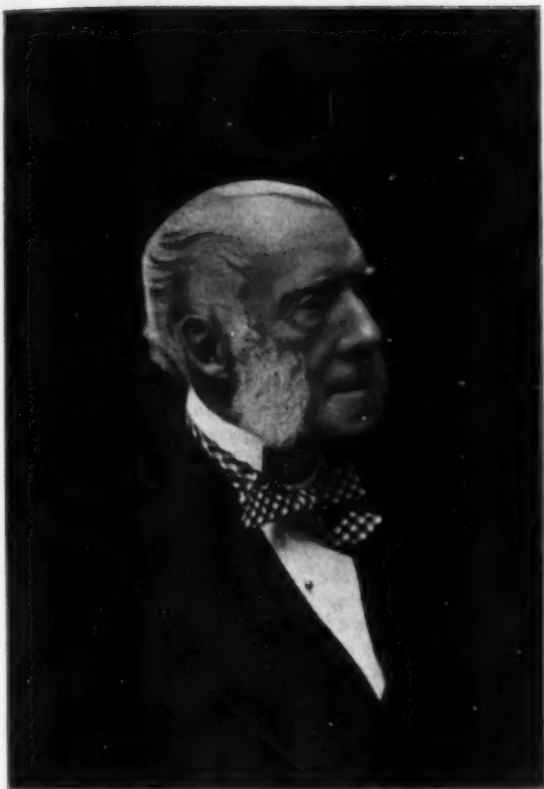
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MUSKETEER FROM THE DUMAS (PÈRE) MONUMENT (PARIS)



MR. CHARLES MORTON

*From Photo by LANGUIER, LTD.*

## Charles Morton :

"FATHER OF THE  
HALLS."

WRITTEN BY ISABEL  
BROOKE ALDER.

ILLUSTRATED BY  
PHOTOGRAPHS



MATINÉE was in progress at the Palace, and the clear, appealing tones of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree were stirring the hearts of an immense audience to sympathy with the wants of the wife and family of the "Gentleman in Khaki" who is out on Active Service, when I sought the fulfilment of a promise of an interview with Mr. Charles Morton. He was, however, not to be found until the end of Kipling's message had been delivered, and the graceful actress had been allowed, by a well-nigh insatiable public, to finally retire. Then the veteran manager emerged from depths impenetrable by the mere journalist, and whilst conveying me to his own particular sanctum, remarked that, thanks to Mrs. Tree's generous

VOL. IX., NEW SERIES.—MAR., 1900

enterprise, the Fund for the Absent-Minded Beggar's "little things" would benefit by a good round sum, since her weekly salary of £100 was being devoted to it in its entirety.

"That she should have chosen to occupy a short holiday from her ordinary work by making this departure in aid of a splendid cause at The Palace has added yet one more pleasant experience to my time here, and to my general store of reminiscences of Variety Theatres."

"And what a huge store there must be!"

"Yes, they go back half a century, and that means, of course, to a date prior to the Music Hall as it is to-day, in fact prior to *anything* as it is nowadays! London when I was a boy

was indeed a different city, from all points of view; it has had time to change, though, since last August brought my eightieth birthday!"—Nobody would guess that the alert old man, with keen eyes, resonant voice and brisk movements, had reached such an advanced age, nor that his long life had been so unremittingly busy as is the case.

In telling of his boyhood's home he says, "We lived in Pimlico, amongst fields and market gardens, where cabbages and all kinds of green vegetables flourished exceedingly; the rhubarb, which persisted in claiming valuable spaces, despite the efforts of the 'weeder,' was considered the one blot on the landscape. Buckingham Palace was brought to its present form when I was seven; Nash was the architect, and Charles Mathews his apprentice. Chelsea, an inconsiderable village, was separated from London by a space given over to footpads and highwaymen, who 'earned an honest living' by their forcible arguments with the few brave spirits who ventured to walk home from the London theatres. The one way for the playgoers to circumvent their polite attentions was to wait at the bottom of St. James's Street until a party not less than thirty had collected, their augmented short sticks and lanterns giving some assurance of safety to the company. The streets were 'lighted' with oil lamps, and the few places of entertainment with candles; feeble old watchmen were the only peripatetic representatives of the law—excepting Townsend's Bow Street 'runners.' The theatres were few, and the restrictions put upon them by the Patent Theatre Monopoly, represented by Covent Garden and Drury Lane, were the reverse of encouraging; the penalty of infringing their rights, as some of the 'Minor Theatre' managers found by harsh experience, being six months' imprisonment with hard labour! Shakespeare was the exclusive property of the Patent Theatres. With the exception of the sundry theatres, there were but few places of amusement; 'tea gardens' did their little best to supply the want. There was a rural tavern called the 'Red

House,' close to the river, where is now Battersea Park; the pigeon shooting matches that went on there were only rivalled by those at Hornsey Wood House, now Finsbury Park; but at the 'Standard' at Pimlico, and the 'Winchester' in Southwark, was evolved the first idea of the music-hall; here, in their 'long room,' were held 'harmonic meetings' and 'free-and-easies' at which singers and comedians contributed to the evening's entertainment.

"My first venture in management was a tavern in the St. George's Road, near the Canal Bridge, at Pimlico, where 'harmonic meetings' were a great feature, the chairman of the evening calling upon any talented guests who happened to be present to contribute to the general hilarity in as far as their ability should permit. They were really good, too, these volunteers, but now and then a professional would be engaged, to give an extra brilliancy, as it were.

"When the audience outgrew the 'parlour,' I took the Canterbury Arms, Lambeth, and built a concert hall, and by degrees the place was enlarged, until it held such a solid footing that it literally stepped next door, and the Canterbury Music Hall was the result. Fifty years ago the foundation stone was laid."

Mr. Morton was sailing along so fast that although loth to interrupt his interesting narrative I felt bound to take him back to the *first* Canterbury, and verify a report that I had heard concerning Charles Dickens, and a picture gallery, in connection with it.

"Yes, it is true that Dickens used to come. He and Levy, the subsequent Editor of the Telegraph, were often to be seen together in the gallery which ran round the concert hall; Dickens always chose a seat from which, besides seeing the entertainers, he could watch the audience coming in. It was as if he could not endure to miss a chance of studying human nature, even for an hour! As to the pictures of which you have been told, they were in a gallery by themselves, and included specimens of the work of Maclise, Conture, Prieur, Gerard, some portraits by Sant, Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair,' and many

more pictures equally celebrated. It was Dickens who gave the collection the name 'The Royal Academy over the Water.' A large supper room adjoined the picture gallery, where meals were served all the evening at a price so moderate that, considering the very excellent fare provided, one might fancy the caterer's profits must be small indeed; but they were not, though! No; those were good old days, when folks dined at six o'clock and came to supper at the Canterbury! Good music formed the backbone of the entertainment, glees and madrigals, sung by an excellent choir of men and boys, being the favourite items on the programme. When I opened the new Canterbury, one of my artists (professionals had by that time entirely taken the place of the volunteers of former years) was a certain Picco, a blind musician, who introduced a little instrument called after himself, now improved and known as the 'piccolo.' He was an immense draw, so I kept him for a year; George Hodgson, father of Miss Henrietta Hodgson (now Mrs. Labouchere), was also a favourite, with his Irish songs. Comic songs were really funny fifty years ago; nowadays it is generally only thanks to the comedian who sings them that they gain any smile-provoking qualities; in fact, take it all round, I must own that the standard of fare put before a Music Hall audience was higher then than now, more worthy of a 'Music' Hall, and less what is expected at the modern Theatre of Varieties."

"Is it a fact that to your influence may be traced the introduction of the prevailing 'turn' system, the dashing to half a dozen halls in one evening, which is perpetrated by some of the popular favourites of to-day?"

"Yes, I suppose I must plead guilty, for when I had built and opened, in 1862, a new hall in Oxford Street, I used to employ the same artists there and at the Canterbury, driving them backwards and forwards between the two, in six broughams. Santley, Mdle. Parepa (afterwards the wife of the late Carl Rosa), Augustus Brahm, Miss Turpin, E. W. Mackney, and Sam Cowell were of the number. Sims Reeves, then at the height of his glory, declined a blank cheque to sing at the

opening of the Oxford Music Hall. The whirligig of time has brought the greatest tenor of the century on to my salary list, however, for he was singing at the Palace within the past year."

"How immense must be the total on the said list of the present day!"

"The figures are pretty big! It takes a solid thousand pounds a week, to give our seven performances—'shows' as we call them. Of course the sum, large as it is, is a mere nothing compared with what is paid away every week by the management of the Alhambra, and Empire, where the ballet and the whole method of working, requires so many more people than we do."

"Were you not once manager of the Alhambra?"

"Yes, when it was a theatre. 'Babil and Bijou' was produced when I was there, and the chorus 'Spring, gentle Spring,' (added to the original music by Jacobi, the conductor of the orchestra) nearly drove musical Londoners out of their senses, so 'popular' did it become. Not a butcher's boy, not a cabman, nor an 'unemployed' of any class but whistled it, more or less in tune, between every sentence. It was a foretaste of what we were to suffer from 'Nancy Lee' and 'Grandfather's Clock.' Some of the airs from 'Madame Angot' ran it close too. That delightful opera was produced during my short partnership with John Hollingshead at the Gaiety. By the way, you may like to be reminded that *Matinées* are due to his initiative. 'Madame Angot' did splendidly in London, as it had in Paris; but when I took it to America it fell flat as a flounder, and to the depressing tune of £8,000 moreover!"

"So for once you knew what it meant to lose money! Quite a new experience, surely!"

"Well, I suppose I am a sort of animated edition of the old saying, 'Nothing succeeds like success.'"

"Which is a very modest way of putting the still older, 'The labourer is worthy of his hire,' for the amount of work that you have put into your life would have been overwhelming to most folk."

"So the folks say, but I assure



you I have enjoyed it. They thought I was going to retire once—when I was seventy or thereabouts—but the Tivoli needed helping round a stiff corner, so the directors asked me to see to it. The tide turned, and now the Tivoli, 'goes on wheels.'"

"And you preside at the 'going' of the Palace."

"Since 1893. It gives one plenty to do! But that does not matter. To have my days full evidently suits me, and to have to work a good way into the night does not do any harm, if only one behaves like a rational being in the matter of not taking cold."

That Mr. Morton has always behaved most rationally is very evident in the clearness of his complexion, and the keenness of his grey eyes, which with his plentiful white hair make up an extremely satisfactory personality. He looks as fresh and brisk as any country Squire, and as unsuggestive of alcohol and tobacco as is possible to imagine.

Strange as it may seem, although almost all his eighty years have been passed in an atmosphere of smoke, Charles Morton has never fallen victim to the allurements of the fragrant weed; he dislikes even the smell of tobacco, so it is a drawback to his enjoyment of his professional career, that custom forbids the decoration of the interior walls of the Palace with variations of the remark, "Smoking strictly prohibited!" There is probably not another man in London who has so few enemies as Charles Morton, nor one whose friends so emphatically assert, "We shall not look upon his like again."

His quiet dignity, his power of seeing all sides of a question, his generous view of other folks' weak points, his scrupulous regard for truth, and his general uprightness, have long since earned for Charles Morton the appreciation of all who have, however casually, been brought into contact with "The Father of the Halls."



THE PALACE PROGRAMME

" O N L Y "

By the BARONESS DE BERTOUCHE.

It was only the ling'ring Echo  
 Of a Song that some child had sung  
 In the hush of a twilight chapel,  
 Where the waft of sweet incense hung.  
 I had heard far more wondrous music,  
 Yet I dreamt . . . . or it seemed to me  
 That I learnt from this child's soft singing  
 What the Life of our lives should be.

It was only a few stray petals  
 From a Rose that had once been red!  
 Now 'twas pale, and half drown'd in dewdrops,  
 Like the tears that dear eyes might shed.  
 "Oh for grace to turn back to childhood!"  
 "Oh for time to unsay . . . . unmake . . . ."  
 And I learnt from those poor dead rose-leaves  
 How the Heart of our hearts may break.

It was only a dim old Picture—  
 The fair child of a master-mind  
 Which had died in its grand conception,  
 For that Painter was stricken blind.  
 It was blurr'd with poor sightless touches,  
 Just a tumult of Sea and Sky,  
 Yet I learnt from this Great Unfinished  
 That the Soul of our souls *can* die!



MR. T. SHAW SAFE

## *Snapshots in Klondike*

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. T. SHAW SAFE

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

ONE of the most adventurous of Englishmen, Mr. T. Shaw Safe, a pioneer of Klondike, arrived in Europe a few days since from a third visit to Alaska, and I was afforded an opportunity of half an hour's intensely interesting chat with him. His first visit to the Yukon was in 1897, when, attracted by vague reports of auriferous discoveries, he set out from London as special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. Alone he crossed the dreaded White Pass in December, being the first time such a feat had been accomplished in winter. He was, however, stopped by the ice not being formed on the river, and compelled to retrace his journey and

travel by another route. The story of the hardships he then encountered would fill a volume, but he returned safely to England. This was when Dawson City was but a few huts, and at a time when the country was practically unexplored. He made a second tour in the following year, but the third journey, from which he has just returned, was the longest and most perilous of all, embracing many extremely hazardous feats of exploring in the hitherto unknown wilds of Alaska. His story is as full of excitement as a sensational romance, and that life in Klondike is not an easy one is shown by a chance remark of his, that "they are dying off like flies."

In the course of our conversation, I

asked him to relate for the benefit of readers of *THE LUDGATE MAGAZINE* a few of his adventures during this last journey.

"Well," he responded, with a merry laugh—for he, as his friends of London clubs well know, is a thoroughly good fellow—"I had one or two rather narrow shaves. All the way down the Yukon we were apparently prospecting for rocks, and eventually one transixed the bottom of the steamer, and we just

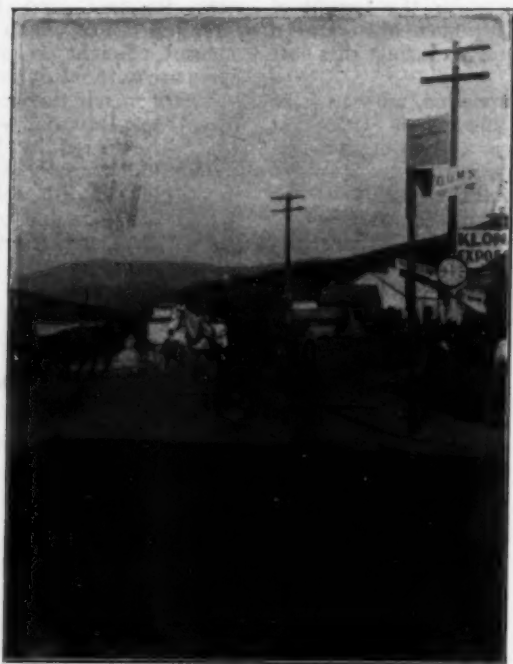
very frequent, and the North-West Mounted Police, under Colonel Steele, is most efficient in preventing crime. They are without doubt one of the finest bodies of men in the world, and although when I left Dawson, war had not been actually declared by the Transvaal, I was asked by nearly 200 men—many of them old English soldiers—whether it would be possible to volunteer. All of them are hardy frontiersmen who can kill with a revolver at 100 yards, while



STEAMER SINKING IN THE YUKON

managed to escape from drowning. Life is pretty rough. Besides this, the greatest criminals of Europe are just now wandering about the trails. Of course, murder is a frequent occurrence, but mostly through jealousy. As an instance, at the Monte Carlo Theatre, in Dawson, within one week, three women were murdered and one committed suicide! Each case of murder was followed by suicide. It must, however, be added that robbery is not

I have seen many draw pictures on a tree at double that distance with a repeating rifle. They might have been useful as scouts. Unfortunately, I reached Washington prior to December, when neither the British nor Canadian Governments were looking for volunteers. They have a novel way of arresting a man by throwing a small steel chain around the wrist and twisting the ends, which brings the prisoner to reason very



FRONT STREET, DAWSON CITY

quickly. At present there is great dissatisfaction among them, because owing to the Prohibition Law they are allowed no canteen, and beer can only be obtained in the town at 2s. a glass. Their pay, it may be added, is only six shillings a day, and they are allowed to have no interest in the mines. The punishment of the 'wood-pile' is most dreaded, prisoners being paraded at five a.m. each day, both in summer and winter, and in their presence the guards are served with ball ammunition, and orders read that they are to 'shoot' on any attempt to escape. Then they are set at hard labour."

"I suppose you had a pretty tough time up there?"

"The trails were rather worse beyond Dawson than Dyak trails in Borneo, in spite of the millions in gold that have been brought out over them. I was absolutely alone for weeks together, and many a time have been almost

overwhelmed by the utter dreariness of the endless swamps. In winter it is different, for the place is ice-bound, and you can sleigh everywhere with dog-teams. But prospecting in summer, after the first hour's walking, one is constantly wet through from falls into pools of water or rivers, and wading through swamps, while the ubiquitous mosquito makes himself felt, and even drives animals to suicide."

"And is the getting up to Dawson as difficult as is generally supposed?" I asked.

"Not exactly. Still, very uncomfortable. It is after one gets to Dawson that the difficulties commence. It costs more to take provisions fifteen miles beyond Dawson, on account of the bad trails, than to take them out from England to Dawson. The latter place is so crowded nowadays that one can scarcely walk along the streets, but there is far less enterprise shown by our own colonists than by Ame-



ricans. All the principal buildings belong to the latter. I would not recommend anyone to go out there, believing that he may make his fortune with a small capital. Oxford men and others are serving in bars, while thousands at the creeks are dying of typhoid and spinal meningitis. Besides, the Mining Laws of the North-West Territory are iniquitous. Suppose one wants a claim, you can only stake out 250 feet; you pay ten dollars a year for

claims! Therefore the great rush to the American side is not to be wondered at, for there the prospector can stake out 1,320 feet, there is no miner's licence to pay, it costs but 100 dollars a year to represent the claim, he is given a free Government grant, and has to pay no royalty whatever. In Klondike many things strike the stranger as curious. The women are often beautifully dressed, and I have seen one wearing a belt made of nuggets of gold



A DOG TEAM, DAWSON CITY

your licence, fifteen dollars to record your claim, or renew it, and must do 500 dollars worth of work on it. For all this you have no title to the land, the Government can refuse to renew your licence, and can also obtain forfeiture, for various reasons, even if a miner or a cook has forgotten to take out his licence. To crown all, however, a ten per cent. royalty on the gross profit is demanded, thus absolutely preventing the working of any but the very richest

valued at £1,000. As soon as one enters Dawson, a prominent feature in the landscape is a ship drawn up at the wharf, fitted as a meat dépôt. The meat is Australian, and frozen, costing the buyer one halfpenny a pound, and is retailed at 4s. a pound! Another curiosity is a pretty little French café on the left bank of the Yukon, opposite Dawson, called the 'Café de Leon.' It is the great resort on Sundays. No, living is not cheap

in Dawson; indeed, I have paid £1 a night for a bed in a bath-house. The Fairview Hotel, however, is comfortable, and there the dinner can cost anything from 2 dollars to 1,000 dollars. One miner of my acquaintance, when he comes into town from the creeks, likes his dinner to cost 1,000 dollars, and if any change is left he usually throws it out of window to be scrambled for by the bystanders. He throws out 20-dollar gold pieces and watches the fun! At the Fairview there are flowers on the table, and every kind of vegetable you care to pay for—all grown in Dawson. There is no reason why the country should not be self-supporting so far as vegetables are concerned, on account of there being no night in summer. Wheat-growing has this year been tried, and found very successful, by Messrs. Achleen and Morley. Champagne is £6 a bottle, beer is £1. 10s. a bottle, and the minimum currency in use is a coin of the value of 2s.

"While I was in Dawson, an aeronaut named Leonard made an ascent by balloon holding on to a trapeze, intending to descend by parachute. He, however, did not calculate the coldness of the air above, and went up gaily shouting 'I'm off to St. Michael's.' Next instant, however, the balloon collapsed and he fell from a great height upon the roof of a house. I snapshotted him as he fell."

"And how about mining prospects?" I inquired.

"I think the present claims being worked will last from four to eight years, and then poorer workings will be worked by hydraulic power. The gold zone extends, I think, northward and right across to Siberia, and that the mother lode will eventually be found much further north than the Klondike region. The only other theory must be that the whole Klondike was, thousands of years ago, a great solid mass of quartz, and

that the gold was ground out by glacial action. The ore is found in most unexpected places. Lately, in American territory on the Forty Mile River, which had been prospected since 1886 without result, solid nuggets and enormously rich pay streaks of gold have been now discovered. At Cape None, which lies 60 miles north of St. Michael's, men were this year washing out gold on the sea-shore. Nearly 4,000 men are at work there now, and the whole beach is staked out for 15 miles. One ship, arriving in San Francisco on October 30th, brought two million dollars' worth of gold from this place."

"I believe Mr. Harry de Windt, the explorer, was also one of the early arrivals in the Klondike, was he not?"

"Yes. He passed through it on his attempted journey from New York to Paris by land, passing across the ice on Behring Straits. Unfortunately, he was stopped by the breaking up of the ice, and nearly lost his life on the Siberian side. He will attempt the same journey again this autumn, and I shall accompany him. We shall pass to the north of Klondike this time, going down the Mackenzie and Porcupine Rivers, reaching the Yukon, and eventually cross from Cape Prince of Wales to East Cape, in Siberia, continuing our journey by Verkoyansk and Yakoutsk as far as Irkutsk, thence to Europe by the new Trans-Siberian Railway. We expect the journey to occupy nearly a year, and shall pass through an Arctic region never before traversed. Mr. de Windt has arranged to be back in his villa at San Remo for the following winter."

"I hope both your lives are insured," I observed smiling.

"Well, insurance companies don't care to take the risk," laughed Mr. Safe, and with a hearty grip of the hand he wished me good-bye.

# THE WELL



## OF OODHI SING

WRITTEN BY HERBERT COMPTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT WALENN

**I**T was a suffocating hot-weather evening in May as Jack Glover stood in the verandah of his bungalow on the crest of *Kāladevi Pahār*, looking moodily down on his young plantation lying on the hill-slope below. His hands were plunged despondently in his pockets, and his face wore a look of gloom.

He was worrying over his tea-seedlings, of which he had planted out many thousands during the last year. There had been a six months' drought, and it had killed more than half his estate. The remaining plants were dying by hundreds daily, and there was still a month of the hot weather left before the Monsoon was due. Jack was speculating whether a single plant would survive to benefit by the rainy season when it burst.

His meditations were interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps, and a singularly old man, with snowy beard and wrinkled face, hobbled slowly up to the bungalow and halted in front of him. It was Ghaiba, the *chowkeydar*, come to make his evening *salaam*.

"*Huzoor!*" (Your Honour.) The

words were quavered out in a salutation meant to be both respectful and comprehensive.

"Ah, Ghaiba, is that you? What is the news?" Jack asked the stereotyped question mechanically. It was phrased to keep up a little fiction that the ancient had stern duties to perform and important reports to render.

"The news of to-day," answered Ghaiba oracularly, "is as the news of yesterday."

"And will be the news of to-morrow," added Jack bitterly. "I know it by heart, Ghaiba. The sky is cloudless. The sun blazes down. There is no sign of rain. God sleeps. And the tea bushes die, and die, and die."

"True," answered Ghaiba phlegmatically. "I warned my lord when he began to cultivate the hill of *Kāla Devi* of the curse that lies upon it."

"And I told you, Ghaiba, then, and tell you again now, that you are a superstitious old man of the mountain, and at your really venerable age should be superior to black demons and rubbish of that sort."

"My age," remonstrated the old watchman with dignity, "is, as my lord knows, one hundred and twenty years."

"So you've told me one hundred and twenty times, and more," interjected Jack.

"Who, then, should know *Kāladevi Pahār* better than Ghaiba? Ghaiba who was born on it, and has lived on it while four dominions ruled in Hind. And yet," he went on inconsequently, dropping his voice to an uneasy whisper, "that thing still perplexes and troubles me."

"What thing? The well?"

"Even so. The Well of Oodmi Sing. Its waters continue to subside. It is a week since I first reported it to your honour. Since then each day the level of the water has fallen by a palm's breadth. And now I perceive at the foot of the rampart a space newly green, where the grass sprouts. The thirsty earth is stealing the water from my well."

"What wonder with such a drought as this, and the whole hillside splitting and gaping open? Is not the very river down in the valley dry?"

"The river has dried before many times. It is the sign of a famine year. But never yet the Well of Oodmi Sing. *Jenáb* (my lord), I fear this is a manifestation of the wrath of *Kāla Devi*. And if the well dries up—"

"—Yes?"

"I shall die," answered Ghaiba, with simple conviction. "It is the water of the well that sustains my life."

"There, there, old fellow—don't talk of dying," replied Jack kindly, laying his hand on Ghaiba's shoulder, "you are long past such a human weakness as that! Remember there are other wells to supply your wants."

"The *Huzoor* speaks truly. There are other wells. But none like the Well of Oodmi Sing. Its virtue is known to my lord. How it can turn all objects, aye, even fragile flowers, into stone. It is that virtue in the water that has prolonged Ghaiba's years far beyond the appointed number. If now this water dries up, who shall preserve a single flower beyond its little hour? And Ghaiba—?"

He stood nodding his head mournfully and inquiringly at Jack, his senile features clouded with a sadly troubled expression. "When Ghaiba is gone,

who will guard my lord's Fort and the Well of Oodmi Sing?"

"Look here, old chap," said Jack, clapping him gently on the back, "you are worrying yourself unnecessarily. All things will right themselves as soon as God awakes and the rain comes. And I've no doubt you'll go on guarding the Well of Oodmi Sing for another hundred years. What you want is a little encouragement in your somewhat protracted duty." He passed into the dining room, and returned in a moment with a bottle in his hand. "Here is something which will enable you to see life in a more cheerful light."

A dull sparkle of delight came into Ghaiba's eyes, as he hastily clutched the bottle and hid it in the capacious folds of his *choga*. "Ah, generous and compassionate cherisher of the needy," he exclaimed, his voice rising to a senile tremulo, "may wealth and honour descend on my lord, and sons upon sons be born unto him! Ghaiba is his slave, and will trouble him no more. Ghaiba returns to his post in the Fort. *Salaam, Jenáb, salaam*," and muttering many benedictions the ancient shuffled back to his hut by the Well of Oodmi Sing.

The Fort Ghaiba alluded to stood perched on the crest of the hill which formed Jack's tea estate, and not more than fifty yards distant from the miniature plateau on which he had built his bungalow. It was known as *Miankót*, or the Castle of the Noble, and had once been a Rajpoot chieftain's stronghold. But all that remained now was a skeleton look-out tower, a crumbling bastion, and an undermined rampart rising from a ruined mound of moss-grown stones. In what had been the courtyard of the Fort, and close to the rampart, stood a large tank, known in the native tongue as the Well of Oodmi Sing. It was a deep, dark, cavernous recess, arched over with masonry, and the waters within looked black, like the liquid in a vat. A curious circumstance connected with this well was its power of petrifying, and Jack had a collection of specimen flowers and other perishable objects, which had remained steeped in its waters until they turned into a brittle stony substance.

Jack was mightily fond and proud of

his old Fort, which—itself picturesque beyond description—commanded matchless views of the Himalaya Mountains behind, and an undulating valley stretching away for miles and miles in front. Legend and tradition clustered thickly round the crumbling old walls that stood on the hill of *Kāla Devi*, or the Black Demon, and were piously preserved by Ghaiba, the self-constituted warden of the Fort in general, and the well in particular.

Ghaiba was a personality quite in keeping with the fort. In his shaggy woollen *choga*, with a goat's-hair girdle round his waist, and on his head the peculiar covering worn by Himalayan peasants, decorated with little tufts and pellets of coloured wool, he formed an appropriate and pleasing figure in the landscape. Moreover he was the essence of antiquity himself: almost as much a ruin as the fort.

If he was a little touched it was on the subject of the Well of Oodmi Sing, which he revered with a pagan awe. Night and morning he made sacrifices at its mouth, as he might at a shrine, strewing the precincts with rice and yellow flowers. He would allow no one to draw water from it except himself, who never did so without suspiciously peering into the brass vessel, and muttering incantations before he distributed its contents. He disliked people approaching his well, and if by chance he caught any one trying to peep into its black depths would violently push them aside with a threat that *Kāla Devi* would topple them in and turn them to stone if they dared to do so again.

Ghaiba came into Jack's keeping with the property. The old *chowkeydar* had lived in the Fort all his lifetime, and was as much a part and parcel of it as its foundation stones. At first he resented the intrusion of the light-hearted young Englishman into his ancient domain, and indeed used such strong expletives in illustration of his disapproval that Jack's Mohammedan servants requested their master's permission to eject the old Hindu *Badmash*. But so far from granting it, Jack took a fancy to the eccentric old fellow because of his independent spirit, and unadulterated anger, and half out of admiration, half out of

pity, confirmed him in his post of warden of the well, and wrote him down in the plantation muster-roll for a small monthly allowance. From that hour Ghaiba regarded Jack as his lawful liege lord, dubbed him *Mian Sahib*, and treated him with the same respect he had shown the proud old Rajpoot chieftains whom he served in his youth.

It was from Ghaiba that Jack heard the story of Mian Oodmi Sing, a semi-independent Rajpoot baron, and head of the Sonkla clan, who ruled over Miankôt for many years. He had been a doughty warrior in his day, and in Ghaiba's opinion clearly very little removed from a demi-god. But his most celebrated exploits, reduced to plain language, could hardly be distinguished from common filibustering. He was enormously rich, having accumulated great wealth of loot during a long and successful career, in which he impartially sacked every palace, town and bazaar within a hundred miles of Miankôt.

His end was violent. When the great Ghoorka invasion rolled over the submontane Himalayan States, Oodmi Sing was besieged in his Fort by the Nepaul army, and reduced to the last straits by starvation. In this extremity he died as befitted his nobility, sallying forth at the head of his followers, and slaying a thousand of the foe before they were themselves exterminated. There was a horrible story sometimes whispered about a previous massacre of his women-folk, but Ghaiba, although he professed to have been present throughout the defence of Miankôt, would never speak of this. He loved rather to dwell on those brighter days of its earlier history, when it was the abiding-place of mail-clad warriors renowned in camp and field, and the scene of triumphant homecomings and barbaric festivities.

\* \* \* \*

For a full hour after Ghaiba left him, Jack Glover stalked his verandah, smoking his pipe and glouting over his troubles. He foresaw ruin impending, and there was no road for escape. From time to time he stopped, and cast his eyes towards the distant valley, where the smoke from hamlet and homestead was hanging heavily in the thick air,



and wondered sorrowfully how those poor devils of peasants managed to get through a famine year, gathering a sort of consolation from the consciousness of a common calamity. At last the sun set in a curtain of yellow dust, with which the air was laden, and Jack gave a sigh of relief. It was another day done. The short twilight came and went; and the indistinct stars began to glimmer dully. Then dinner was served, and he tried to force himself to eat; but it was too hot, too depressing in the house, and he returned to the verandah and resumed his restless stalk again.

Presently he found himself, hardly knowing how or why, strolling in the direction of the Fort, and turned off the road and up the path that led to it. A few steps carried him over the mouldering walls into the courtyard. Here the sound of a voice fell upon his ear. It was Ghaiba, the *chowkeydar*, chattering and gesticulating to himself as he crouched by the mouth of the Well of Oodmi Sing.

"Good," mused Jack, "the old chap has forgotten his troubles and is happy now. There is a marvellous virtue in a dram of coolie rum, and he has reaped the benefit of it. Well, Ghaiba," he said aloud, as he strolled towards him, "how goes your watch to-night?"

The old man started and turned a scared face towards Jack. It was some moments before he recognised his master. Then he slowly struggled to his feet, and coming close to him, lifted up his hands as one who commands silence. "Hark!" he whispered, "does not my lord hear them?"

"Hear what?"

"The Voices of the Well," and Ghaiba waved a trembling hand towards the cavernous recess.

Jack affected to listen. "There are no voices," he said pityingly. "It is the rustling of the peepul tree you hear. You are dreaming, Ghaiba."

The old man shook his head impatiently. "My lord may not hear the voices," he said, "but Ghaiba does. Even as he heard them on that dark day when Mian Oodmi Sing preserved the honour of his *zenana*—the day of the Great Sacrifice."

"What sacrifice do you speak of?" asked Jack. "Where did it happen?"

"It happened here," cried Ghaiba, striking the ground between them with his staff. "These stones ran red with blood."

"What happened here?"

For some moments the old man stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the ground, his attitude of one lost in deep thought. Then he heaved a deep sigh, and rousing himself, turned to Jack.

"Listen, then, *Jenáb*," he said, "and thou shalt hear the story of the Well of Oodmi Sing."

"It was in the Black Year, when the Ghoorkas overran the land. None could resist them, for they came in numbers like the flying ants, when they swarm from the ground before the bursting of a thunderstorm. Kingdoms fell before them, and armies were swallowed up."

"They besieged Miankôt. For six desperate months Oodmi Sing held out. There was not so much grain left in the Fort as would fill the hollow of your honour's hand. The very stones of the walls were bare of their weeds and grass, that had been gathered to serve as food. That peepul tree was leafless."

"The Ghoorka dogs were encamped everywhere around and below. Thrice had they been driven back from the assault, and thereafter the cowards dared not storm the walls again. But from afar they mocked us, and laughed in our beards, and scattered grain before our starving eyes for the birds of the air to feast upon."

"'Tis well," cried Oodmi Sing, and flung his favourite falcon. The blue *dhons* rose and fled in a cloud. But *Bijli* brought back one in her talons. 'Patrons of pigeons, and pigeon-hearted yourselves,' shouted Oodmi Sing from the battlement, 'beware of the falcons of the Fort.'

"Then the Ghoorka general had resort to treachery, and tying letters to the shafts of arrows shot them over the walls. In them were written promises of great rewards of money if the garrison would deliver up the Fort."

"Thereupon Oodmi Sing filled a great basket with gold mohurs, and bade a man carry it, and his warriors follow. And parading round the ramparts cast the

coin over in handfuls, so that the Ghorka soldiery broke their ranks and fell to scrambling and fighting for it—aye, even to the officers in authority.

"Beggars and base-born," laughed Oodmi Sing, tugging at his beard, 'glut you with the gold you value more than honour.' Then to his warriors, 'Scatter! Scatter!' And at these words they each seized a great handful of gold, and hurled it at the rabble below. And the riot raged afresh. Seeing this, and his army all in disorder, shame fell upon the Ghorka general, and he felt his face was blackened, and hid himself in his tent.

"Last of all he wrote a ribald missive, and sent it under a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the Fort ere set of sun, under threat of shameful death by torture to the men, and for the women-folk nameless infamy.

They brought and laid the missive at Oodmi Sing's feet, and Poorun, the scribe, read it.

"Dark grew the face of the chief. 'Brothers, your answer?' he demanded, as he looked proudly round upon his clan.

"In the turn of a swallow's wing a hundred swords flashed in the air. 'This is our answer,' they cried, 'only give us leave to deliver it while yet we have strength.'

"Then Oodmi Sing knew they meant the Great Sacrifice—that fearful Rajpoot rite which dooms to death the women and children, and to self-immolation the men.

"So be it," said the chief, and passed into the *zenana*, to make known to the women-folk the decision of the clan.

"He entered with stern set face and resolute step. When he returned his chin hung on his chest, and he swayed in his walk like a drunken man.

"He led his warriors to the Great Hall, where the feasts were held. And, at his summons, one came bearing in his hand the bowl of opium that was



"IT WAS THERE I CROUCHED"

to nerve them for the deed they had to do. In silence they drank it, and the subtle fire mounted into their brains, and their eyes grew strange and wild. Then they robbed themselves in yellow garments, the fatal colour of accepted doom, and bared their heads and waited."

Ghaiba paused, and passed his hand thrice across his face with a shudder.

"It was there I crouched," he went on, with a stern effort, pointing to an embrasure in the rampart, visible now by the light of the moon just topping the mountains. "I was but a child, forgotten and unheeded. And as I hid and peeped, I saw the door of the *zenana* open, and forth there issued the women and children of the clan. At their head, calm and stately, walked the wife of Oodmi Sing. Slowly they circled round the courtyard, singing the song of sacrifice."

With the action of a man reverently making way, Ghaiba retreated a few steps, waving his staff feebly to indicate the spot.

"Here they gathered in a group," again he struck the ground, "and stood, unveiled, so that all men might see their faces. *Jenáb! Jenáb!* it was a sight to soften the heart of Siva the Destroyer. Calm and beautiful, and innocent and helpless, they stood. Arrayed in silken garments, gay with brightest colours; their arms and bosoms glittering with gems and gold; their faces turned to the sun. It was as if a cluster of lovely flowers had suddenly blossomed out of these stones.

"The song of sacrifice ceased for a moment, and a woman's voice rang out clear and unshaken:

"The wife of Oodmi Sing awaits her lord."

Once more Ghaiba stopped. He was trembling violently. He fell back a few paces, and leaned against the masonry of the well.

"And then?" whispered Jack, to rouse him.

"There came the clank of steel, and the rush of many feet. A yellow multitude surged out. Madness was in their eyes. They were tigers, not men.

"As the icy snow wind, rushing down from the mountains, sweeps over the

meadows and lays them low, so swooped Oodmi Sing and his Sonklas upon that cluster of flowers. His was the arm to strike the signal blow. But it was with averted face. *Kála Devi* guided his sword against the bosom of his wife, bared to receive it. And the blood spurted out and drenched Oodmi Sing.

"At the sight of it there broke out hoarse inhuman howls and frenzied cries, and a hurricane of descending blows, followed by the hideous thud of stricken flesh. It was blood—blood—blood everywhere. Blood and butchery. But from the women never a shriek. Only the song of sacrifice, fading away, until it was stifled in sobs and gasps.

"*Hai! Hai!* The deed was done. There was no resistance," and Oodmi Sing leaned heavily against the well—"aye, even here where I am leaning now," and pointed at it with his finger.

"Dripping with the blood of their slaughtered wives and children, his warriors gathered up the corpses and cast them in."

Slowly Ghaiba rose, and passing round to the mouth of the well, pointed into its cavernous depths.

"There they lie," he moaned, "there they lie," and rocked his body to and fro.

Then with a look of awful apprehension he clutched Jack by the arm, and peering anxiously into his face, whispered:

"And now the well is drying up. My lord knows the virtue of its waters?"

"The virtue of its waters?" echoed Jack, in a startled voice.

"Aye. The virtue of its waters. My lord has seen how tender flowers and leaves, that a babe might crush in its fingers, harden into stone in the Well of Oodmi Sing. The flowers of the Sonkla clan lie beneath these waters. Can my lord not reason?"

"Impossible," cried Jack incredulously, "impossible."

"To *Kála Devi* all things are possible," said Ghaiba impressively, as he shook his head and raised his hands aloft.

Then he suddenly and utterly broke down, as if the strain of excitement were too great to endure longer. His hands dropped to his side in a helpless despair, and he sank feebly upon the ground,

moaning: "There is trouble here; there is trouble here!" And so resumed the crouching position in which Jack had first found him.

Jack waited patiently a few minutes, and tried to arouse him. But the old man turned on him with vacant eyes and answered nothing. He only moaned, and rocked himself, and looked into the well.

Nothing would induce him to speak again. And, in the end, Jack was obliged to leave him, still moaning—still looking into the well.

"Poor old chap!" he muttered to himself as he returned to his bungalow, "he is madder than ever to-night." And, flinging himself into a capacious cane arm-chair in the verandah, he set to work recalling all that Ghaiba had told him, and wondering how the loquacious old man had kept this story to himself so long. And in doing so it came to pass that presently he fell asleep.

When he awoke it was long past midnight, for the waning moon had mounted high. He had been aroused so instantly and thoroughly, that he made sure one of his servants had done it, until a glance to left and right showed him he was alone. And yet he could have sworn some one shook him. He arose and looked through the house, only to find it empty. Trivial and perfectly natural as the discovery was, it created in his mind a sensation of uneasiness he could not account for. He felt absolutely certain he had been awakened by some one shaking him.

Perplexed and restless, he strolled out into the open space in front, and began pacing up and down. A deathlike stillness filled the sweltering air, and even the insects of the night were dumb. The earthy smell of dust reeked in the atmosphere, sour as a London fog. The stones and rocks scattered about exhaled the heat they had absorbed during the day. Under his tread the grass cracked and snapped crisply. A sense of unrest and apprehension, which he could not explain, began to oppress Jack painfully.

"Hullo! What's that?" he suddenly ejaculated, as he found himself involuntarily lurching forward. "Who

pushed me? Hang it—there I go again! There's something queer about this. I shall be hearing the Voices of the Well next, and seeing the ghosts of old Oodmi Sing's women-folk."

Instinctively he glanced towards the Fort, with a look of half-superstitious expectation on his face. Even as he did so, there came from the earth beneath him a low rumbling sound, and the ground began to tremble and oscillate violently. The next instant his eyes were riveted in a paralysis of astonishment on the look-out tower. It was swaying to and fro like the masts of a ship at anchor. Then, with a sudden lurch, it toppled and fell. Simultaneously there came a crash behind him, and he leaped round just in time to see his bungalow collapsing like a house of cards.

"My God! what an earthquake!" he gasped, spellbound in helpless horror. His teeth chattered, his brow was drenched with cold perspiration, a vertigo of giddiness seized him, and he felt he had lost all power of voluntary movement. For a full minute he stood, swaying to and fro on the oscillating ground, until the wave gradually passed by.

When his self-control returned, he cautiously approached the wreck of his bungalow, and stood gazing at it in a witless way. Then he shouted for his servants, but none answered him. Rushing to the back, where their huts stood, he found all levelled to the ground. Again he called, but without avail. In a panic of desperation he began to quarry away at the ruins, only to convince himself that instantaneous death had overwhelmed them.

The despair of loneliness shook him. Was he the only person left alive on *Kāladevi*? He remembered Ghaiba, and dashed towards the Fort. As he neared it, he caught the faint sound of trickling water. Picking his way over the newly-littered ground, he mounted the foundations of the wall, and stood peering into the gloom. In front of him, where formerly the courtyard stretched, a huge black chasm gaped. The whole of the rampart had fallen away, carrying with it the bastion and Ghaiba's hut, and half of the Well of



Oodmi Sing, from which the water was still draining away through the débris.

"Ghaiba!" he called out hoarsely, "Ghaiba, are you alive?"

In the silence that followed, he recognised the silence of the tomb. Ghaiba, the *chowkeydar*, was dead and buried beneath the ruins of the well he had guarded so long and faithfully.

\* \* \* \*

Morning came at last, and revealed the extent and cause of the catastrophe. The water oozing from the bottom of the well had saturated the foundations of the undermined rampart, and in the convulsion of the earthquake the moist, heavy mass had started away from the dry surroundings and toppled over, carrying with it more than half the well.

A portion of the courtyard still remained, and making his way to its edge, Jack looked at the chaos of earth and stone below, seeking for some sign of Ghaiba's fate.

Presently, as his keen gaze scrutinised the surface, he became aware of a certain repetition of shape in the grey-coloured stones. The peculiarity caught and arrested his attention with a curious insistence. Then it began to suggest. He stared and stared, and rubbed his eyes, and stared again. Was it fancy—this which he saw, or thought he saw?

But the grey shapes remained, distinct and ever suggestive—shapes that bore a weird resemblance to human bodies.

As he looked there flashed across Jack's memory Ghaiba's last words, and the gruesome suggestion which Jack had dismissed as the delusion of a crazy brain. But it was no delusion, for he realised now these fantastic shapes below were petrified human bodies. They lay in huddled confusion, just as they had been swept down by the first rush of escaping water. Ghastly relics, imperishably fixed in the rigid attitudes of violent death.

A morbid curiosity prompted him to examine them more closely. Lowering himself on to the débris, he crept towards the spot where the remains lay thickest. In his passage the pressure of his tread moved an object on which he had stepped, and a lean stiff arm was

levered up, and struck his knee. He sprang back with a shudder, as though he had trodden on a snake.

The stony arm fell back, and in doing so something adhering to it glistened—something that was yellow, and shone like gold.

It caught Jack's eye. For a few moments he held back, hesitating what to do. Then his curiosity asserted itself, and stooping down he touched the arm with an inquisitive finger. It was rough, cold, hard—a petrified bone, encrusted with a scaly substance. He jerked it over, and as he did so, the yellow gleam came to view again.

And then he saw that it glinted from a bangle cemented to the wrist. The metal was dull and tarnished, except at one spot, where it had been scraped bright by recent friction. He tried to detach it, but it was firmly fixed. Then he exerted a little force. Whereupon the arm snapped in two at the wrist, the bangle falling to the ground, and the skeleton hand remaining in his. With a shudder he dropped it, as he would an unclean thing.

It was horrible. But, notwithstanding, he was fascinated into examining the stony surroundings, to which the arm belonged. There was but little difficulty in making them out. The small round skull, the slender neck, the spreading ribs, the lean lower limbs, contorted in the agonies of death—ghastly but undeniable remnants of a woman's frame.

A woman once, but now a mere shape in stone, with less suggestion of humanity than a mummy or skeleton. He was emboldened to stir the thing with his foot. It rolled over, and a portion of the scale that encrusted it fell away in little flaky scabs, revealing the anatomy more distinctly. He gathered courage, and picked up the hand again. It was strangely light to the feel, and when he tapped it with his knuckles, gave back a hard sound. Then he rubbed off a piece of the flaky substance between the fingers, and in doing so disclosed three rings encircling them.

He gave a whistle of surprise, and in an instant remembered how Ghaiba had mentioned that Oodmi Sing's women-



folk were adorned and decorated in silks and jewellery when they were massacred. Here was food for thought. If it was true, what treasures might there not be in this heap of petrified bodies?

They lay ready to his hand, but he hesitated. Something whispered to him it was rifling the dead. He

would no one else? And after all was said and done, what harm was there in it? Had not the dead been despoiled before in the name of scientific antiquarian research? Were not the museums of the civilised world filled with the excavated treasures of Babylon, Nineveh, Pompeii? Did any stigma of



HE TOOK HIS KNIFE AND GAVE THE BRITTLE FINGERS  
A RAP WITH ITS BUTT

pondered for a little, and was forced to admit it in theory. But the temptation was great, and presently he began to argue as to practice. And first, if gold was here for the gathering, what good was it to these stony fragments of humanity? If he did not despoil them,

body-snatching attach to the savants who sacked the Pyramids? Would he, as a sensible man, hesitate for a moment if this corpse in front of him were a thousand years old, instead of one whose tragic story he had heard from living lips but yesterday?

Then came the most potent argument of all—the rings on the hand he held in his. He took out his knife, and gave the brittle fingers a rap with its butt. They broke, and he very philosophically drew off the rings, one of which he found, on examination, was set with a stone. Clearing away the scale with his thumb-nail, he made out the stone to be a turquoise. Then he picked up the bangle, and opening his knife, began to scrape it clean. It was heavy, massive, and of purest gold. "Worth a tenner at least," commented Jack, weighing it in his hand.

That decided him. Slipping the ornaments into his pocket, he strode down to the spot where the bulk of bodies lay. A few keen glances, a little skilful handling, and he was convinced that on every shrunken arm and ghastly neck objects were crusted which could only be ornaments.

No qualm of conscience now. The lust of treasure-seeking overcame him. With a thrill of excitement, he set to work to examine the remains that lay piled at his feet. Many of the bodies were mutilated—an arm here, a leg there, a head without its trunk. Others had suffered less in their rude ejection from their sepulchre. But all yielded tribute. Every variety of ornament that Eastern womankind have for centuries delighted in were here. Necklaces, bangles, bracelets, anklets, rings of all sorts, for the fingers, the toes, the ears, the nose (many set with rough,

unpolished gems), ornaments for the hair, the bosom, and the waist.

Hour after hour Jack delved and quarried with feverish fingers amongst the heap of fossil remains, flinging aside those from which he had gathered their treasures, and plunging forward in search of fresh ones. His pockets were soon filled, and taking off his coat, he spread it on a level spot, and tossed the various trinkets on to it, until a goodly heap grew up under his eye. And reviewing it Jack thought of Oodmi Sing, and how he had collected these jewels and treasures from the harem of Moghul and the zenana of Sikh, in the doughty days when he held Rajahs to ransom, and cities under requisition.

\* \* \* \*

The simple-minded hill-folk who still pasture their flocks about *Kāladevi Pahār* tell the story of a young Englishman who settled there for a year in defiance of the warning of Ghaiba, the *chowkeydar*. But *Kāla Devi*, outraged by the impious invasion of his sanctuary, burnt up the sahib's tea-bushes with flames of fire, created an earthquake that shattered his bungalow to the ground, and miraculously transported Ghaiba to the seventy-seventh Heaven. Whereupon the Englishman departed, and was no more seen. And from that time forward never was any found bold enough to visit the spot which the Black Demon had so particularly marked as his own.



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MISS EVELYN MILLARD

*From Photo by R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE*

## *A Chat with Miss Evelyn Millard*

WRITTEN BY E. MAUDE BAKER. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



TRUE artist; and the most divinely sympathetic woman upon the English stage."

The words were spoken as the curtain fell upon the final scene in "The Christian," and although I glanced round immediately in order

to discover the speaker, who had as it were put my own thoughts into words, he had long since become swallowed up in the crowd of people moving towards the stairway.

The following afternoon I called upon Miss Millard in her own home. She was resting when I arrived, but

I had only to wait a few minutes, and while doing so found much that charmed and interested me. A room always speaks to me of the individuality of its owner; Miss Millard's room was no exception to the rule—in fact, it told me more than most. At a glance one saw that it was the abode of a highly-strung, artistic, refined nature. Exquisite pictures hung from the walls, but the most interesting, and by far the most beautiful, were portraits of Miss Millard herself. The general colouring and tone of the room breathed a sense of harmony and restful peace. It was a room where one might go for quiet study—a room in which to think one's noblest, most beautiful thoughts.

"I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting," said a sweet voice, "but I am obliged to rest in the afternoons because I have been so ill. I was very ill indeed just before 'The Christian' opened in Liverpool, in fact I was only able to attend rehearsals for a fortnight before the play commenced. Yes, thank you, I am much better now; but I am not strong yet, and I have to be very careful."

"Your part in 'The Christian' was so very emotional, you must have been tired out after every performance," I said.

"Well, yes, I was," she answered, laughing, "but one expects that, you know. I find that my work takes up the whole of my life. However much I might want to do so, it would be impossible for me to take up any other branch of art. I have often thought how much I would like to devote some time to a regular course of reading, and, possibly, to literary work, but it is impossible at present."

"Yes," she said in answer to a query, "I am glad to have had the opportunity of playing Gloria; it has given me experience in a somewhat new line of part. It is, of course, difficult to act with enthusiasm in a play that the critics do not approve of; criticisms are, of course, bound to affect one, one way or the other; still I repeat it is very good training."

"Do you ever suffer from nervousness?"

"Oh yes, I am terribly nervous on first nights; you see one never knows

how a play will be received, and the sense of responsibility seems to grow with each fresh part one plays. For a week before a production now I can hardly eat or sleep, and though, of course, the excitement keeps me up, I feel positively ill."

"Don't you find London audiences a trifle unenthusiastic?" I asked.

"My audiences are generally very good to me," she replied, "but sometimes I would give worlds to hear a hearty laugh from the stalls during a really humorous scene. I do not say that the situation does not strike them as being humorous, but if only they would give vent to their feelings occasionally, it would make such a lot of difference to us. In the provinces audiences show their feelings much more freely."

"I cannot help liking 'The Christian,' despite the critics," I said. "Personally I never enjoyed a play more in my life. You proved my ideal 'Gloria,' and since seeing you in the part I have been able to think of you as no one else. But what was your favourite character among the many you have played?"

"I think 'Rosamund' in Mr. Grundy's 'Sowing the Wind,' and dear 'Lady Ursula.' And I also loved the part of 'Princess Flavia' in 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' I felt the character through and through as it were. 'Flavia' was so absolutely consistent, so real, that I could not do otherwise than lose myself in the part. I enjoyed playing 'Ursula' immensely; she was a delightful character, although up till then I had had no experience in comedy."

"I remember how greatly you impressed me as 'Portia' in 'Julius Cæsar,' I said; "the superb dignity of 'Portia' suited you so admirably."

"Yes, it was a grand part, although of so little importance to the play. I have always loved acting," she continued, "in fact, I have wanted to act since the time I was a child in short petticoats. My father, who was Professor of Elocution at the Royal Academy, and Royal College of Music, used to talk to me about the great actors he had known, and I suppose his words fired my enthusiasm and made me ambitious."

"I made my first appearance in 1891, when I played 'Juliet.' Afterwards I joined Mr. Fred. Thorne's Repertoire Company, and played 'Sophia,' 'Fanny Goodwin' in 'Joseph's Sweetheart,' and 'Clara Douglas' in 'Money.' Then I was at the Adelphi for two years, playing

my favourite character 'Rosamund' in 'Sowing the Wind.' After that I played at the St. James's Theatre for two years; 'Dulcie Larondri' in 'The Masqueraders,' 'Mrs. Tanqueray,' 'Lady Harding' in 'The Idler,' 'Blanche Chilworth' in 'Liberty Hall,' 'Lois' in 'The Divided



MISS EVELYN MILLARD

*From Photo by R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE*

'Constance' in 'The Trumpet Call,' 'Alice Lee' in 'The White Rose,' 'Sybil Garfield' in 'The Lights of Home,' 'Polly Fletcher' in 'The Lost Paradise,' and 'Lady Mildred Dashwood' in 'The Black Domino.' In 1894 I joined Mr. Comyns Carr's Company, when I played

Way,' 'Princess Flavia' in 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' These two years at the St. James's did me more good than all my previous experience. Mr. Alexander taught me a very great deal, and though at the time his corrections used to fret me and make me rather downhearted,



now that I look back I see how right he was, and I feel nothing but gratitude to him. During my second season with him we played 'Liberty Hall' at Balmoral before Her Majesty. I look upon that episode as quite the most pleasant of my theatrical career. We were treated with the utmost consideration; we heard afterwards that the Queen had herself inspected our dressing rooms to see that they were comfortable. We wandered about the grounds in the afternoon, and were photographed there. After the performance we were all presented to Her Majesty. I had a very pretty red enamel and diamond brooch sent to me, which of course I value very much.

"After a little interval I had a season with Mr. Tree, playing 'Portia' in 'Julius Cæsar'; then I joined Mr. Charles Frohman, to play 'Ursula' in 'The Adventures' of Lady Ursula."

"And now will you tell me something about 'Miss Hobbs'?" I asked.

"Well, it is a dear little piece, very bright, and I think just what audiences want at the present moment, when everything and everybody around one is in such a terrible state of depression. Personally, although 'Miss Hobbs' is not the sort of part with which I have been associated, I feel it is a relief to be playing her after all the hard work I have been lately accustomed to. Mind you, I don't say I should always like to do such light work, in fact I should dislike it very much; but just at present it forms a contrast, which I think is always good for one, and one can go back again with fresh impetus to more serious work. Then the piece goes so brightly, and the audience seem so thoroughly to enjoy it, that it is quite cheering to hear them. I should think it bids fair to be a great success and enjoy a long run."

"Can you tell me anything about your future plans?"

"Well, I have decided nothing beyond this present season with Mr. Frohman. I am very happy under his management; I have never been more comfortable; but of course, if one is ambitious, one's chief thought is for the parts. One of

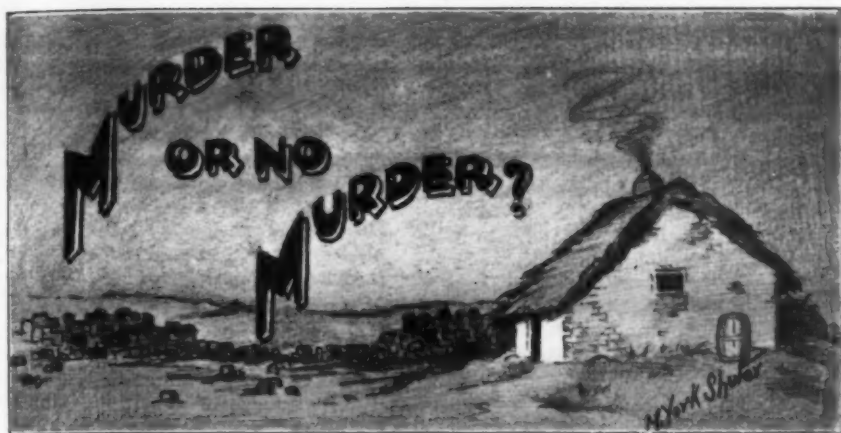
my chief ambitions is to play a fine Shakesperian part; I shall not rest until it is realised, but of course it may mean waiting for some time. I think if I could play 'Rosalind,' 'Viola,' 'Portia,' and 'Juliet' before a London audience I should die happy. I don't want much, do I? Speaking of 'Juliet' reminds me of the season I had at dear old Sarah Thorne's at Margate. What a good time it was to be sure! I played 'Juliet' with about three rehearsals. One never saw the scenery or the properties till the night of performance. I shall never forget my dismay at having to mount up in the Balcony scene on several rickety egg boxes. I was quite unable to get a steady footing all through the scene, and several times when I was leaning over to touch my 'Romeo's' hand I only saved myself with a jerk from precipitating myself on the top of his head. The bed that I had to throw myself upon was a hard, hard little sofa, and I remember the moon wobbling and shifting about in the most extraordinary way. Still, I was very happy, for if one felt worried there was plenty of fun going on. Now one has plenty of worry and responsibility, and rehearsals can hardly be described as funny.

"I don't think I have ever had any very striking adventures, nor any very terrible mishaps. I love my work, and nothing in life gives me more genuine pleasure than to feel that I am in sympathy with my audience."

"They feel it," I said, rising to take my departure, "and that is why you have won all hearts."

As I said "Goodbye" to my hostess. I noticed how extremely delicate and fragile she looked; but she appeared to me far, far more beautiful than she has ever done upon the stage, where she is universally recognised as the most beautiful, as well as the most charming English actress. But perhaps I was most charmed by her manner, which was simple, sweet, and unaffected to a degree.

My visit to her will ever remain in my memory as one of the pleasantest and most interesting afternoons I have ever spent in my life.



WRITTEN BY ISABEL ORMAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. YORK SHUTER

“**S**HURE, thin, it's the Divil and the pigmies and the fairies that have more to do with this life thin the Lord God Almighty Himself; or even the Blessed Mother or the Holy Saints. It ain't no use takin' care av anythin', for the divils and fairies are that knowin' that they pounce down on a lonesome mortal afore he knows wheriver he is a-goin' or wha-iver he is a-doin'. The Divil has but to look at the cattle and they wither away like the grass, or jist to cast his eye over the poor little chickens and they fall sick an' die. And thin, ye know, the fairies be mortal fond of humans. I mind hearin' my grandfather tell a story that jist shows how unbeknownsome are the ways av divils an' fairies. My grandfather's mother was aunt to the poor bhoys who was took by the fairies, so I knows well the tale is thrue. He was comin' home wan evenin', wid his brother, quiet as iny lamb, whin he heard a singin' and a laughin' ahint the hedge. Some av the fairies were peekin' through the hedge, an' they telt the ithers mortals were about. In wan second the singin' became jist beautiful, and the poor bhoys as had stopped to listen wint on tiptoes to see fwhat all the row was about.

Faith! and it was a sight he saw! All the fairy ladies were there dancin' like mad. They had strawy hair and their eyes shone like stars. They was dressed all in white, an' they jist danced an' danced an' danced. Thin wan av thim sees the bhoys a-lookin' on, and she comes up to him and whispers softly in his ear. Mayhap the bhoys was mazed—mayhap he could not help himself—in yhow he wint wid her, an' his brother saw him wid his own eyes dancin' an' dancin', wid the fairy queen's arms around him an' her strawy hair coverin' him all over jist like a cloak. In the marnin', whin the brother looked he saw nothin' in ywhere but trees and green grass—no fairies, no nothin', only buttercups an' daisies; his brother had gone wid the fairies, and niver since has he been seen by mortal eyes. That's proof sartain, ain't it, that the fairies be stronger thin the Lord God Almighty?”

It was with sentiments such as these that Bridget O'Flannagan was wont to regale her admiring audience of unwashed friends, on her occasional visits to the Market Square of Killnockham. She had no intention of being blasphemous, and would have held up her hands, grubby though they always were, in horror at the bare suggestion of such an idea. The actual personality of the

Devil and fairies was a great deal nearer her comprehension than the existence of a God of Mercy. It was her firm belief that the Devil was the ruler of the Universe and master of the world. Thus it will be seen that she was by no means an educated being or possessed of overmuch intelligence. How could she be? She lived at the "Swan's Nest," a fact which speaks volumes.

It was a white-washed cabin, situated on the borders of an almost immeasurable bog. Once it had possessed a thatched roof and a glass window; now in the places where the roof had worn away Barney O'Flannagan, Bridget's husband, had placed pieces of straw matting and old rags. At night a board was put up against the broken pane, which was taken down in the day-time, the holes being stuffed with more rags if the day were cold. No tree would grow near the cabin, and its only ornamentation was the ever-increasing rubbish heap which stood in too close proximity to gain the approval of even the most lenient of sanitary inspectors. But the cabin stood too far away from civilisation for its inmates to be troubled by such annoyances as sanitary inspectors. There was no town nearer than Killknockham, and that was eight Irish miles away. Half-way between the two was a small cluster of cabins which sometimes proved convenient; as the Wise Woman lived in one of them; and Bridget had a superstitious belief in the efficacy of her cures.

What had induced Barney to bring his bride to such a dreary place was an unsolved problem, even to himself; but it was the characteristic Irish laziness inherent in both their natures that had made them remain there for twenty uneventful years. Barney's work was to cut peat into blocks and then dry it in stacks, and the work had so dulled his senses that he almost imagined there was none other to be done in the world. Bridget was almost as bad. Her sole occupation was boiling potatoes or baking potato cakes, an occupation she did not vary by over-cleaning either her person or cabin. She was no pattern housewife, and the presence of dirt troubled her but little. Indeed her only source of worry was the ever-present chance of a

probable potato famine. These details are necessary to prove the uncivilised character of the inmates of the "Swan's Nest." Existence there could never have been productive of any intellectual or moral superiority. Barney and Bridget had lived there for twenty years; Molly all her life. Had Barney chosen a large town, or any more civilised part of the country in which to live, the tragedy related here could never have happened.

But Bridget, in spite of everything, was a devout Catholic. She was very particular about going to Mass when opportunity offered, and she always crossed herself religiously when assailed by any great temptation. Her sole dissipation was the Revival Mission held annually in Killknockham Chapel. To hear Father Paul's soul-stirring words she would willingly have walked double the distance she did. This eloquent preacher, in her estimation, was the greatest of prophets living or dead, and she firmly believed every word he spoke. Had these words possessed any influence on Bridget's daily life there might have been some good in her regular attendance at the services; but they only roused the sensational part of her nature, and awoke in her a terrible dread of the future life to which she was hurrying. Father Paul's words, soul-stirring as they were, did not teach her either to speak the truth or to resist the alluring delights of the "craythure." Poor Bridget; often would she walk home with the tears streaming down her cheeks at the thought of the Devil and his malignant spite. Father Paul said that he spent his time trampling on the heads of those unfortunate beings who had been forced to make his home theirs also, and that no human mind could comprehend the awful miseries laid up in store for unrepentant sinners, or conceive any idea of the heat of the fires the Devil kindled with his own hands—fires fiercer a hundredfold than the fiercest of earthly furnaces. He possessed a vivid imagination, which, with an ultra-Calvinistic turn of opinion, was useful to him as a mission preacher. Unfortunately his hearers deemed his words the words of the Church, and therefore to be believed in all their

awfulness. Even Purgatory, with its penal fires and probable chance of escape, was drawn with such lurid vividness that had Dante been there to hear he would certainly have shuddered. And for even the best on earth there must be Purgatory.

It was shortly after one of these Revival Missions that Barney fell ill. It was nearing Christmas, and the money which might have been spent in a better dinner for that day had to be spent in procuring the herbs so necessary for the ancient cures of which Bridget knew. The poor black cat on the premises suffered considerably while his tail grew beautifully less, for one drop of a black cat's blood was worth more to Bridget than the whole *Pharmacopœia* put together. But Barney did not improve under her treatment. He was not a pleasant person to look at, and one even the bravest would rather not meet in a dark lane alone at night. He simply looked "bludgeons and knuckledusters," but Bridget said he had his good points. "Ivery man has his wakeness," Bridget would at times remark with exemplary patience, "no wan must ixpect impossibilities. A man must talk and swear, and he must beat. It's his nature. They can't kape their tempers." But in spite of everything Bridget was fond of Barney, and Molly said he wasn't "bad as fathers wint!" which certainly was something in his favour, considering what an uncivilised specimen of humanity he was.

Bridget had no faith in doctors, and nothing would induce her to send for the doctor from Killknockham. He was an "empty-headed dunderhead," she said, and she would dilate, in language peculiarly her own, of an experience she herself had gone through at his hands. Once, when suffering from a bad sore throat, she had called him in and had conscientiously taken the medicines he had sent without benefiting from them in the least. It was only after a visit to the Wise Woman that she was in any way bettered. The Wise Woman's treatment had worked wonders at once—and such a simple remedy as it was too. Only a bit of red worsted tied round her throat and another round her wrist! Who would

drink the filthiness the "dunderhead" sent, with such simple remedies at hand.

It was exactly a week before Christmas that Barney took to his bed.

"Faith, Molly, but I'm thinkin' we be in fur a funeral," Bridget said, three days after the sickness first began.

"Will I be goin' fur the Wise Woman, mother?" Molly asked, her heart beating quicker than its wont at the thought of a funeral—a form of amusement she particularly revelled in.

"Will ye be goin', indade! If ye had been iverything av a daughter ye would have got her here by now, a-curin' av yer father?"

This was unjust on Bridget's part, for it was she who had insisted on curing Barney herself, and had steadily refused to have any "medicine man" in the house.

"No wan loves him as we do, darlint," she told Molly: "an' no wan else will be doin' for him, if my name is Bridget O'Flannagan."

At last, scorning the advance of civilisation, Bridget sent for the Wise Woman; who came, but could effect no cure. Barney welcomed her warmly by way of emphasising his little "wakenesses," and consigned her to a warmer place than any the world can produce. No words of magic could stop the torrent of oaths and heartrending groans that issued from the cabin in which the sick man lay. All day long he lay on his bed swearing at the Devil, and praying the Holy Mother to have mercy upon him. At last the Wise Woman made a discovery.

"Shure, it's the evil ways of yer father which has brought him to this," were her consoling words to Molly, as she walked across the deary tract of land which lay between her cottage and the "Swan's Nest." "Fur swearin', an' beatin' his women-folk, and wastin' his time, there nivr was sich a wan as yer father. The Holy Saints grant that the Devil has no got hold av him."

But, unfortunately, this she found was just what had happened. As soon as she entered the room the Wise Woman shivered. And no wonder; for on looking at her patient she saw "the Devil peekin' out av baith his eyes."

"Shure," she exclaimed, "in ivery





"THE HOLY SAINTS GRANT THAT THE DEVIL HAS NO GOT  
HOLD AV HIM"

liniment I see the Wicked Wan. Oh, Barney O'Flannagan, that ye should iver have come to this pass."

Her mode of procedure was simple and direct. There was one way of "liftin' the evil" she explained, and there was also another. A praste did it one way—a Wise Woman another.

"Barney's bad—mortal bad," she said. "Words will help him naught. The evil has to be lifted, and lifted it will be, or my name's not Eileen Machree."

Her way of "lifting the evil" was to lay him flat on his back, a change of position he emphasised in somewhat strong language.

"Be aisy thin, ye wicked ould sinner," she said, throwing the bedclothes back with a firm hand. She then placed a penny on the region of his stomach, and on this she put a lighted candle, and above all a well-dried tumbler.

"Do ye feel yer skin drawin' up?" she whispered to the sick man after a while.

"I do," he groaned.

"Do ye feel as if ye had been cupped?"

"I do."

"Thin, Barney O'Flannagan, git up an' walk, fur the evil is gone out av ye."

But Barney's illness was not so easily cured. He made an effort to rise, fell back with a groan, and commenced swearing as lustily as ever. That evening Molly walked into Killknockham and brought out the "medicine man." But it was too late—Barney's time had come—Barney had to die—there was no more hope for Barney O'Flannagan.

The next day was Christmas Eve, and Molly sat dutifully by the bedside watching. She was a pretty girl, with the characteristic Irish eyes heavily fringed with dark eyelashes. If the truth were known, her thoughts were more with the finery she had intended wearing at the early morning Mass the next day than with her dying father. The thought of the Mass roused the religious instinct dormant in

her, and made her glance at the man lying, groaning pitifully, on the bed. The look on his face filled her with a sudden fear. Molly, too, had listened to Father Paul's soul-stirring words only a short fortnight ago.

"Father," she said solemnly, "ye're goin' to die, ye are. The Wise Woman from Clondore and the 'medicine man' from Killknockham telled it to me an' mother this blessed marnin'. The praste says ye'd better make yer peace wid God. Ye've been bad, father, a rale bad man. Ye've thought more av the 'craythure' thin av God or the Holy Mother. May the Blessed Saints pre-sarve yer sowl from destruction, father—may—"

Molly stopped abruptly. A sudden thought entered her mind, and she rose with crimson cheeks and dilating eyes. It was Christmas Eve, and her father was dying. The memory of an old superstition brought by her mother from West Meath rushed through her mind—for those who die as the clock is



striking midnight on the Eve of Christmas there is no Purgatory.

Later on she returned to the bedside, her duty pressing heavily on her mind.

"Father," she said, "ye've but a few hours to live. Ye'd better make yer peace wid God. There's Hell, father, an' there's iverlastin' fire. There's Purgatory, where ye've got to work penance; and there's Heaven, father, where the Blessed Mother is. But it's to Purgatory all must go. Arrah! thin, lie still—lie still."

The sick man moaned in pain and sank into unconsciousness. The time for preaching was over.

"Mother," said Molly, late that evening, "hould yer row an' listen."

Bridget threw the apron she wore over her head and howled more loudly than ever.

"Hould yer row an' listen," interrupted Molly undutifully. "The Blessed Saints have sent their comfort. 'Tis Christmas Eve."

"Shure enough it is," sobbed Bridget. "'Tis twenty year come to-morrow since—"

"Och, faith! have done wid yer rememberings. Have yer thought 'tis Christmas Eve?"

"Faith, thin, I have. Ah, my darlint, is it ye that is mad? What mane ye by 'tis Christmas Eve?"

"Did the docther say as father would niver be well, mother?"

"That shure enough he did, my darlint. Och, Barney, my heart's darlint, stay wid me!—stay wid me!"

"Whin will it be, mother?"

"Maybe in a few minutes—maybe in a few hours; leastways, Molly, darlint, yer father must die—he wan't be here to-morrow marnin'."

"Was he sartain shure?"

"He was shure enough, asthore! 'There's no hope fur him, Mrs. O'Flannagan,' he says—'no hope at all. Die he must afore the marnin's light?'"

"Thin, mother, take comfort. 'Tis Christmas Eve."

"Faith, an' fwhat's the matter wid the girl! Do ye want to drive me crazy wid yer words? Yer lazy lout av a darter, fwhat mane yer by repatin' 'tis Christmas Eve?' Ye'll no be wearin' yer new ribbons, I'm thinkin'."

"I was no' thinkin' av my claites, mother. Have yer forgotten about Christmas Eve?"

Bridget rose—her hand uplifted. The child was "craz'd" sure enough. The evil from out of her father was entering into her. But the hand she held up remained uplifted, for on Molly's face a look of wonder and rapture was passing.

"Mother, don't ye mind," she said in slow distinct tones, "thim as dies whin the clock is strikin' twelve on Christmas Eve goes straight into the joys av Hiven—straight to the feet av the Blessed Virgin. Fur thim, mother, ye know there is no Purgatory."

Bridget's arm dropped down to her side once more, while a gleam of intelligent comprehension passed across her heavy features.

"Ye're jist the blessedest child livin'. The Holy Saints grant that father may not die too soon."

Late that evening Bridget sat holding her husband's hand in hers, anxiously scanning his paling face. She was sad at heart, poor woman, for it was a matter of custom and religion that no man should pass away with only his family around him. But Barney's friends were few and far between; and as influenza was raging, many of those few were themselves laid up. Both priests and doctors had their work cut out for them. So it came to pass that only his wife and daughter were there to see Barney O'Flannagan die.

Molly sat at the foot of the bed, her eyes gleaming with excitement. Her father was dying, and they were going to have a funeral. She kept glancing at the clock, whose hands were now pointing to eleven. Would he die at the right moment, she wondered. Oh, what a difference that one right moment would make to the future awaiting him! All the dramatic instinct within her was at work on the vivid contrast presented by the two pictures before her eyes. On the one side Heaven and all its brightness, its joys, its happiness; on the other, Purgatory, with its penal fires and unending list of penances, its miseries, its pains. Molly, in her rough way, loved her father, and wished to spare him this.

Come what might, he must die at the right moment.

"Mother," she whispered, "is he dead?"

"Indade, no, my darlint, the breath is in him still. May the Saints above have pity! 'Tis anither hour to midnight, thin."

The time passed slowly by, the minute hand went slowly round—now past the quarter—now past the half-hour. The wind outside was drifting the snow in under the door, and it was bitterly cold, for the fire had gone out. Both watchers were too intent on thinking of the issue of the next few minutes to move from the bedside. It was a quarter to twelve now, and the sick man stirred and moaned. Was it a reality, or was it only fancy that made Molly imagine he seemed stronger. Her heart began to beat furiously. As the man must die, he must die at the right moment—just as the clock was striking twelve!

"Mother, he's stronger," she cried tearfully, as her father stirred once more.

"He can't live, Molly, my darlint. His sickness must kill him in time. The Wise Woman telt it to me and the 'medicine man.'"

Five minutes later and Barney was still alive, and five minutes later there was still no sign of immediate death. Then Bridget rose.

"My darlint," she whispered, "ye love yer ould father, don't ye?"

"I do, mother."

"Thin——"

Bridget turned and looked at Molly, and Molly understood the full meaning of that look and of that single word.

Both were standing near the bed now. As the seconds went quickly on both heads drooped lower and lower—both minds were strung to their tightest tension. But still the dying man's breath did not cease; there was an ominous rattle in his throat; his hand



"MOLLY RAISED THE PILLOW"

was no colder now than it had been half an hour before. Then slowly the clock began to strike the hour of twelve—and the man was breathing still. There was no time to lose, the strokes followed each other with a sure and distinct sound.

One! Molly started and stood erect.

Two! Molly went round to the head of the bed, and the dying man sighed.

Three! Molly looked at her mother, and Bridget looked at her.

Four! Bridget nodded, and Molly drew the pillow from under her dying father's head.

Five! Molly raised the pillow—and . . . .

The pendulum swung from side to side as the seconds went on and the clock continued to strike.

Six! The wind beat furiously against the door and mingled its sound with the moans in the room.

Seven!

Eight!

Nine!

Ten!

Eleven! Twelve!

A great and awful silence! It was Christmas morning, and Barney O'Flannagan was dead!



From a Photo by LAILIE CARET-CHARLES



M. CANNON AND FLYING FOX

## Horse-racing in 1899

WRITTEN BY E. ANTHONY.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



**T**EMPUS fugit. It seems well nigh incredible that the appointed time is once more with us, when a *résumé* of the racing season of 1899 has to be written. Yet a full twelve months has elapsed since I pointed out to the readers of THE LUDGATE the probability of Flying Fox filling out into the best three-year-old of his year. At the same time I remember cautioning our countrymen to beware of M. de Bremond's *Holocauste*, a grey, whose credentials were excellent, and, in this connection, it is interesting to recall that on Derby Day the big race was generally regarded in the light of a match between the pair.

Of course the brilliant performances of Flying Fox afford the most striking features of the outgoing season. As a three-year-old he has not once met with defeat, indeed one may go further and assert that he has never been seriously pushed. Wearer of the triple crown, Flying Fox, ere the close of his wonderful career, bids fair to add yet another record to the annals of the Turf. During the forthcoming season he

should wrest from Isinglass the distinction of having won in stakes the largest sum ever gained by a single horse. Isinglass, as the result of eleven victories in twelve outings, aggregated £57,185. Already Flying Fox has won in stakes the nice little fortune of £40,096. Great differences of opinion have always prevailed as to which horses shall, and which horses shall not, be classed among the greatest of their age, and in any case next year will be time enough to allot the son of Orme his niche in the roll of fame. Fully realising, therefore, how impossible it is to form any really satisfactory estimate as to the relative merits of famous horses of to-day and their predecessors, the writer can at least hazard the opinion that the supremacy of Ormonde and St. Simon remains unshaken, seeing that neither ever met with defeat.

When a record of the century's racing comes to be written, the past season will of a surety be associated with the triumphant invasion of Britain by the American jockeys, Sloan, the brothers Reiff, and Martin. Towards the commencement of the campaign, Sloan was

regarded as simply invincible, consequently the prices obtainable against his mounts shrunk to a suicidal extent. Had he not, at the Newmarket Craven Meeting ridden four winners in consecutive races, claiming altogether five successes on the afternoon? Then did not Lord William Beresford's horses and the American form for a long while an all conquering combination? Nevertheless, the vagaries of fortune had to be taken into account, the time being not far distant when the same interests appeared unable to do the right thing. It was then that L. Reiff appeared on the horizon, and coming to the rescue of his fellow-countryman, had in a very few weeks established a brilliant reputation. So remarkable indeed were his achievements that small punters blindly transferred their allegiance to the newcomer, and the soundness of their judgment has been fully vindicated since then. Quite as noteworthy in its way has been the wonderful riding of little fourteen-year old Reiff, a youngster who barely turns the scale at four stone. Thrice blessed with the facility for getting horses home at long odds, the lad has, among other feats, accomplished the "hat trick," the ambition of many an older and more experienced jockey. With such a brave example set them, I shall not be surprised to find other American jockeys trying their luck with us next season.

As of yore, hostilities commenced at Lincoln, where the Lincolnshire Handicap brought out the largest field since Wise Man won the event in 1889. Twenty-six candidates faced the starter, and seldom has an important handicap been contested by a more representative party. The race itself, unfortunately, proved a veritable one-horse gallop, General Peace cantering in a ridiculously easy winner by four lengths from Sloan's mount, Knight of the Thistle; while Nun Nicer being eased, Lord Edward II. filled the third berth on sufferance. Outside the "General's" stable few people profited by his success, for Captain Bewicke's five-year-old had worn out the patience of the most devoted of his public admirers. The Brocklesby Stakes, decided at the same meeting, acquainted the

race-goer with a singular record, Hulcot's ready victory enabling John Watson's stable to harbour the winner of this event for the fourth season in succession.

The Grand National attracted an enormous company to Aintree, howbeit the race was robbed of much of its interest owing to the mishap to Drogheda. Last year's winner, it appears, had the misfortune to sprain his hock in the stable, an unavoidable occurrence which necessitated his being struck out of the race at the eleventh hour. His absence and the chaper of accidents ever closely connected with the great steeplechase, paved the way to Manifesto's meritorious victory. The public dearly like to see a good horse win, and it was eminently satisfactory to find Manifesto following in the footsteps of Peter Simple, Abdel Kadir, The Lamb and The Colonel, the previous dual winners. His victory under 12st. 7lb. also equalled the performance of the renowned Cloister. Possibly, had Gentle Ida not fallen, a different result might have been chronicled, for the mare fairly smothered Dead Level, at Kempton Park, where she met him on 11lbs. worse terms than at Liverpool, and it was Dead Level, be it remembered, who finished third to Manifesto and Ford of Fyne in the chase. Mr. Bulteel, the owner of Manifesto, won a prodigious sum over the result, and was so delighted with his favourite's success that he presented Williamson with £2,000 as his share for riding the winner.

Whilst on the subject of steeplechasing, I may add, that towards the beginning of April there was some talk of a match, at even weights, being arranged between Manifesto and Gentle Ida. Mr. Bulteel in particular was very anxious to see the pair matched; however, Mr. Bottomley, in view of Gentle Ida's valuable engagement in the Grand Steeplechase of Paris, had perforce to decline Mr. Bulteel's challenge. The latter's ambition to own the admittedly best chaser of the day was very laudable, yet few sportsmen are likely to find fault with Mr. Bottomley's refusal, much though everyone would have delighted in such a struggle.



The Liverpool Cup perhaps afforded the most exciting finish of the season, Crestfallen and Grodno running a desperate race home, which culminated in a dead-heat. Chubb, who finished only a short head behind the pair, towards the close of the season so far distinguished himself as to carry off the Liverpool Autumn Cup. As so often happens, however, his followers had long since lost all faith in him, forgetting for the nonce, that in horseflesh as in everything else, the old proverb will

having previously gained first honours on Reve D'Or, Nunthorpe, Reminder, and Worcester. Quite a feature of the race this season was its international flavour. Of the party of seventeen, four hailed from Australia, one from America, and another from France, the Colonies actually furnishing first and second past the post, Newhaven II. winning readily enough from Survivor. This reminds me that after running up in this same race last year, Newhaven cost his connections a mint of money, losing race



EPSOM STAND, CITY AND SUBURBAN DAY

be served, "It is never too late to mend."

The City and Suburban has for some time past been regarded as Mornington Cannon's special property. Mornington, the horse, after whom the jockey was named, won this handicap in 1873, and thus early in life, "Morny" may be said to have taken a lively interest in the race and its subsequent history. Cannon's victory on Newhaven, makes the fifth success he has scored in the "City" within the last ten years, he

after race, a remark which applies with equal force to Survivor, who, since his second in the big Epsom handicap, has times out of number flattered his supporters only that he might the more cruelly deceive them. Onward is our watchword, and we next alight at Newmarket. Here the "Classic" campaign opens. Suffice to say that never was a Two Thousand Guineas won with such ridiculous ease as in April of this year. Although the cause of considerable delay at the post, Flying Fox almost

immediately took the lead and might doubtless have won by a dozen lengths had Cannon felt so "disposed." On all sides it was acknowledged that the Kingsclere champion had come on in remarkable fashion since his two-year-old days. His victory enabled the Duke of Westminster to repeat the successes he had gained in the race with Shotover in 1882, and the peerless Ormonde in 1886. The fillies, if we except Irish Ivy, who played no part in the "classics," follow the colts at a respectful distance, and little importance attaches to the success of the much fancied Sibola in the One Thousand.

It is an established fact that heavily weighted competitors run well in the "Jubilee," or the race would never have been won by Minting (10st.), Bendigo (9st. 7lb.), Victor Wilde (9st. 7lb.), Orvieto (9st. 5 lb.), and Nunthorpe (9st.). Consequently many astute judges pinned their faith to Newhaven II. to pull them through this journey, despite the crushing burden of 9st. 10lb. which the Australian was called upon to put up. A lengthy delay at the post fairly destroyed the chances of the top-sawyer, and Knight of the Thistle, making ample amends for his preceding breach of manners, safely and soberly carried Sir Blundell Maple's colours to the front. How such an astute stable as the Bedford House should ever have allowed Knight of the Thistle to slip through its fingers remains a mystery,

the "Knight" having been purchased for 610 guineas at the weeding-out sale of Mr. H. McCalmont in December, 1898.

Unhappily, the race for the Blue Riband of the Turf was marred by an untoward accident to Holocauste, which alas cut short the promising career of the French colt. Just as Holocauste, following on the heels of Flying Fox into the straight, had all the appearance of finishing second to the Duke of Westminster's crack, he pulled up suddenly and subsequent examination disclosed that M. de Bremond's colt had smashed one of his pasterns so severely that nothing was left save to destroy him. I do not think the issue of the race was affected one whit by the accident, as Flying Fox had to all intents and purposes the verdict in safe keeping, yet the mishap was none the less a calamitous upshot to the sporting enterprise of M. de Bremond. The Derby has now fallen to the share of the Duke of Westminster on no fewer than four occasions, his winners in addition to Flying Fox being Bend Or, in 1880, Shotover in 1882, and Ormonde in 1886, and the distinction is enhanced by the fact that all but Shotover were bred in his Grace's famous Eaton stud.

Turning to the Oaks, Musa must be deemed a very fortunate young lady, inasmuch as had not Sibola and Princess Mary lost so much ground at the start they would unquestionably have beaten



SITTING NEAR THE RAILS IN THE PADDOCK, ASCOT

her. Even as it was Sibola ought to have won, and Sloan's judgment was sadly at fault for once in a way, seeing that the American made up most of his lost ground uphill. The field for the race mustered a dozen, as did that for the Derby, whilst another coincidence was forthcoming in so far as M. Cannon, who steered Flying Fox, and Madden, who rode Musa, achieved victory in their respective races for the first time in the course of their meritorious careers.

No meeting is more dependent upon the weather for its success than Ascot, and in this respect the Royal meeting

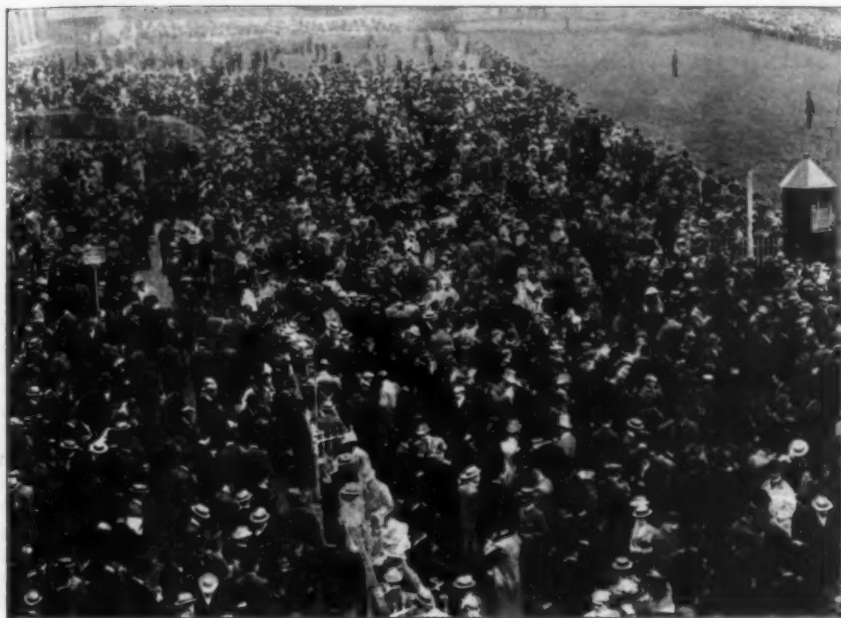
collared and beaten by a lightly-weighted candidate in the last hundred yards. I refer to Refractor, a three-year-old, carrying 6st. 3lb., who gave that likely youngster little Wetherall his first big winner. A couple of days later, and admirably suited by the shorter distance, Eager came out again and won the Wokingham Stakes under the big impost of 9st. 7lb. It was a deservedly popular success, the performance stamping Mr. Fairie's horse as a rare smasher. Cyllene ran his last race at the meeting, his runaway victory in the Gold Cup producing one of the most notable performances of the season.



FINISH OF THE ROYAL HUNT CUP, 1899

was particularly favoured this summer. It seems a terrible pity that steps are not taken to make the course more fit to race upon in dry weather, as, after all, the racing should be the chief consideration, not the pretty dresses. Apparently no effort is made to remedy the deplorable state of things now existing; the valuable prizes offered being in themselves sufficient inducement to owners to run their horses. The *pièce de résistance* at Ascot is, of course, the Royal Hunt Cup, for which event Eager ran a great race, although

When called upon, he simply left his opponents standing still, and the opposition was not to be derided considering that it included Herminius, Gardefeu, and Lord Edward II. Had Cyllene not broken down in his training it was quite on the cards that the four-year-old would have tried conclusions with Flying Fox in the Champagne Stakes at the Newmarket October Meeting, and then what a battle royal would have been witnessed. As it was, Flying Fox had only to win a Ten Thousand Pounder or so, and the



A ST. LEGER CROWD

St. Leger, to conclude his season's programme, performances he satisfactorily accomplished.

Glorious Goodwood was graciously endowed with a spell of most beautiful weather, yet there was a marked falling off in the attendance of the general public. Again, the feature of the racing here was the gallant attempt of that good little horse Eager to win under a burden exceeding 10st. But it was not to be, Northern Farmer at length rewarding Mr. Bottomley for the pluck and enterprise he has shown since joining the ranks of owners, a welcome turn in the wheel of fortune. The unlucky Nun Nicer finished second, a berth she also filled in the Drayton Handicap.

It would be idle to affect that the Cesarewitch holds precisely the same position as it did years ago. For all that, the long distance race remains a prominent land mark in the programme of the back end, and last October, twenty-two competitors contested the question of supremacy. The market

honours were shared by Scintillant and Irish Ivy, and as the former was caught on his best behaviour he fought out the finish with Ercildoune, one of Darling's fancied goods. A gamer struggle has seldom been waged, the son of Sheen, in the hands of F. Wood, getting home from Ercildoune by a head, the latter's penalty earned in the Duke of York Stakes, proving a shade too much for his powers of endurance. F. Wood had actually put off his wedding day, that he might ride Scintillant, virtue thus gaining its own reward.

Ould Oireland secured the spoils in the Cambridgeshire, that handsome filly Irish Ivy holding the issue in safe keeping. So easily was the victory accomplished, that some easing-up took place when the hopelessness of pursuit was realised. Generally, sane people completely lost their heads over that terribly overrated article Oban, a lot of money being foolishly thrown away. Private reputations are kittle-cattle. Kempton Cannon, who rode a cool and well-timed race on the winner,



has now won the Cambridgeshire twice, having previously steered Comfrey in 1897. In this connection hangs a curious coincidence, Irish Ivy having occupied the same box as did Comfrey two years back.

The closing stages of the season were mainly notable for the fine form displayed by Lord Ellesmere's three-year-old Proclamation. The son of Hampton and Protocol was only beaten a neck by Chubb for the Liverpool Autumn Cup, a defeat he quickly avenged by winning the Derby Cup. The penalty entailed by this success to all appearances put him out of court for the Manchester November Handicap, but with Sloan up, Proclamation again snatched the verdict from Invincible II., all three of the aforementioned races being won and lost by the narrow margin of a neck.

Remarkable, too, was the riding of the American jockeys, who between them fairly swept the board by claiming the last five races of the out-going season.

Turning our attention to the two-year-olds, Democrat and Forfarshire stand out from amongst their less favoured rivals, and for the best part of the season Democrat was regarded as the most promising youngster of his year. His victory in the rich National Breeders Produce Stakes emphasised his pretensions, although Forfarshire was unlucky to lose this valuable stake, being badly hampered in the early stages of the contest. Still, as Democrat was conceding 9lb., it was thought to more than wipe out Forfarshire's claims upon the exchequer of ill-fortune. That this view of the circumstances of the case was an erroneous one was subsequently demonstrated at Kempton, where Democrat, in receipt of 3lb. from Forfarshire, was in his turn beaten a head by the latter. Obviously, very little can divide the pair, but believing as I do that Democrat had had about enough of it by the time he retired into

winter quarters, I shall expect him to figure most prominently in the classic races, even should he just fail to win the triple crown. Forfarshire is, unfortunately, only entered in the Derby.

I have already referred to some of the leading jockeys of the day, and shall only add that we at least have the consolation left us of hailing Sam Loates as at the top of this particular tree, albeit he and his countrymen fall beneath the Americans when percentages of wins to losses come to be reckoned up. Further cause for congratulation is also to be derived by Englishmen, inasmuch as Loates has not only ridden many tight finishes with Sloan, but has almost invariably had the best of them.

Essentially a one-horse year, the fine performances of Flying Fox are responsible for Orme's position at the head of our winning sires for 1899. His succession of triumphs are also the means of awarding the palm amongst owners to the Duke of Westminster, and to John Porter pride of place amongst trainers, although the master of Kingsclere is very closely run by that clever American trainer Huggins, whose horses have picked up between them no fewer than seventy-two races.

The Jockey Club is a very conservative body, and therefore its members are to be the more heartily congratulated upon the wisdom of their resolution to give the starting machine a trial next year, when our two-year-olds will be brought under its soothing influences. Backers must surely heave a sigh of relief at this decision, for nowadays the number of bad starts seems on the increase. Lord Durham was the leading spirit in the movement, and his masterly championship is deserving of all honour. Ere long, I hope to see the starting machine universally adopted, and look forward confidently to its remedying many old abuses. We shall see what we shall see.



## BALLADE OF YOUTH AND SPRING



STAGG'RING like some half-palsied thing,  
Old Winter, gaunt and grey,  
Departs, as, blithely carolling,  
Spring saunters up the way.  
Now lengthen out the hours of day  
'Twixt dawn and sunseting;  
The nights grow short, as loth to stay.  
Heigh-ho for Youth and Spring!

The birds are busy nest-building,  
Is nought as busy as they;  
They are mating and they are marrying,  
For Love, warm Love, has sway.  
In hedge and lane each bush and spray  
Is green with blossoming;  
All Earth resumes her wardrobe gay.  
Heigh-ho for Youth and Spring!

Soon shall the vales and wildwood ring  
With many a roundelay,  
Where boy and maid together sing,  
As down the glades they stray.  
Young Love strolls forth to sport and play,  
And o'er his arm doth sling  
The arrows barbed to wound, not slay.  
Heigh-ho for Youth and Spring!

*Envoy.*

Prince! all in turn must fall the prey  
Of Death, the ambushed King;  
But we'll be merry while we may.  
Heigh-ho for Youth and Spring!

J. J. ELLIS.



CHANCE MOUNTAIN, MONTSERRAT. LIME PLANTATIONS IN THE FOREGROUND

*From a Photo lent by Messrs. EVANS, SONS & Co., Liverpool*

## *The Island of the Limes*

WRITTEN BY EDWARD TEBBUTT. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**I**T was the ubiquitous Christopher Columbus who, engaged in erratic peregrination throughout the Caribbean Sea, was the first to discover the small island of Montserrat. In all probability it had existed some years previous to his arrival; in fact, were it not my intention to steer clear of offensive technicalities, I should feel inclined to advance the theory of a painfully scientific friend of mine, who assures me that it is of post-pliocene

date. He has arrived at this weighty decision by scooping things from the bed of the ocean, and by prodding the sand for prehistoric animalculæ, not living but left behind. So it is worth knowing, especially when one has grasped the insidious pronunciation of the term. Noticing the resemblance the island bears to the rugged, time-split peak of Monte Serrado or Montserrat, which lies to the extreme north of Spain, Columbus handed it to posterity graced with a similar title. It was in a

monastery on the Spanish Montserrat, by the way, where Loyola planned the celebrated Society of Jesus.

But it is not to this Montserrat of the past that my thoughts are wandering. It is rather to the Montserrat of to-day; the tiny, spangled island which rises erect from the blueness of the tropical ocean, and rears its cloud-capped head to the heavens above. The island of health and beauty; of fertile savannah and scent-laden breeze. Above all, the island of the Limes.

It may be stated, without fear of contradiction, that Montserrat stands unique throughout the entire group of the Western Indies—surely a proud position for an urchin of its size to occupy. For twenty Montserrats might easily be formed from one Jamaica, even leaving material to spare for an odd St. Kitts or

two. But, whereas Jamaica devotes herself almost exclusively to sugar-growing, the staple industry of the numerous islands which range in a chain from Guadeloupe to the east coast of Florida, Montserrat alone has shaken off the shackles of tradition by applying herself to the higher cultivation of Limes. And hence the prosperity which has been hers during the past quarter of a century or so, when her neighbours, handicapped by the decline in the demand for sugar-cane, have drifted into a condition of lethargic decadence.

What a vision of glorious, unsullied beauty is presented to my view as I lean from the bow of my vessel to scan the dainty island which lies green and shimmering across the waters. The tangled slopes of thicket and fern; the



CABBAGE PALMS AND TROPICAL UNDERGROWTH

*From a Photo lent by Messrs. EVANS, SONS & CO. Liverpool*

blossomed lime-orchards which sweep well-nigh to the water's edge; the little white villas peeping from their screen of forest, with a cluster of cabbage-palms waving by the very windows. As the slopes rise higher and steeper, they seem to cast aside their garb of brilliant emerald for one of more sober hue, afraid, perchance, that they will but soil their magnificence, as they embrace the volcanic mountain tops and pierce the cap of clouds which hovers eternally about their summit. What in all the world can rival the azure of the arching sky, save, perhaps, the waters themselves, as they tumble in flakes of foam over the circuitous bar, and rush with merry ripple to kiss the dimpled line of beach. Surely this must be some island from the realm of a poet's Arcadia, an island of dream and siesta; of dark-skinned maids with laughing, roguish lips, and eyes as the noontide sun upon some mountain pool.

Indulging in reveries such as this, I had almost failed to notice the flotilla of small boats, which had leapt the murmuring bar, and were racing in frantic haste to reach our vessel. I was speedily awakened to a more material world, however, by a rich, pure brogue which assured me that its owner's boat was the most seaworthy in the whole of the Antilles, and would carry my honorable luggage without the least possibility of mishap. I started at the sound, almost fearing that my imagination had played me false, and that, in reality, I was lying outside the harbour of dear, dirty Dublin. I looked down to behold a grinning negro face, with teeth white and flashing, and a hulking tub such as one may hail by the score at Wapping Stairs. Then several more boats floundered round, each a degree worse than its fellow, and again that torrent of quasi-Irish brogue. The explanation of this phenomenal negro accent lies in the fact that the early English settlers in Montserrat were Irish (if the bull be permitted), and their characteristic speech has been handed down unwatered to the blacks. Tradition tells of a worthy son of Donegal who paid a visit to the island, and was accosted in the same manner as I. "Faith!" he exclaimed, "an' how

long have ye been here, me bhoy?" "Three months, yer honour," returned the grinning negro. "Phwat?" cried the Irishman, "only three months, an' so black as that already? Thin, be jabbers, this climate is no place for me," and the next day he returned to New York from whence he came.

Plymouth, the chief town of the island, is quite of the ordinary West Indian type, except, perhaps, that its houses are slightly better built than the generality of their kind. Viewed from the water, it presents a strikingly beautiful appearance. Its white villas, dotted here and there without the slightest attempt at symmetry, are interspersed with clusters of graceful palm trees; its banks of lycopodium vary the brilliant emerald of the grass and the waving delicacy of the maiden-hair fern. From the terraced housetops, thin streams of smoke curl unquivering to the sky above, and to the rear, the radiant hillside is white with lime plantations, or shadowed with miniature jungle and impenetrable undergrowth.

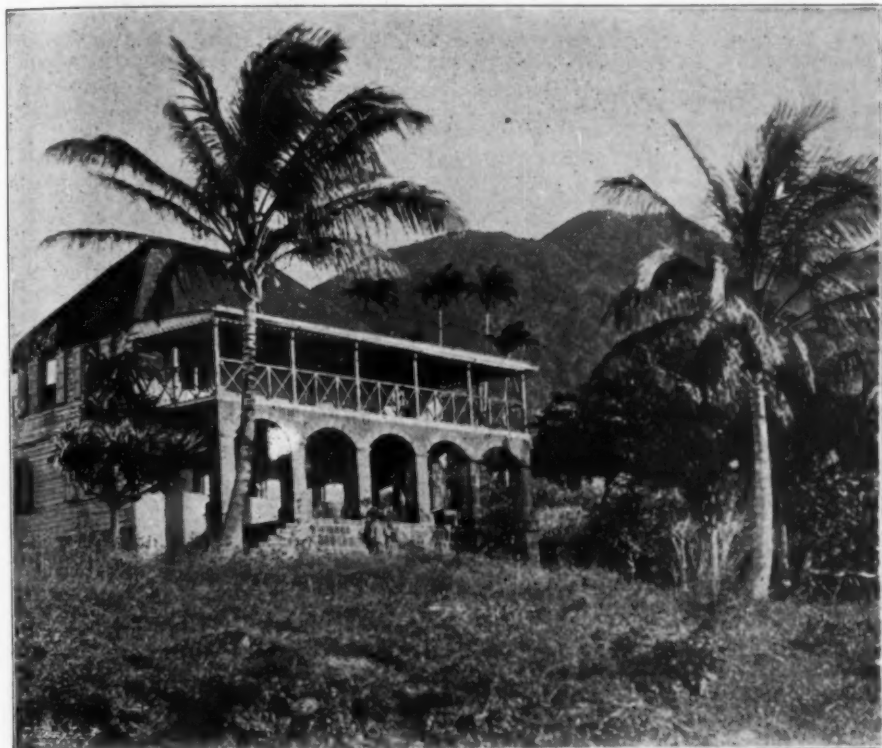
My hotel, where I was welcomed by a mulatto of exceedingly fine physique, reminded me irresistibly of modern Spain, in the fact that one could rely upon meals being served from an hour to an hour and a-half later than the actual specified time. The sleepiness of the entire household was simply appalling, and it was not until evening that things began to waken up to any appreciable extent. At that hour of the day, Plymouth is at its best, for then the streets are gay with a throng of chattering negroes, arrayed in motley, picturesque garb and ever-smiling countenance. The impression that a visitor invariably carries away from Montserrat, is that the negro race is the happiest and best-tempered beneath the sun. He sees but a branch of it, however, and that under the most favourable aspect possible. He has probably never come into antagonistic contact with a seething negro mob, half mad with inferior spirit and filled with the lust of innate savagery—which is just as well for him, perhaps.

The few English who reside in the island are hospitable to a degree. Again and again, I was invited to take

up my quarters at various ideal houses, though, as my visit was none too lengthy and my instincts to court solitude among the scenery which had so entranced me, I preferred my inconvenient hotel with its consequent discomforts.

The principal street in Plymouth, wide and fairly-well paved, is designed after the fashion of a European

and flounces innumerable. Stilted in file between a couple of parallel poles, upon which rests a cask of lime-juice, a pair of donkeys amble moodily towards the stage; and strolling a few yards in their rear, the muleteer gives voice to some murmuring, old-day dirge, as his dreamy eyes roll vacantly from side to side, and his ungainly arms



A MOUNTAIN RESIDENCE

From a Photo lent by MESSRS. EVANS, SONS & CO., Liverpool

esplanade. The houses and stores, each with their overhanging awnings, are of a greyish stone, their most noticeable ornaments being embodied in the leaf-hatted mulattos, who lounge idly by the walls to chew and spit after the manner of their kind. Mule carriages jog amiably along the road, driven, perhaps, by a coloured coachman of champing jaw, and containing an immense negro lady arrayed in a balloon-like gown of striped cotton, with frills

droop heavily by his hips. Along the pathway swaggers an Englishman, his hands in the pockets of his duck trousers, a pipe of disreputable exterior protruding offensively from the corner of his clean-shaven lips. The creole in the ice store shoots a languid glance in his direction, but the white man shakes his head, and plods sturdily up the hillside to the white stone club where his countrymen do mostly congregate. No one is in a hurry; it is *infra dig.* to





A GROUP OF WEST INDIAN NATIVES

*From a Photo sent by Messrs. EVANS, SOHNS & CO., Liverpool*

hurry in the West Indies, besides being inconvenient and quite unnecessary.

It was one of those ideal mornings of which we in England are sometimes permitted the faintest conception in early June, when I left my hotel to scour the island, unhampered by guides, and neither seeking nor desiring other companionship than Nature in her sweetest and most gracious mood. The high road, which trails serpent-like

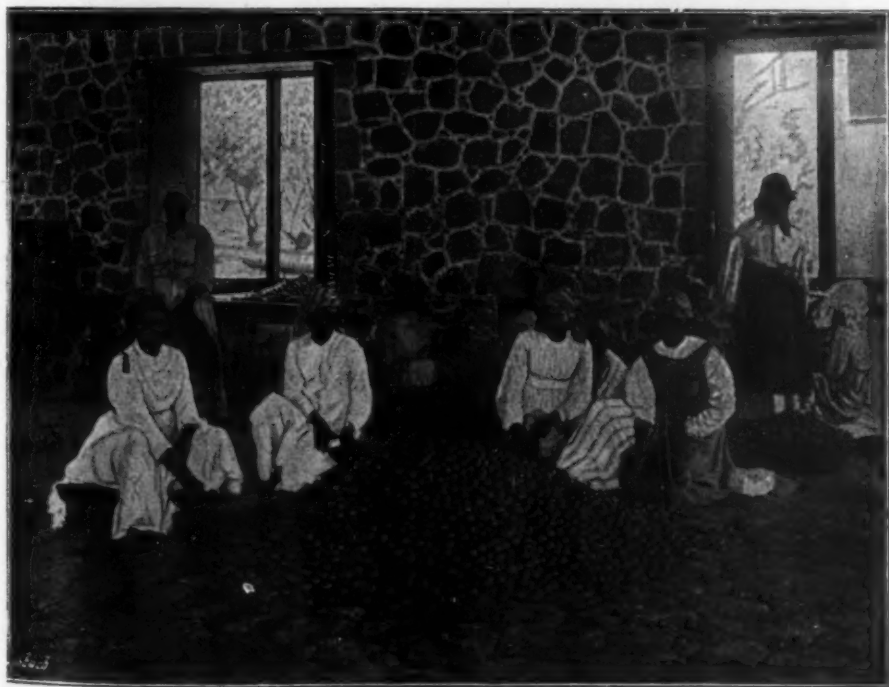
across the island towards Ker's Bay at the north, took me for some two or three miles through the heart of the lime-orchards, at this period of the year robed in a mantle of delicate blossom. The lime-blossom resembles that of its sister orange to a very considerable degree, though it is, if anything, more charmingly scented. A peculiarity of the tree lies in the fragrant odour of its leaves, and I am told, though for my

own part, personal observation is mute on the subject, that these are extensively used throughout the West Indies for the purpose of scenting the water in the finger glasses. As I strolled along, discarding my pipe as the barbarous invention of degraded man, I caught sight, through the halo of blossom, of a number of sturdy negresses pruning the trees and freeing them from the insidious misletoe, which, if permitted to spread according to its own sweet will, creeps like some hideous vampire in every direction, and drains the very life from the heart of the wood.

The lime itself is a round, green fruit of peculiar, pungent taste, three crops being obtainable per year. The rind is thick and tough, and prior to its removal from the fruit, is ecuelled by negresses for the purpose of extracting the powerful essential oil it contains. The process simply consists of rubbing the lime beneath the palm of the hand in a spiked basin.

A regular army of negresses are employed to gather the ripe fruit. Huge baskets are requisitioned to carry it to the warehouse, and these the women balance on their flat-topped heads, with a dexterity born of long and continued practice. Apart from dancing, perhaps, there is nothing the negro so thoroughly enjoys as carrying a weighty article on his cranium. It is solemnly affirmed that when modern building operations were primarily conducted in Montserrat, and wheelbarrows were introduced for the easy transport of earth and stones, it was one of the features of the island to behold a perspiring negro staggering up the hillside, with a loaded barrow on his head and a smile of ineffable happiness illuminating his ebony countenance.

The cultivation of Limes in Montserrat was primarily due to the enterprise displayed by Sturges' Montserrat Company, though the plantations have since passed into other hands. The juice, which is



NEGRESSES ECUELLING THE LIMES

*From a Photo lent by Messrs. EVANS, SONS & Co., Liverpool*



A METHOD OF MOUNTAIN TRANSPORT

*From a Photo sent by Messrs. EVANS, SONS & Co., Liverpool.*

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thoroughly extracted by means of hydraulic pressure, is shipped in puncheons to one English firm only, when it is clarified and otherwise rendered fit for consumption. There are certainly other islands in the West Indies where limes may be found, but these in a wild condition only. Enterprising natives prowl through the thickets and bracken, armed with an unclean bucket and a wooden lemon-squeezer, and any lime bush which happens to fall within their path is promptly denuded of its fruit, the juice finding its way into the bucket. Unfortunately, however, the genus negro is not a gentleman possessed of irreproachable morals, and if he does not consider that the cash value of his day's labour will supply him with sufficient bad brandy to enable him to forget what a hard world it is for niggers, his ingenuity and a pint or two of sea-water supply the deficit.

Leaving the orchards and the high-road in my rear, I scaled a steep bank of wild, luxuriant undergrowth, and set off in an oblique direction towards glorious St. George's Hill, which rises to a height of three thousand feet above the sea level. Above me, reared a swaying forest of glistening foliage; down below the curving hill swept gently to the sea, with the little sleepy town nestling at its base like a weary child who creeps to the refuge of its mother's arms. Away over the water, hung the purple peak of Guadalupe; the azure ocean was dotted with flecks of white, which closer inspection proved to be the sails of the diminutive vessels which loitered idly around the coast. I turned to my path again; just a ragged-edged footway coiling between the silver fern and the sturdy banana bush. Myriads of insects danced in the air; up and down in rhythmical fashion like the eternal swaying of a pendulum. Now and again, a gorgeous butterfly sailed disdainfully above me. The trees sang whispering love-stories to the perfumed zephyr which coquetted with their emerald leaves.

As I ascended the heights, the aspect grew less dainty. I had left the maiden-hair fern right away below me. The soil was coarser and more clodden.

I passed into the shadow of a well-nigh impenetrable jungle. Fetid pools of water glinted at my feet, and rippled in stagnant circles as a twig fell lightly from the branches overhead. I passed beyond, to find the rock protruding in uncovered peaks from the wire-like grass. Cliffs stood perpendicular to the sky, split in their centre as with the battleaxe of a warrior. Down the hillside ran a fluted cañon, its depth curtained in impenetrable blackness. I skirted the cañon to pass beneath a huge gateway of natural, tufted rock, and again a scene of glorious splendour lay before me. Away to the north, the great pinnacle of Nevis sharpened to its floating cloud. Right beneath my feet, a wooded slope curved into a dell whose sides were formed by three charmingly clad hills. The gorgeous hibiscus smiled in luxuriant beauty; tropical magnificence reigned supreme once more. Such is the vale of the Soufrière; the natural sulphur mine whose existence is due to long extinct volcanoes. As I descended, the very earth grew warm beneath my feet, and a faint cloud of vapour rose to the breeze to be carried away and suffused in the fragrance beyond.

The heat of the day had already become intense, so I sought an alcove of sweet scented lime-trees, and, shame to say, produced a flask which has grown battered in long and honorable service. A mosquito dancing merrily along, sighted me as his legitimate prey. But I had anticipated the probable attentions of gentry of his blood-thirsty disposition, and encased my head in an armour of gauze, with thin cane ribs which protrude like the sides of a gorged balloon. An inviting bank of lycopodium lured me to repose; but, alas, as I prodded it with my stick, an army of rapacious ants rushed frantically away over mound and hummock to carry the news of another village devastated by exploiting man.

By-and-bye, I reach a white stone cottage perched perilously near to a miniature precipice, and, of course, seek hospitality. I am welcomed by a young negress of erratic speech and conducted to the living room, where a bright-eyed baby of coppered complexion chuckles gleefully at his own humorous thoughts,

and waves his little fist impartially between his mouth and the smoke grimed ceiling. A feast of fruit is placed before me—bananas, water melons, a pine of succulent aspect. From the deepness of a mountain well is drawn a bucket of clear sparkling water—primitive fare but enjoyable. My eyes wander round the room as my hostess chats incessantly. "Massa," I gather, is an overseer on the cocoa plantation, one of the newer industries of the island. I advance no questions as to the nationality of "massa;" but I notice a few "Graphic" pictures glued to the wall, a pile of books on a ricketty shelf by the window. And as I make my adieux, I leave a silver coin in the fist of the astounded infant.

But beautiful as the island may be when the sun is new in the heavens, it is none the less so as the beams grow

golden, as a shaft of fire shoots crimson across the western sky; when the humming birds dart by the mountain pool, and quiver from shade to sunlight and back to shadow again; when the leaves are stained with a darker hue; when the glories of the hillside fade into mystery and are blotted into the nothingness around. The distant waters seem tinged with crested purple. Guadeloupe is but a bank of mist upon the horizon. In Plymouth beneath, lights spring to the darkness.

So, at the close of the day of which I speak, I found my way to the high road again. A man in a buggy, who overtook me, offered me a lift. He was an Englishman and our conversation drifted to horse-racing. With the evening breeze, the scent of the lime blossom was wafted deliciously around us. And soon I was in Plymouth again.



A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND. ST. GEORGE'S HILL IN THE DISTANCE

*From a Photo lent by Messrs. EVANS, SOBE & Co., Liverpool*



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## A TALE OF THE AMAXOSA

WRITTEN BY M. ESTCOURT AND FRANK VERNON

ILLUSTRATED BY M. NISBET

"WA-LO-O! Wa-lo-o!"  
The cry rang out into the summer night, and was answered by a hundred echoes from the rocks and hills. The fire, leaping up into a red blaze, cast a lurid glare on the fantastic forms of a band of warriors dancing and shrieking around it. Beyond lay the Kraal with its huts rising like dark shadows in the gloom.

It was the war dance of the Amaxosa. The excitement grew fiercer every moment; hideous yells and war whoops filled the night air, with a jingling accompaniment of beads and crashing of shields.

Again it rang out, "Wa-lo-o, Wa-lo-o," and a shower of assegais whizzed through the air into the darkness.

At last the dance was over, and the warriors, breathless and exhausted, flung themselves down in various attitudes round the fire.

"Why does the King not dance to-night?" asked one of the young Indunas in a low whisper.

"The King has the sickness, and the White Face attends him," came the answer, and the warriors were silent.

If they had looked beyond the ring of the fire, they might have seen in the shadow two dark forms who had stood together all through the mad revel, so still that they might

have been carved in wood. Not a word passed between them, not a sign was made until the end of the dance; then one lifted his hand, and still silently they glided towards the King's hut and entered.

The silence remained unbroken, and the old Chief paced restlessly to and fro with his hands clasped behind him, his head bent forward on his chest. Now and then he shivered violently, as if some terrible fever or ague were upon him, and in his restless walk he paused at the door and looked out.

They were a strange contrast, these two, in the dim firelight of the hut; the wavering, restless old savage, with his bent form and worn anxious face, and the quiet strength in the alert, upright figure of the other. Browed from long exposure, his face was almost as dark as that of the Chief, but he was one of the hated White Face People, and White Face he would always be to the tribe.

He stood now leaning against the mud wall, his keen, grey eyes fixed steadily upon the King, watching his every movement. At last he spoke.

"The King is in trouble to-night and tells not the White Face. Listen, Great Father! Have I not been your faithful friend for all the long years since you saved my life, when your warriors found me in the bush and would have slain me? For those years I have seen no other White Face, and heard no voice of my own people; and though I am the King's friend and adviser, I am watched too closely to escape. If I did, who would show me the secret way out of this bush?"

"Yesterday the King's life was in my hands, and I might have fled away into the bush; but the King is my friend, and I could not kill. When the King's body is ill I cure it; now the King's mind is ill let me know and help."

The King silently put out his hand to the White Face and looked long and earnestly at him; then he moved cautiously to the door and listened, the White Face watching him closely. At last he returned, and, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, he said,

"The burden of the Spirits is heavy my son, but their will must be obeyed.

'Mlangeni brings the message to-night."

"Ah, if the King would but leave the counsels of the Witch Doctor! They are evil and will bring sorrow and ruin——"

"Hush! Do not call up the anger of the Spirits. Leave me now, my son, perhaps, I may want you again before the morning. Remember, whatever happens you are safe."

The White face slowly left the hut, and with his head bent in meditation, walked softly in the direction of his own.

Suddenly he felt a light touch on his arm, and turning hastily he found 'Mlilo, the King's daughter, beside him. This was the first time during his captivity that she had made any attempt to speak to him alone, and he looked at her with surprise.

She put her fingers on her lips and whispered, "If the White Face needs help, strike three times on the shield which hangs at the door of my hut." Then, glancing anxiously over her shoulder, she glided away and he was alone again.

He stood still, wondering what it all meant. Why had there been a war dance to-night, and why had the King kept him by his side all the evening?

The Kraal now was wrapped in so deep a silence that the cries of the distant night birds seemed to come from another world. The Milky Way, with its myriads of shining stars, shed a soft, unearthly light over the sleeping world, and made the black shadows everywhere more intense. Just above the line of dark hill the Southern Cross glittered like a solitary sentinel in the deep blue of the sky, and over all, the air of the summer night, laden with the scent of aloes and mimosas, breathed a soft lullaby.

There was no sleep for the White Face, and he sat in the doorway of his hut trying to account for the agitation of the old Chief. It was not the sickness as the young Induna thought; that could have been cured by herbs. Could the old man be losing his reason, or was it after all another of those devilish tricks of the Witch Doctor.

"There is knavery in it somewhere,"

he said to himself, "and I must find it out."

Starting up, he crept cautiously back along the shadow behind the Kraal to the Chief's hut, and looked through a small opening in the wall at the back.

The Chief glanced up furtively and listened, then rose and went to the door.

It was just midnight, and the quiet of the outer Kraal contrasted strangely with the unrest in the great hut. He stood for some time looking on the peaceful scene, then with a deep sigh of despair he drew his blanket about him and sat with his eyes fixed on the entrance.

The fire was still smouldering and the dying flames, which at intervals burst into a blaze, made the shadows dance on the war shields and deadly assegais that hung from the dark mud walls and thatched roof of the hut.

Suddenly he lifted his head and listened; none but a Kaffir could have heard that soft, stealthy tread upon the grass outside. A moment later a tall gaunt form, looking almost spectral in the dim light, appeared in the doorway.

The figure was that of an old man, whose height was apparently increased by his emaciated appearance. A long blanket hung in loose folds from his shoulders, and round his bony neck he wore a charm, the teeth necklet of the Witches. His piercing black eyes moved restlessly, until they lighted on the bowed figure by the fire, then he went slowly forward into the hut.

The old Chief made no sign and the Wizard stood before him, leaning on the long kerrie which he held in his hand. At last in a low voice he addressed the Chief.

"Is the King and my Father ready?"

The old man bent his head in reply, and the Wizard continued.

"Hear then what the Spirits say of the White Face people."

He waved his staff slowly through the air, muttering an incantation in a deep, droning voice. Just then the fire, bursting into a feeble effort to live again, died out and the two men were left in darkness, the Chief with his hands still clasped about his head, the other with his arms spread out and his staff raised in the air.

Slowly a yellow light appeared and was accompanied by a sound as if the wind had risen and was moaning and whistling through the trees. The Wizard still muttering the incantation, bent before the light till his forehead touched the ground, then he put his ear to the earth and listened.

There was a long pause, and it seemed as if a spell had been cast everywhere, so still had it grown. The White Face, fearful of betraying his presence, held his breath, but his eyes were fixed in a fascinated gaze on the prostrate figure of the mysterious visitor. As he watched, the Wizard once more put his forehead to the ground in salute, then rose and, with his arms folded, addressed the King.

"Now shall the King, my Father, know the message of the Spirits. Hear, understand and obey!"

"Sacrifice shalt thou make of all cattle and crops. Let no seed fall to the ground, and the tribe of the Amaxosa shall flourish. The blood of slain warriors cries from the earth for vengeance, and when the next moon wanes the White Face People shall be driven into the sea."

"Is not the will of the Spirits our will, O my Father, and shall we not hear? Rise up and slay! The land of the White Face shall be ours. Now rest, O King! At the waning of the moon we shall meet again."

Once more it was dark, and the Chief was alone. A cry of pain broke from him that seemed to rend his very soul, and, throwing himself to the ground, he sobbed aloud.

The White Face stood for a moment reflecting on the terrible results which would follow if the Wizard's spell worked and the Spirits were obeyed. He knew his own intercession for the innocent would be of no avail with the King, whose religion it was to obey the commands of the Spirits; yet something must be done to avert the impending catastrophe and prevent the useless sacrifice of hundreds of human lives.

Involuntarily his eyes turned to the dim outline of the huts where the sleeping warriors lay, and then his gaze fell to a hut not far from the King's, within a small enclosure.

Suddenly he remembered his meeting with 'Mlilo the night before, and her mysterious words, then, turning hurriedly, he walked across to the hut of the Princess and gently knocked three times on a shield that hung over the doorway.

The leopard skin was quickly drawn aside, as if someone had been waiting for the signal, and a woman peered out cautiously and looked at him for a moment.

"Wait," she whispered, and disappeared.

A second later the skin was again lifted, and 'Mlilo stood in the entrance.

In the wonderful starlight she looked like a stately and beautiful queen.

"How well her name suits her," he thought.

"'Mlilo," the soft Kaffir word for fire.

As the skin dropped behind her, she advanced a few steps and threw herself at his feet.

Taken by surprise, he drew back hastily, but she knelt on, and, clasping her hands, looked up at him with her beautiful eyes ablaze.

"The White Face knows now the meaning of our ancient custom, that a maiden, in offering her help to a man, offers all she has to give, and next to the Spirits she shall obey him before all others. You have knocked upon my shield. 'Mlilo, the daughter of a hundred Kings asks to be commanded by her Lord," and again she bent her head.

In a moment the situation dawned upon him, and all chance of escape now seemed more hopeless than ever. It would be easier to elude an army of warriors than the love watch of this savage woman.

Through all his captivity he had avoided the women of the Amaxosa, partly, perhaps, because the memory of a pair of blue eyes in the old country still haunted him; anyhow, it had not required much strength of will to remain without a wife. But this "daughter of a hundred Kings" was somehow different from the others; her features were straight and regular, and her great dark eyes were more like those of a startled fawn than of a human being.

His only chance, he knew, lay in this moment while she was excited, and he

began, "Listen; 'Mlilo, the King's daughter is mistaken"—With a smothered cry she sprang to her feet, and drew from her girdle a short knife which she raised in the air.

The White Face did not move, but kept his eyes steadily fixed on her face. For a moment she wavered, then, gently laying the weapon in his hand, she again fell on her knees and wailed out,

"Command!"

"'Mlilo," he said, taking her hands and raising her, "I am going to ask you to disobey the Spirits."

She drew back shrinking from him and covered her face with one hand, while the White Face kept her other firmly in his own.

"What is it?" she murmured at last in a frightened whisper.

He told her quickly of all that had passed, and prayed, for the sake of her own tribe, for the hundreds of innocent lives, that she would intercede with her father.

"'Mlilo, the White Face People will not suffer, you know that; your own people instead will die, and their blood will be upon the King's head. Save them and him."

She was trembling now, and said, with a quiver in her voice,

"The White Face knows not the anger of the Spirits."

"Will you not trust me?" he said, quickly. She slowly faced him and fixed her eyes upon him with a look of mingled love and sorrow. She knew the cost of her intercession, but this savage woman had a great soul, and she said quietly, "Because I love you, I will go."

The White Face took both her hands and raised them reverently to his lips, then she turned and walked steadily towards the great hut.

The dawn was now stealing like a pale and silent phantom over the sleeping earth. There was a twittering of birds and a gentle rustle in the leaves, as if nature was making a last reluctant effort to awaken.

In the grey light the old Chief stood at the door of his hut, his arms stretched out towards the hills, as if in appeal for help from some unknown source.



"At the waning of the moon," he murmured to himself, "we shall meet again. Aye, we shall meet again. The White Face People must die."

"No," said a quiet voice, "your own people will die."

The King turned abruptly to find his daughter, his best beloved, standing beside him.

"Little Father," she went on, in a low, steady voice, "you have heard the voice of the Evil Spirits. If you make this sacrifice, the White Face People will conquer and not die."

The White Face had followed the girl at a discreet distance, and now stood back in the shadow of the hut.

Suddenly he realised that he too had been followed, and prepared to be on his guard.

It was too late, and a well-delivered blow on the back of his head sent him reeling to the ground, unconscious of what was going on around him.

\* \* \* \*

The sun was casting his last rays upon the Kraal when the White Face came to himself. He was lying on a skin in a strange hut, and a young Kaffir was bathing his head.

He started up as he heard a strange, confused lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep; and then through the doorway he saw a fierce, red glow which rose and fell and quivered as it mingled with the light of the dying sun.

"Nkolombe, what does that light mean?" he said, hardly daring to hear the answer.

"Sacrifice to the Spirits," the young man replied, with a sorrowful shake of his head. And the two men looked at each other in silence.

For days the sacrifice continued. Then the tribe of the Amaxosa sat still, and waited for the waning of the moon.

But the moon waned, and the Spirits forgot the Amaxosa. Hunger came to the tribe, strong men grew weak, and death, with outspread wings, hovered over the black and ruined country. The old Chief's hair grew white, and his face worn and thin, but only the Wizard knew why his heart was heavy and his step so slow.

One evening he walked with bowed

head and painful steps to the Wizard's hut, which stood alone outside the Kraal, at the entrance to a deep ravine.

The Wizard advanced to meet the King, but greeted him sternly.

"Will the great Father still sacrifice his people to the anger of the Spirits, when they wait to be appeased?"

"Is there no other way?" the King asked, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"The Spirits will have nothing else."

"Then they must be obeyed in this too. But I cannot see it done. The word of a King was given, and the Spirits have robbed me of that. See to it."

"A brave heart, great Father. Tomorrow at dawn it shall be."

The King turned sorrowfully back towards the Kraal, and from behind the Wizard's hut a dark form crept quickly into the deep shadow of the ravine.

\* \* \* \*

That night the White Face was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, and neither the shaking of the rush-mat at the door nor the gentle touch on his arm roused him.

"Awake, awake!" whispered a soft voice in his ear.

The White Face sat up and looked about him wearily, until his eyes rested on the figure beside him.

"Mlilo," he exclaimed, "what has happened? What are you doing here?"

"Hush!" she said quickly. "You must fly at once. Mlangeni says the Spirits are angry because the White Face lives, and the King cannot save you now. You are to die at dawn if they find you here."

"Ah! Mlilo, you are good to me. But I am too weak to walk long miles, and my head is very weary."

"The Beloved forgets that Mlilo loves. I knew what that old Evil one would do many days ago, and we have hidden horses and food in the old cave by the hill."

"We?"

"Ah! Nkolombe loves you too. You have taught my brother the language of your White Face People. He knows



the way through the bush, and he will go with you to the White Face Country. Ah! you will be kind to him." Her voice shook. "But come," she said, rousing herself; "we have not a moment to lose. You must be far in the bush before the warriors are awake."

she forced a way through the undergrowth, and soon led the White Face to a narrow track so indistinct that only a Kaffir would have found it.

They hurried on for about three miles, the White Face breathing hard in the effort to keep up with the quick swinging walk of the girl before him.



"GOOD-BYE, PRINCESS OF THE WHITE SOUL"

She took his hand and led him out, carefully picking her way over the blackened ground till they were out of sight of the Kraal.

"Quick, now," said the girl; "follow me." And, plunging into the bush,

Now and then she turned round in her walk and touched his arm gently, looking anxiously into his face with her great, tender eyes.

"You are weary, Beloved, but it will not be long."

Suddenly they emerged upon a strip of open country. Crossing this rapidly, 'Mlilo led the way to a dark kloof on the opposite side, and, pushing aside the branches of a tree, pointed to an opening in the rocks.

They entered, and soon reached a large chamber, where 'Nkolombe was busily engaged in stirring the contents of a pot over the fire. In the other corner two rough ponies stood ready, each loaded with a small sack of corn and a skin.

After a hurried meal of corn and wild buck, they led the ponies out of the cave, and prepared to depart.

'Mlilo stood silently by till all was ready. Then the White Face turned, and took her hands.

"You have saved my life, 'Mlilo, and given me hope and liberty again. How can I thank you?"

"I love you," she said simply.

"In a few days I will return to you with help for your people, so we shall meet again," he said cheerfully.

She looked at him quickly, then turned her head away, and said sadly, "We must say 'Good-bye' now. I must not be found missing, and you must hasten. Good-bye." She held out her hands to him.

For a moment he looked into her eyes. Then, dropping on his knee, he raised both hands to his lips, and kissed them twice.

"Good-bye, Princess of the White Soul."

"Go," she said hoarsely.

He rose, and, with another clasp of her hands, mounted his pony, and the two men were soon hidden in the dense bush.

The girl stood where they had left her, gazing straight before her into the bush, until suddenly she seemed to realise that she was alone.

"Come back, come back," she cried. But there was no answer, only the sighing of the wind in the thick bushes.

"Why did I let you go?" she went on fiercely, her eyes dilating with passion. "Why should I help you to leave me, to go back to your White Face people and forget me?"

She moved forward a few steps. "Ah! you may return, but you will

not find 'Mlilo. And what will you care?" She paused, and the fire died out of her eyes, leaving them like those of a wild dove.

"Princess of the White Soul," she murmured softly to herself, sinking on her knees with her hands clasped before her. "Ah! no, I love him too well. One must die, but not he, not he. And he will never know. Good-bye, good-bye."

She rose, and, glancing wistfully towards the spot where the men had entered the bush, she slowly retraced her steps to the Kraal, and entered her hut just as the first pale streak of light began to show in the east.

\* \* \* \*

After they left the cave, the men rode quickly on, and, guided by the quick eyes of the young Kaffir, they reached, a few hours later, a beaten track through the forest.

For three days and nights they continued their weary ride, passing through the blackened cornfields of the stricken tribe, snatching a few hours' sleep in the heat of the day, living upon roots and such wild game as could be killed by assegais.

At the end of the third day, as the moon rose over the dark blue range of distant mountains, a sudden bend in the road showed them the lights of Fort Albany glittering a welcome.

The Englishman's heart gave a great bound. At last, after five years, he was free, and near his own people again.

He whipped his horse to a gallop, and, hardly noticing whether his companion followed or not, he rode down the narrow street and asked his way to the house of the commissioner.

The house was soon reached, and, flinging the reins to 'Nkolombe, who had caught up with him, he sprang from his horse and hurried up the steps to the stoep where three men sat smoking.

At the top of the steps he paused, and, the moonlight shining down upon his face, showed it white and haggard.

"Gentlemen," he began, nervously, "my name is—"

"Good God," cried one of the men, "it's Jack Warneford," and springing up, he was just in time to catch him as he staggered to the wall.

"Poor chap," said the commissioner, lifting him in his arms and carrying him into the house.

"That White Face," said 'Nkolombe, who had followed close behind, "no eat two days."

"Two days," remarked the commissioner drily, "looks like five years."

Warneford soon revived and was able to tell his story which he did fully, only suppressing the details of 'Mlilo's love for him.

"It's a wonderful story, Jack," said the commissioner.

"We had all at last reluctantly given you up for lost. For months we scoured the country for miles round, but there was no trace of anything to throw light on your disappearance. The whole thing remained a mystery."

\* \* \* \*

At daybreak next morning an armed expedition set out to the relief of the

Amaxosa, and, notwithstanding his weak and exhausted condition, nothing would deter Warneford from joining it. His promise to 'Mlilo, his anxiety for the old king's safety, and fear what the Wizard might still do, were all strong reasons in his mind for being one of the party himself, and he and 'Nkolombe acted as guides.

The march was rapid, and one evening as the pale stars crept out and the veldt was bathed in soft light, they rode up the last hill which separated them from the Amaxosa.

Warneford and 'Nkolombe led the way, and as they reached the top they saw in the valley below a small red light, which rapidly grew to a bright glare behind the trees. They pressed on, 'Nkolombe almost flying in his excitement.

"What is it, 'Nkolombe?" whispered Warneford in a strange voice.



"BOUND TO A STAKE IN THE BURNING PILE, WAS 'MLILO"

'Nkolombe made no reply, but gazed intently through the trees at the fire.

Just then a fearful shriek rent the air followed by a series of feeble yells and mad laughter.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Warneford as he dashed past 'Nkolombe and rode like a madman into the clearing, the men following hard after him.

The sight which met his gaze was one he never forgot.

In the middle of the clearing was a faggot pile, burning fiercely. Behind it a group of warriors stood looking on in grim silence, while the Wizard twisted and danced in circles, filling the air with weird and fiendish laughter, and now and then bending his body towards the fire in a mock salute. Bound to a stake in the burning pile was 'Mlilo, her hands clasped above her head, her beautiful eyes wide open with pain and

horror, and the flames curling up nearer and nearer to her face.

Suddenly the report of a pistol rang out sharp and clear on the still air, and the Wizard's dance was over for ever.

A feeble cry of recognition burst from 'Mlilo and she held out her burnt hands in welcome as Warneford rode into sight.

"Princess of the White Soul," she murmured faintly, then her eyes closed, her head dropped on her breast, and she fell forward, a charred heap in the flames.

Warneford saw it all. 'Mlilo's wonderful love and great sacrifice, and the meaning of mysterious words she had used, came to him now as he realised what his liberty had cost. The thought was too horrible, the reins dropped from his nerveless fingers, and slipping from his horse, he sank fainting to the ground.



From Photo by C. HERWOOD

# *What our Great-Grandfathers Read:*

## THE CHAP-BOOKS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED BY OLD ENGRAVINGS

**I**N these days of cheap literature, when for a few pence we can become possessed of one of the modern magazines, rich in illustrations of the first order and printed upon excellent paper, it is interesting to glance back at the mental pabulum that was served out to our forefathers little more than a century ago.

Except in the towns, newspapers were rarities; and even there, they were only flimsy little sheets, containing a few items of war or foreign news. In the country, news was usually only obtainable by word of mouth, and the villagers of a literary turn of mind were left to regale themselves upon the Chap-books or Jest-books which the pedlars or chapmen carried in their packs from homestead to homestead and village to village.

Most of these Chap-books were published during the eighteenth century, and although they are now extremely rare, copies of almost all of them have fortunately been preserved in the British Museum. They are mostly little booklets of twenty-four pages, though many consist of only sixteen. The plates are invariably crude and rough, and in some of the later ones, the publishers became unscrupulous and used any woodblock without the slightest reference to the letterpress.

The Chapman, too, is now a thing of the past, although we still have his successor—the travelling hawker or tallyman—who finds his way into the little villages up and down the land.

The Chap-books were of a strangely divergent order—romantic, humorous, historical, religious, criminal—and meant to satisfy the tastes of the most fantastic. If variety is a criterion, satisfaction certainly ought to have

been obtained. But each of these classes seems to have had its votaries, and it is difficult to judge which was the most popular.

Among the Chap-books of the romantic order, "The History of Guy, Earl of Warwick," was in great demand. It is illustrated by ten engravings, and tells of Guy's love for "Phyllis the fair, whose beauty and virtue was inestimable, shining with such heavenly lustre that Guy's poor heart was ravished in adoration of this Heavenly Phyllis." She spurns him at first, but afterwards relents on condition that he wins glory by his bold achievements, and Guy "crosses the raging ocean and arrives at the Court of Thrace," where he defeats all the knights and princes, and wins, as a prize, the Emperor's daughter. Phyllis, to whom he now returns, is not satisfied with these deeds, so Guy departs once more, and now rescues a lion from a dragon, kills a furious boar, and commits various other marvellous deeds of prowess, and so at last induces the fair Phyllis to marry him. Guy now has qualms of conscience, and departs for the Holy Land, and after killing a giant or two, returns to England just in time to save his land from the Danes, and finally dies in the arms of Phyllis. It will be seen from this outline that there is considerable material for the story-teller.

Equally popular in this class of Chap-book were "The History of Valentine and Orson," "The History of the Life and Death of that Noble Knight, Sir Bevis of Southampton," and "The History of Thomas Hickathrift."

On the humorous side, the Chap-books had a very large range, but much of the humour is altogether too broad for our present day taste, or for repro-



duction here. Many of these booklets are, however, very dull reading, whilst the fun is often of the knockabout order only. One of the best is "The Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham," consisting of twenty short tales and one plate. The incident which it illustrates is possibly well known to our readers, but as it is very short, we will give it in full.

"On a time the men of Gotham fain would have pinned in the Cuckow, that she might sing all the year; all in the midst of the town they had a hedge made round in compass, and got a a cuckow, and put her into it, and said, 'Sing here, and you shall lack neither meat nor drink all the year.' The cuckow when she perceived herself encompassed within the hedge, flew away. 'A vengeance on her,' said these Wise Men; 'we made not the hedge high enough.'"

Tale No. 17 is a trifle more sly than the others in its termination. "There was a man of Gotham who would be married, and when the day of marriage was come, they went to church. The priest said, 'Do you say after me.' The priest said, 'Say not after me such words, but say what I shall tell you; thou dost play the fool to mock with the Holy Bible concerning matrimony.' Then the fellow said, 'Thou dost play the fool to mock with the Holy Bible concerning matrimony.' The priest could not tell what to say, but answered, 'What shall I do with this fool?' And the man said, 'What shall I do with this fool?' So the priest departed, and would not marry him. But he was instructed by others how to do and was afterwards married. And thus the breed of Gothamites has been perpetuated even unto this day."

"The Mad Pranks of Tom Tram, Son in Law to Mother Winter," is another very good specimen of this class of Chap-book. The hero was not only lazy, but one would imagine a fool and a knave combined. We are told that "though he was at man's estate, yet he would do nothing but what he pleased." One day his mother hears a proclamation that those who will not work shall be whipped, and she hastens home to tell Tom. "She was no sooner

gone, but Tom looked into a stone pot she used to keep her small beer in, and seeing the beer did not work, he, with his cartwhip, lays on the pot as hard as he could. The people seeing him, told his mother, who said, "The knave will be hanged," and in that note went home. Tom seeing her coming, laid on as hard as he could drive, and broke the pots, which made the old woman say, "Oh, what hast thou done, thou villain?" "O dear mother," said he, "you told me it was proclaimed, that those who did not work must be whipped; and I have so often seen our pots work so hard that they foamed at the mouth; but these two lazy knaves will never work. So I have whipped them to death to show their fellows to work, or never look me in the face again."

Another of Tom Tram's pranks is equally brilliant. "Mother Winter once sent him to buy a pennyworth of soap, and bade him be sure and bring her the change back safely; so he got two men with a hand barrow to carry the soap and hired four men to guard it, and gave them the elevenpence for their pains."

Amongst the many Chap-books of a humorous character, we naturally find one given up to "Joe Miller's Jests," whilst there are many books of riddles or "Whetstones for Dull Wits." The title-page is often the funniest part of the book, as for example the following:—

### JOAKS UPON JOAKS.

OR

*No Joak like a true Joak.*

BEING THE

Diverting Humours of Mr. John Ogle  
a Life-Guard Man.

THE

MERRY PRANKS OF LORD MOHUN AND  
THE EARLS WARWICK AND  
PEMBROKE

WITH

*Rochester's Dream, his Maiden Dis-  
appointment and his Mountebanks Speech.*

TOGETHER WITH

The diverting Fancies and Frolicks of  
Charles 2 and his three Concubines.



ROBINSON CRUSOE. THE WRECK

The Chap-books dealt with historical personages, although not always with care to portray truthfully. There are "The History of the Royal Martyr, King Charles the First"; "The History of the Most Renowned Queen Elizabeth and her great Favourite, the Earl of Essex," and many others which call for no special notice. Most of the old stories and legends, such as "The Two Children in the Wood," "A True Tale of Robin Hood," "The History of Sir Richard Whittington," found a place, too, in the Chapman's basket. The illustrations are, as a rule, extremely quaint, and we reproduce two from "Robinson Crusoe," which, it must be acknowledged, do not show very great skill in the artist.

There does not appear to have been a very great demand for religious Chap-books, if we may judge by their com-



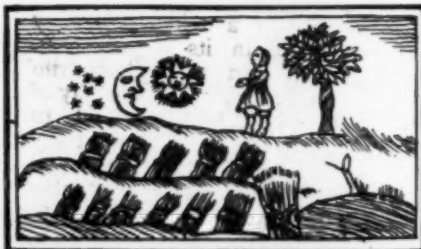
ARRIVAL OF SAVAGES WITH CHRISTIAN PRISONER

parative scarcity. One of them, however, "The History of Joseph and his Brethren, with Jacob's Journey into Egypt and his Death and Funeral," is well worth mention. It is told in rhymed couplets and illustrated with twelve cuts, four of which are here reproduced. But it can scarcely be called exhilarating reading, as may be judged by the following on Jacob's death and burial:—

Jacob now having finished his last stage,  
And come to the end of earthly pilgrimage,  
Was visited by his son Joseph, who  
Brought with him Ephraim and Manasseh too.  
When Jacob saw them, Who are these said he?  
The sons, said Joseph, God has given me.  
Then Jacob blest them both, and his sons  
did call

To shew to each what should to them befall,  
Then giving orders unto Joseph where  
He would be buried, left to him that care;  
Then yielded up the ghost upon his bed,  
And to his people he was gathered.

Ghosts and various superstitions con-



JOSEPH'S FIRST DREAM

nected with fortune-telling, moles, and dreams were largely drawn upon as the subjects of these little Chap-books. "The History of Mother Bunch of the West, containing many Rarities out of her Golden Closet of Curiosities," is chiefly taken up with receipts for girls who are desirous of obtaining husbands. Mother Bunch scarcely looks like a genius in the illustration, but her ideas certainly contain a large amount of ingenuity. Here is "a pretty way for a maid to know her sweetheart: Take a summer apple, of the best fruit, stick pins close into the apple, to the head, and as you stick them, take notice which of them is the middlemost, and give it what name you fancy; put it into thy left-hand glove, and lay it under thy pillow on Saturday night,



JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT

after thou gettest into bed, then clap thy hands together, and say these words :—

If thou be he that must have me  
To be thy wedded bride,  
Make no delay, but come away  
This night to my bedside.

And in thy sleep thou shalt see him  
come in his shirt, and if he offer thee  
any abuse, he will be great with another  
woman ; but if he puts his hand over



JOSEPH'S BRETHREN COME INTO EGYPT TO BUY CORN

thee be not afraid, for it is a sign he'll prove a good husband." Mother Bunch makes many other suggestions of a similar character, and must have been a source of great trouble to the damsels who made her acquaintance.

Of the fortune-telling books it will be



JACOB'S DEATH AND BURIAL

sufficient to quote the title-page of one to give an idea of their contents.

A NEW

### FORTUNE BOOK

BEING A NEW ART OF COURTSHIP

Opened for young Men and Maids, Widows, Widowers and Batchelors, Instructions for young Men and Maids, how they may know their good or bad Fortune, shewing the signification of Moles, the Interpretation of Dreams, the famous Secret and New invented Art of making the true and false Love Powder ; to make the Enchanted Ring that will cause Love. Also how to cure a Drunken Husband or a Scolding Wife, secondly, how to cure the Ague, thirdly, how to cure the Toothache.

Here truly was value for the penny which the Chapman demanded for his goods.

There are quite a number of Chap-books dealing with ghosts, "The Guildford Ghost," "The Portsmouth Ghost," "The Ghost of the Duke of Buckingham's Father," and a host of others. But one of the most popular of this class was "Bateman's Tragedy, or the Perjured Bride justly rewarded ; being the History of the Unfortunate Love of German's Wife and Young Bateman." The illustration, which we reproduce, gives the main outline of the story. It tells how young Bateman, riding through Clifton Town, accidentally espies fair Isabella, a rich farmer's daughter, standing at her father's door, and falls in love with her. Although she gives him every encouragement, her father refuses young Bateman's suit, and then one, German, attempts unsuccessfully to kill him. He makes his escape, however, and the fair Isabella comes to him in a neighbouring wood, where they seal their love by solemn vows. On the discovery of her escapade, she is confined to her chamber, where she is courted by German, whom she finally marries. But Bateman hangs himself by her door, and constantly fancying she sees him with a ghostly face, she grows melancholy, and is, in the end, carried away by a spirit.

The makers of these little books were not satisfied with mermaids and such-like strange creatures; they were prepared with far greater wonders. One of the Chap-books is called "The Miracle of Miracles," and it certainly has a marvellous illustration. The subtitle is extremely lengthy, for it is "A full and true Account of *Sarah Smith*, Daughter of *John Symons*, a Farmer, who lately was an inhabitant of Darken Parish in Essex, that was brought to Bed of a Strange Monster, the Body of it like a Fish with Scales thereon, it had no Legs but a pair of great Claws, Tallons like a Liands, it had Six Heads on its Neck, one was like the Face of a Man, with Eyes, Nose and Mouth to it, the second like the Face of a Cammel, and its Ears Cropt, two other Faces like Dragons, with spiked Tongues hanging out of their Mouths; another had an Eagles Head with a Beak instead of a Mouth at the end of it, and the last seeming to be a Calves Head," etc., etc. Also there is the funeral sermon of the woman who died, "with a Prayer before and after the said Sermon. It being very fit and necessary to be had in all Families for a Warning to Disobedient Children."

One last class of Chap-book remains to be touched on—that of the criminal order or nearly allied. Murder, robbery, immorality of every description is here fully dealt with. "The History of *George Barnwell*," of "*John Gregg*," of "*Miss Davis*," and a dozen others, are all fully furnished with the necessities for this morbid excitement. There are variations on these, such as "*The Drunkard's Legacy*," which we are told is "very proper to be read by all who are given to Drunkenness." The gentleman, however, does not inspire one as being an ideal boon companion. As may be imagined, none of this class make very edifying reading.

We have endeavoured to give some idea of these curious and interesting remains of a past age. These little Chap-books, once sold for a penny in the village, are now comparative rarities, and have fetched as much as 5s. on an average at sales in recent times. They have a character of their own, and to a certain extent they are an indication of the literary taste of England of the Eighteenth century. At least we can see what enormous advances have been made since their reign—advances by which we now benefit.



BATEMAN'S TRAGEDY





SPIGGIE HOTEL

## *The Delights of Dunrossness*

WRITTEN BY C. J. H. CASSELS.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



YOU are in a wild, bleak-looking land, dotted with "touns" of thatched cottages, a land of peat-banks and crofts, of "scat" grounds,\* and voes, of headlands and holms. You are in the treeless country of a kindly, hospitable, and primitive people, where temperance and honesty hold sway, thieves do not break through and steal, and professional tramps are an unknown quantity; a country where, save in the capital, perhaps, doors are equally unlocked by night and by day, and where—let the fact be noted reverently—a stranger even yet is welcomed as much for his own sake as for the very moderate amount of payment he will require to leave behind him upon his departure. You are in a wilderness, moreover, where, if the elements are often forbidding, the sun yet frequently shines upon wonderfully fine coast and moorland scenery, and where, owing to the influence of the Gulf Stream, the climate is never a very trying one. To be brief, you are upon the "Old Rock," the

\* Free grazing grounds.

Ultima Thule of the ancients—or otherwise, in Shetland. And when you have journeyed to Dunrossness you are in one of the most beautiful and thriving parts of the mainland.

Dunrossness, the most southerly parish in Shetland, is situated about twenty-two miles to the south of Lerwick, the capital of the country, and the same distance from Scalloway. It is one of the most interesting districts in the islands, for was it not here that Sir Walter Scott, when on tour with the Northern Lighthouse Service Commissioners, conceived his ideas for the construction of that romantic work called "The Pirate"?

From Spiggie Hotel, the only place of entertainment in the neighbourhood, you are within a walk of about four miles from Fitful Head, from which a magnificent view is to be obtained. This promontory has an almost sheer descent of 928 feet to the sea beneath, and from it, upon a suitable day, the distant and solitary islands called Fair Isle and Foula can be seen like mountains rising from the sea, looming in the distance. The former is about mid-



way between the Orkneys and the Shetlands. Although about twenty-five miles distant from the mainland of the last-named country, it is nevertheless in the parish of Dunrossness. Its population at the last census was 223, made up of thirty-four families. The resident schoolmaster holds services for the people every Sunday, and the parish minister visits them once a year, usually in the autumn. Hestays a week or more, baptises the infants, marries the betrothed, and puts everything, so far as possible, in good going order for another year. The hosiery of fantastic patterns and many colours made on the Fair Isle is too well known to require a description here, beyond saying that the art of dyeing and knitting is supposed to have been taught the islanders by the survivors of a ship of the Spanish Armada, which was wrecked upon the coast in 1588.

The island of Foula, in the parish of Walls, is the boldest and grandest of the whole group. It contains about 239 inhabitants, and its highest point is 1,372 feet. One of its cliffs, called the Kame, is said to be the highest in the British Islands. It has a grand and terrible perpendicular declivity of 1,120 feet to the ocean below, and on its crags the exceedingly rare great skua, locally called the "bonxie," nests, this being the only place in the islands where this bird is to be found, excepting upon the coast in the north of Unst. It was across the slopes and over the crags of Fitful Head that Scott's famous witch Norna—the

Mother doubtful, mother dread,  
Dweller on the Fitful Head

of "The Pirate"—was wont to wander, planning out future events for her relatives and acquaintances in the islands, and foretelling the state of the weather for the more humble and credulous fisher-folk. Here she made her rough and ready dwelling-place, and lived along with her eerie companions, the dumb dwarf, called Nicholas Strumfer, and the tame seal, and here she was visited by her kinsman, the genial old Udaller, Magnus Troil, and his two pretty daughters, whom the poet Claud Halcro christened Night and Day, and

whom Sir Walter himself describes in the words of the Scots song, which says,—

Oh, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
They were two bonnie lasses;  
They bigged a hoose on yon burn brae  
And theekit it ower wi' rashes.

Fair Bessy Bell I loved yestreen,  
And thought I ne'er could alter;  
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een  
Have garr'd my fancy falter.

From the aforementioned hotel you are also at a distance of seven or eight miles from Sumburgh Head, the most southerly point of the Shetlands. On the summit is a famous lighthouse, the light from which is visible at a distance of twenty-one miles. At Jarlshof, now a mere ruin, near West Voe, on Sumburgh, "Mertoun," the misanthropist, otherwise known as "The Silent Man of Sumburgh," lived with his fearless cliff-climbing son Mordaunt, and on the wild and stormy coast there the latter effected his daring rescue of the pirate Cleveland.

To go somewhat further afield, at a distance of rather more than eight miles in a north-easterly direction from Spiggie is situated the Pictish tower of Mousa. It is built on the west side of the uninhabited island that gives it a name, and it is the most perfect specimen of its kind in Great Britain. In shape it is very similar to a dice-box, and it is surrounded by an outside wall six feet in thickness. It is said, however, to have undergone repairs at a comparatively recent period; and regarding its history, a note of Sir Walter Scott's in "The Pirate," taken from "Torfae Arcadus," says:

"Even this ancient pigeon-house, composed of dry stones, was fortification enough, not indeed to hold out a ten years' siege, like Troy, in similar circumstances, but to wear out the patience of the besiegers. Erland, the son of Harold the Fairspoken, had carried off a beautiful woman, the mother of a Norwegian earl also called Harold, and sheltered himself along with his fair prize in the Castle of Mousa. Earl Harold followed with an army, and finding the place too strong for assault endeavoured to reduce it by famine,

but such was the length of the siege that the offended Earl found it necessary to listen to a treaty of accommodation, and agreed that his mother's honour should be restored by marriage. This transaction took place in the beginning of the thirteenth century, in the reign of William the Lion of Scotland." There is a ferry of about two miles to cross from Sand Lodge on the mainland to the island of Mousa.

Not to forget another interesting place, the old parish church of Saint Ninian's, or Ringan's, of which there are now no traces, was situated on the island of that name about three miles to the north-west of Spiggie. Part of the island at one time was used as a burial ground, but has for a long time been in desuetude. So sandy is the soil, and often so stormy the weather, that up to this day, after heavy gales of wind, human skulls and bones are sometimes laid bare, and picked up there. In Saint Ninian's Bay, a little to the south of the island, during the fishing season, some of the French fishermen in rough weather annually anchor. Having disposed of a portion of their brandy and tobacco to the natives, without, it is to be feared, many qualms of conscience on either side as to the payment, or rather non-payment, of duty thereon, the foreigners make for the nearest shop, and lay in a supply of such commodities

as gunpowder, pepper, biscuits, and sweetmeats, before putting out to sea again.

At Troswickness, on the south-east side of the island, within two or three miles of Spiggie, is to be found some grand and remarkable coast scenery, which is well worth a visit even in a country abounding with strangely shaped and beautiful sea rocks.

Besides exploring and seeing the historical places in the district, several other delightful pastimes are to be enjoyed at Dunrossness—and first and foremost amongst these must be mentioned the angling.

Of Shetland it can hardly yet be said, as of so many Highland places, that

The Cockney angler up to date  
To loch and river hies,  
Till northern trout begin to hate  
The sight of London flies.

The islands are perhaps too far north for that. Loch Spiggie, which is close to the hotel of the same name, is for the quality, quantity, average size, shape, and gameness of its fish probably unsurpassed in the archipelago. It is about a mile and a quarter in length by half a mile across at the widest part, and twenty pound baskets of trout, averaging about three-quarters of a pound each, are to be taken from it at favourable times, whilst many heavier



SPIGGIE VOE

fish are often killed. The largest one caught in 1898 weighed 4½ lbs. They are beautiful silvery fish, which many ichthyologists suppose to be a cross between the sea and the native trout. They "cut up" a salmon-red in the flesh, are salmon-flavoured, and closely resemble in appearance and taste the trout of Loch Leven. The only drawback to the sport on Spiggie is that towards the end of the season the fish are loth to rise to a fly, and can then only be taken in any quantity, by less agreeable and sportsmanlike methods. During good seasons the sea-trout fishing, in the loch, and Spiggie Voe and Bay, also affords pleasant sport.

Besides Spiggie, the shallow little loch of Brew, which in winter mingles its waters with the larger lake, gives good angling. It is about three-quarters of a mile in length, and simply teems with trout averaging about three to the pound, which very rarely fail to rise well to the fly. There are also one or two out-lying lochs, and several burns, that can be fished from the hotel, where trout, generally peaty-black chaps, are plentiful. There is capital sea fishing too for votaries of that sport. "Piltocks" and "Sillocks," the young of the coalfish, haddocks, halibut, cod, flounders, and many other kinds of salt-water fish are to be caught in large quantities. But the most exciting sea sport of all is a hunt of the bottle-nosed whales, now not nearly so frequent an occurrence in the islands as it used to be. When the leviathans have been sighted they are driven in shore and killed by the peasants:—

They man their boats, and all the young men  
arm  
With whatsoever might the monsters harm;  
Pikes, halberds, spits, and darts that wound  
afar,  
The tools of peace, and implements of war.

In addition to the fishing, there is capital shooting of its kind to be had in Dunrossness. Wild ducks of many varieties, snipe, curlew, golden and ringed plover, and rabbits are to be shot, with but few restrictions. Though grouse are plentiful in Orkney there are none in Shetland. They have been introduced into the latter country, but without success. The reason for this

is said to be to a great extent because of the large numbers of birds of prey in the islands. Hoodie crows, ravens, and hawks of various kinds are abundant, and scarcely ever destroyed, as there are no gamekeepers, and in consequence the eggs or young of grouse would be likely to be soon purloined by the feathered poachers. Seals are numerous on the coast, but difficult to procure, as although frequently hit and killed, in nine cases out of ten they sink at once when shot, which fact seems to make the so-called sport an unnecessarily cruel one. The only way by which to make absolutely sure of getting a seal is to shoot him dead on a rock before he can reach the water. Only two were killed in Dunrossness during the season of 1898, though sportsmen were often out after them.

For the ornithologist, Shetland, and especially the southern part, of which many rare migratory birds make a resting place, has many charms. A pair of white-tailed or sea eagles are still said to nest on Fitful Head, and the very rare red-necked phalarope nests in the swamp lying between Lochs Spiggie and Brew. For the oologist too, especially where water birds are concerned, and also for the conchologist, there are capital opportunities of finding good and rare specimens.

The peasants of Shetland are a good-natured, obliging, and unsophisticated class of people. Most of the young and middle-aged men are engaged during the season at the "haaf" or deep-sea fishing, often sleeping out in an open boat for two or three nights at a time, and only returning to the shore for the purpose of disposing of their fish before starting off again. In winter they have plenty of leisure time on their hands. The women, if their life is free from the perils attendant upon deep-sea fishing, as a rule work much harder ashore than their male relatives. Every kind of agricultural work upon the miniature farms is performed by the weaker sex. They are also constantly engaged throughout the summer, in the cutting, stacking, and leading of peats, which have to be ready and dry in good time for the winter. You meet such peat carriers frequently upon the road,

bearing their "kishies" or baskets of turf, and working simultaneously at their inevitable knitting. A Shetland woman would be as likely to forget to don the kerchief for her head, or the "rivlins" (shoes of untanned cowhide) for her feet, as to go forth from her dwelling without her wool and her knitting-needles. All the work connected with the well-known beautiful Shetland shawls—some of which are so fine in texture that they can be drawn through a finger ring—is done by the peasant women, and the picturesque old-fashioned spinning wheel is to be found in all the cottages. When the shawls are finished they are sold to the nearest dealer, thoroughly washed and dried, and subsequently sent South to be sold. The reason for the extreme softness of the wool from which the shawls are made is because it is plucked off the sheep's body instead of being sheared. The former method, which seems a somewhat cruel one, is said to much improve the texture of the wool.

Many old customs still survive in the district. One of the most common, and perhaps to the Southerner the most quaint, is the payment by the natives in kind. Eggs are the most common instance of this, and are practically money. Valued at about sixpence a dozen, these commodities are accepted in payment for almost everything. A child has actually been observed at a store that is also a post office to give two eggs in exchange for a penny postage stamp, a form of payment that would somewhat startle the smart

young woman behind the counter of a metropolitan post office.

Several of the old superstitions, especially in the more remote parts of the country, are still believed. Only a year or two ago, an instance of the reluctance to save a person from drowning was evidenced upon one of the islands. The unfortunate man in question could, it is said, have been rescued, but was cruelly left to his fate. The belief used to be a very common one in

Shetland that some evil was certain to befall the rescuer of anyone from drowning:—"There is little doubt it had been originally introduced," says Sir Walter Scott, "as an excuse for suffering those who attempted to escape from the wreck to perish unassisted, so that, there being no survivor, she might be considered as lawful plunder." Such cases are happily now, however, of rare occurrence in the islands.

The crops of Shetland are late, scant and poor. Oats, potatoes, and turnips are all grown, but here, a coarse kind of barley, is the principal production. In

most cases the people are too poor, and the land under cultivation too little, for new agricultural implements and machinery to be used; and nearly everywhere almost the whole routine of farm work, including the reaping and threshing, is done by hand.

The peasants' houses in many parts of the country have much improved of late years, but if the better-built and modern cottages are the more comfortable, the old-fashioned ones are certainly more picturesque. So old, so grey, so rough-



SHETLAND PEAT-CARRIER



looking, and so much in harmony with the landscape are many of the latter, with their thatched and moss-covered roofs, that one could almost imagine they had naturally grown from the ground of themselves, and that the hand of man had taken no part in their construction.

Nearly all animals in Shetland are smaller than elsewhere, and comparatively speaking the ponies are the smallest of all. Most of those used in the country now, however, are cross-bred with animals of larger size. But in one or two places the pure Shetland breed is still kept up. The principal of these is the large pony farm lately belonging to the Marquis of Londonderry, on the Island of Bressay, where the height of these diminutive horses averages only about forty inches. There is little demand for the real Shetlanders now. Excepting for ladies to drive and children to ride, they are not much used. When properly fed and stabled in the South the ponies live much longer than on their native wilds, where vegetation is very scant, and where often they are more than half starved.

If mild and fine, June is certainly one of the pleasantest months to spend upon "the Old Rock." The nights are so light during that month that one can go comfortably to bed at midnight or read a newspaper by means of the natural light. It is a strange experience at first to have only about an hour of semi-darkness, and to hear skylarks singing,

as they do, almost the entire night through.

Spiggie Hotel, aforementioned, is a comfortable little temperance hostelry capable of accommodating about thirty persons, and is centrally situated both for tourists and anglers.

You are pretty much out of the world at Dunrossness, though of course there are many places in Shetland where you would be much more so. You have no communication with the outside world excepting by the steamer that touches fortnightly at Spiggie Bay during the summer and autumn months, the mail-gig which brings your letters from Lerwick four times a week, or the telegraph office two miles distant from the inn. You are eight miles from the nearest licensed grocer, and you are twenty-three from the nearest professional hairdresser; you get your hair cut, when required, by the fishermen; and you have often to be your own fishing-rod mender and fishing-tackle maker. You live upon the plainest of fare, but amongst the most hospitable of people, who still pride themselves upon their Scandinavian origin. You enjoy the most excellent sport of its kind, combined with the inhalation of the purest mountain and sea air. Moreover, if you are for the time being far from "the busy haunts of men," you return to the urban occupations and pleasures of your life with a new and a greater zest, after a residence of some duration within "the melancholy isles of Ultima Thule."





"NEVER TOO SOON"

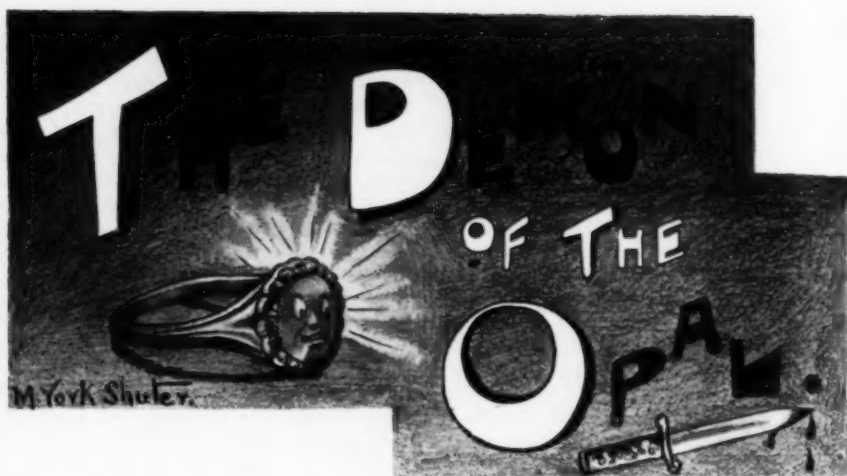


Am I too soon, my dear? . . .  
 The green is hardly awake,  
 The buds are lazy to break,  
 And the birds are not yet sure—  
 Scarcely a tune, my dear,  
 Trilled for a true joy's sake—  
 Nature has still an ache  
 That April alone can cure.

Am I too soon to sing with my heart  
 Ere ever a bird finds voice,  
 When the bosom of Earth must sorrow and smart  
 Ere the children of Earth rejoice?  
 Am I too soon? . . . Ah, no! my dear—  
 It's never too soon to sing  
 When one has a joy to show, my dear,  
 More perfect than Spring.

Winter? When did a winter pass?  
 Not since you came, my dear!  
 Sadness? How could I sigh "alas!"  
 After your name, my dear?  
 Winter has missed me,  
 Gladness has kissed me,  
 And life is at noon, my dear,—  
*And you are my Spring,*  
 And therefore I sing  
 "Never too soon, my dear!"

J. J. BELL



WRITTEN BY W. B. WALLACE, B.A. ILLUSTRATED BY M. YORK SHUTER

# I. THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL.



HE slaves had set down her palanquin beneath the grateful shade of the giant banyan and departed. The presence of the princess and her maidens had for the nonce converted the garden into a zenana, not to be polluted by the step of man, and the bearers had joined the royal guards, who kept watch just without its precincts.

The languorous heat of the afternoon had rapidly induced slumber, and the distant laughter of her attendants, who were disporting themselves in the refreshing waters of the great tank, and pelting each other emulously with nenuphars and roses, and even the sacred lotus, did not disturb the Begum of Bhopal.

Her rest was tranquil and happy. Why, indeed, should it be otherwise? Was she not young and beautiful, wealthy and powerful, and a queen? Nay, on the present occasion, it was,

perhaps, even more blissful than its wont. Could you have peeped between the silken hangings of her palanquin, you would have seen a faint smile upon her face, and a slight roseate flush just tinging the pale olive of her rounded cheek.

She was dreaming. Of whom or what? Perchance of the gallant and handsome Mahratta warrior, Mohammed Khan, the trusted captain of her guard.

As she slept, her right arm, which had slipped from its cushion, hung gracefully down from the carved ivory edge of her couch, and upon her finger scintillated the vivid fiery rays of a magnificent opal.

And so the peaceful moments glided on. Although she was a princess, they were perhaps the happiest of her life.

Silvery ripples of girlish laughter from the bath, a faint breath of wind sighing through the banyan grove—these were the only sounds audible.

Stay, there was now assuredly a slight but constant rustle somewhere other than that of the breeze in the fan-like leaves.

Yes, between the massive roots and

the spreading shadows of the banyan a man was crawling, wriggling like a snake, nearer and ever nearer to the palanquin and its slumbering occupant.

The dress of the intruder was mean, his form slight, though lithe and sinewy, but there was the light of a terrible and demoniac hate in his yellow feline eyes, and held between his teeth there gleamed a formidable creese.

Orientalists are always capricious, often cruel, and seldom just. Only the day before, the Begum had ordered the bastinado to be administered to her Malay

grove would afford him an opportunity of wreaking his revenge and probably effecting his escape as well.

It had been an easy matter for the Malay to conceal himself in the garden, and now he was within measurable distance of the goal he coveted.

With infinite caution, and inch by inch, he raised himself and peered around. There was nobody in sight, but for all that he knew that not an instant was to be lost. The Begum might wake, or her maidens might return. There would be a struggle and cries for



"SLOWLY, STEALTHILY, NOISELESSLY, HE DREW ASIDE THE CURTAINS"

servant Ibrahim for a trifling fault. Smarting under the indignity, which he felt far more than the physical torture, the man had registered an internal vow of vengeance. At first he had determined to run *amok*, to draw his creese, rush upon the guards, and slay and be slain. Cooler reflection, however, suggested that it would be something worse than mere folly to sacrifice his own life and the lives of other innocent persons while the author of his disgrace remained unpunished. And then it had suddenly flashed across his mind that the customary siesta of the princess in the comparative solitude of the banyan-

help, which would be speedily forthcoming.

Slowly, stealthily, noiselessly, he drew aside the curtains of the palanquin, gloated for a moment on his prey, and then with one swift, sure blow, into which he put all his strength, clove the heart beating so tranquilly beneath the fine transparent gauze vest.

The usual savage passion for mutilation, and perhaps a desire for the glittering jewel, gave him brief pause while he severed the small, drooping hand at the wrist and thrust the bleeding member into a bag which he carried suspended from his waist.

Successfully eluding the vigilance of the guards, he then made his way into the tangled depths of the adjoining Terai. Then he felt himself secure. A grim smile of satisfaction crossed his visage. Had he not done wisely and well? He had not run *amok*, according to the absurd fashion of his race; he had effectually avenged himself without loss of life or limb.

And yet death was tracking him; it was his fate, for all his precautions, to slay and be slain.

As he passed through the jungle a hungry tiger that had been crouching in ambush, watching for a victim, leaped upon him, pinned him to the ground, and bore away the lacerated body in triumph to his lair.

Next day some peasants found the bag, which had become detached in the fatal struggle, lying on the path.

A century later, and a few years after the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, the opal ring—which in the interim had often changed owners—became the property of Lieutenant Carruthers, of the 5th Gurkhas.

## II.

### IN CLUBLAND.

On one of those frightful nights of storm and tempest, sleet and slush, and general unpleasantness, which luckless Londoners had to endure last winter—1898-99—three men, Vavasour, Fairfax, and Brandon, were enjoying their cigars, and a rather discursive chat in the luxurious smoking-room of the *Hermæum*, which presented a sufficiently striking contrast to the state of affairs outside.

Somehow or other the conversation turned upon opals, of all things in the world. It was Arthur Fairfax who gave the ball its first impetus.

"By-the-bye, I saw you at the Savoy last night, Vavasour," he said. "Did you notice how very charming Lady Harringay, that smartest of smart women, was looking? She seemed to set superstition at defiance, for she was wearing a row of superb opals round her throat."

"I am afraid you are rather behind the times, my dear Arthur," cut in Brandon, maliciously. "Don't you know

that opals, in obedience to the sovereign fiat of Fashion, the Queen of the World, have emerged from their temporary retirement, and are now all the rage with our Society dames?"

Fairfax looked abashed. There is nothing upsets a man so much as being thought not quite up to date, and Vavasour hastened to take up the parable, whether anxious to maintain his own reputation as the most interminable talker in the club, or to relieve the evident embarrassment of his friend.

"I confess," he began, "that I have always regarded these stones, with the fiery demon at their heart, as the Arabs will tell you, as particularly uncanny ever since, as a boy, I devoured a certain weird story about them, introduced by Sir Walter Scott in his *Anne of Geierstein*."

"Do tell, Vavasour," interposed Brandon, with a laughable assumption of the nasal Transatlantic twang.

But Vavasour, much as he liked the sound of his own voice, was not to be drawn thus.

"No, thank you," he replied with dignity. "I perceive your education has been scandalously neglected, and as I have neither time nor inclination to supply its deficiencies, I must refer you to the romance in question."

Brandon had choked off his adversary, and promptly availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded for airing his own views. It is perhaps necessary to explain that he was the scientific man *par excellence* of the club, and that anthropology was his special hobby.

"It is extremely difficult," he said, "to account for the strange circumstance that opals and peacocks' feathers are both universally considered unlucky. The thing is absurd on the face of it, but like many another absurdity it is a fact to be reckoned with. And the craze, moreover, is no new-fangled one; it is of hoary, nay, immemorial antiquity. Now I have only a theory to offer, but such as it is you are welcome to it."

"When the æsthetic sense first dawned in the benighted minds of our remote and respectable ancestors, the cave-dwellers, I fancy they went in as recklessly for personal adornment as the

women nowadays do for new hats. Feathers and stones are amongst the earliest possessions of savages, and the gaudiest feathers and handsomest stones would naturally find the greatest favour in the eyes of our unsophisticated forefathers. Now can you imagine that any stone would be more popular than the milky opal, with fire, man's earliest friend—not a fiend, as Vavasour suggests—dwelling enshrined in its heart? And what plumage is more gloriously iridescent than that of the peacock, more calculated to appeal to the Troglodyte's love of colour? The feathers and the gems, then, would be universally prized. So far so good; but then you must next remember that the tenure of property in those primitive days was, for obvious reasons, rather precarious. The possessor of these coveted treasures would only hold them—as the priest of Nemi did his office—until a stronger man than he came along, slew him, and despoiled him of his goods. And now you see the drift of my argument. In course of time these gauds came to be thought unlucky, for their owners almost invariably came to grief in the long run."

"A very ingenious theory, indeed," remarked a grave voice at the speaker's elbow.

He started, turned round, and to his surprise beheld Colonel Carruthers, who had joined the little group unobserved.

The Colonel was an old Anglo-Indian, of gentlemanly aspect, soldierly bearing, and unobtrusive, nay, almost taciturn manners. He was always faultlessly attired and perfectly groomed, but his thoughtful face wore the impress of some deep and abiding sorrow, and his only apparent relaxation was a quiet game of chess, at which scientific pastime he was an adept.

"Gentlemen," proceeded Colonel Carruthers, while his hearers were utterly astounded at his unwonted loquacity, "I have listened with deep interest to your conversation. I need hardly say that I should not have played eavesdropper had it been of a private nature. Will you now permit me to state that I know from personal experience, or rather"—instantly correcting himself—"from the experience of a friend, that in this case the voice of superstition, for once at least, is the voice of truth, and that opals *are* unlucky—bring misfortune to their owners, even in our present advanced stage of civilisation. I have no theory; I do not attempt to account for the thing; I merely mention it as a fact."



"HE STARTED, TURNED ROUND, AND TO HIS SURPRISE BEHELD COLONEL CARRUTHERS"



He paused, but Brandon begged him to proceed.

"It all happened years ago," said the Colonel, with a deep sigh. "My friend, a young officer, whom I will call Lieutenant Vintram, was home from India on sick leave. It was his fortune, or rather fate, to meet one night at a ball a beautiful girl, to whom his life became thenceforth devoted. Lucy Okeden was the daughter of a wealthy London alderman, who had purchased a magnificent place down in Cheshire, and her parents cherished vast ambitions on their only child's behalf. It was scarcely likely that they would encourage the pretensions of a young subaltern who had nothing but his pay and his expectations. Nor did they.

"One of you gentlemen mentioned Sir Walter Scott a few moments ago. Lucy Okeden resembled only too closely in her character, beauty, position, and untimely end, her hapless namesake, Lucy Ashton, the Bride of Lammermoor. Fair and simple, pure and innocent, fragile and yielding as the daisy of Burns' pathetic poem, she was fated to become the victim of the insane ambition of others, and to be crushed beneath a merciless ploughshare—the ploughshare of destiny.

"Lucy Okeden, it is true, gave her heart unreservedly to the young officer, her first and her only love, but she was as wax in the hands of her vulgar and scheming parents, who barely tolerated Vintram. But the lovers lived only in the present, and saw not or recked not of the ominous clouds fast gathering on the horizon.

"In the midst of a joyous summer, wherein the enamoured pair frequently met at fêtes and pic-nics, and in the houses of mutual friends, Lieutenant Vintram received a letter summoning him to the bedside of his father, who lay dangerously ill, dying, it was thought, in London. In their parting interview by the shores of a romantic lake in the alderman's extensive park, he gave his love, as a seal of their engagement, a magnificent opal ring, which he had purchased in India, and which—so the grim tradition went—had been taken a hundred years before from the dis-severed hand of a beautiful Begum of

Bhopal, who had been assassinated and mutilated by her Malay servant. And then he tore himself away from her embrace. Strange are the ways of fate! Little did he dream that he would never, never behold Lucy more.

"His father's illness was long and tedious. He was consequently a fixture in London; but he wrote frequently to Cheselden Manor. His letters remained unanswered. This amazed him; for a kind of informal sanction of their engagement had been wrung from Lucy's parents shortly before his departure. There came, however, one fatal morning, when he received a packet. It contained the opal ring and these words: 'Farewell for ever. My parents have withdrawn their consent to our union. My heart is broken, but I must obey them.—LUCY.'

"That very day he heard at his club that a marriage had been arranged, and was shortly about to take place, between Miss Okeden and the Earl of Altrincham. The latter was known to him by repute as a venerable and gouty peer, whose antecedents were not quite as satisfactory as his rent-roll. He hurried home in a state of frenzy, and lost not a moment in sending back the ring without comment to her whom he had so adored, but whom he now cursed in his heart as false and fickle. He at least would not be a party to her act of betrayal.

"But the next dawn brought sorrow and repentance in its train. He hurried down to Cheshire, and that evening reached the village, in whose outskirts Cheselden Manor stands. He entered the park and sought the border of the lake, the spot where they had parted. He scarcely knew why he did so. Perhaps he had some vague idea that he might meet Lucy there. He sat down on a rustic bench where they had often lingered on the sweet summer evenings. It was fine autumnal weather now, but for him all the beauty of nature had departed. He looked towards the house, and was surprised to note that, with the exception of a twinkling taper in one or two of the windows, all was enveloped in darkness.

"A man came up. It was Bill Adams, one of the keepers. On recognising

Lieutenant Vintram in the moonlight, he touched his hat respectfully, and paused for a moment.

"No doubt you have heard the sad news, sir," he said, with a touch of genuine feeling in his rough voice. "No? Poor Miss Lucy is dead. You see, sir, she was never strong, and she did not take kindly, so it was thought, to the match with Lord Altrincham. Well, this morning she received a parcel. The lady's maid says that when she saw the writing her poor hand trembled so that she could scarcely open the packet. When she did so at last, an opal ring dropped out. Miss Lucy, pale as death, took it up, kissed it, and placed it on the table beside her. The very next

moment she put her hand to her heart and fell to the ground fainting, as Mary thought, but when she raised her she was dead."

The Colonel's voice had long been faltering, and his story ended in something suspiciously like a sob. He turned aside his head and hastened away, acknowledging the thanks of his auditors with a silent bow.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The friend was all a myth," said Brandon to Vavasour, as they parted that night beneath the lamp at the entrance to the chambers of the latter. "Colonel Carruthers has told us the story of his own life."





PALAIS RUBENS AT ANTWERP

## *Peter Paul Rubens*

WRITTEN BY C. H. CRYMES. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



AN English knight, a graduate of that essentially English University of Cambridge, and a brilliant diplomat, the greatest painter of his day, and one of the greatest the world has ever seen, it is at first sight astonishing that so little is generally known in this country of Peter Paul Rubens. But on second consideration there is perhaps some excuse for this apparent

indifference, insomuch as England is so poor in examples of this master's art.

At no time would a tribute to the memory of Rubens be out of place, but perhaps at the present moment it is the more called for when we remember that his countrymen have been recently commemorating the centenary of Van Dijk, the most celebrated of his many pupils.

The grandson of an apothecary and

the son of an Antwerp Justice, Rubens was born on the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, June 29th, 1577, at Siegen. The place of his birth has been the subject of much controversy, but the greatest weight of evidence is in favour of Siegen, in Westphalia. During his infancy his parents removed to Cologne, and it was in this city that the future painter spent the first nine years of his life, until the death of his father, when his mother returned to Antwerp and placed him in a Jesuit school in that city. Here he received a literary education, and afterwards, having early displayed a talent for art, he was enrolled as a pupil of Van Noort, at that time the most renowned painter in Antwerp, and with whom he remained four years.

In accordance with the artistic traditions of that date, in 1600 he went to continue his studies in Italy. On his arrival in that country his remarkable talent was quickly recognised by that great connoisseur of art, the Duke of Mantua, who not only made use of his talent as a painter, but on one occasion, under the guise of an "artistic commission," sent him as special ambassador to Philip III. of Spain.

After a residence of seven years in Italy, during which time he chiefly devoted his attentions to the artistic treasures in the cities of Mantua, Rome, and Genoa, he was suddenly called to Antwerp on account of the illness of his mother, who, however, died before his arrival.

The next year he was appointed Court painter to the Arch-Duke Albert, Governor of the Netherlands.

His marriage to his first wife, Isabella Brandt, followed on this appointment. Thus being settled in Antwerp, and his position assured he opened a school of painting, which his reputation soon filled with pupils.

Amongst the many works which he executed during the next few years, he painted that great masterpiece, the "Descent from the Cross," which was begun in 1611 and finished in 1614.

In 1620, at the invitation of Marie de Medici, he repaired to the Luxembourg in Paris, where he was engaged to decorate two galleries, depicting scenes in her own life and that of Henri IV.

Whilst engaged in this work he made the acquaintance of the Duke of Buckingham, who was eventually instrumental in bringing him to London, to the Court of Charles I.

However, before he visited England, he went as ambassador from the Hague to the Court of Philip IV. at Madrid. During his stay here he executed many of his important works, including the celebrated "Adoration of the Magi."

Then, in 1629, we find him at the Court of Charles I. in the dual rôle, which was not new to him, of painter and diplomat. Charles showed him every mark of favour, bestowing upon him the honour of knighthood, and his popularity was further evinced by the University of Cambridge conferring on him the degree of Master of Arts. Whilst at the English Court, Rubens painted, among many other works, the picture known as the "Blessings of Peace," and he also sketched the designs for decorating Wren's additions to Whitehall.

The next year he returned to Antwerp, and married his second wife, the beautiful Helena Fourment, a girl of sixteen, whose face we frequently meet in the masterpieces adorning the galleries of Europe.

From this period of his career until his death Rubens led an uncommonly active life, paying repeated visits to London, Paris, and Madrid, in the services of both art and politics.

The great master died in 1640, ending a life of continued success, popularity, and affluence, at the age of sixty-two.

Having thus briefly outlined the career of the great painter, let us turn to the general consideration of his works. These we find scattered all over the Continent, to a number very nearly approaching a thousand. Besides those in the Netherlands and England, there are the pictures in the galleries of Paris, Vienna, Madrid, Berlin, Munich, and St. Petersburg, each of which boasts of some work from the hand of this mighty painter.

Space will not allow us to deal with even a portion of them, and even when we attempt to classify them according to subject we are confronted with an amazing versatility. There are histori-

cal pictures, both ecclesiastical and secular; there are landscapes and portraits, besides works which deal with the homely scenes of common life. And here we are reminded of the probable cause of this wonderful versatility. As we have already shown, the life of Rubens was passed amongst varied scenes and experiences. In the very midst of his work he was frequently

moments of our life? No longer shall there be any need for us to picture in our "mind's eye" that which is vividly brought before our "natural eyes," in a depth of warmth and colour. And in truth the power of creative genius is best fostered in the mind of the artist by change and variety. The more of creation he sees and lives in, the more he is induced to create.



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

passing from city to city, from one Court to another.

And here it is important to remember that change and variety are the very food of the artist's magic power, creative genius.

For what is the one great aim of the painter? Is it not to set before our eyes that which we have either actually gazed upon or imagined in the most impressive

Shut up the student and bookman in the retirement of his library, so that he may obtain the concentration of mind which is essential to his acquisition of knowledge; but let the artist live and wander amongst life, for is it not life that he must portray?

But notwithstanding his wanderings, Rubens kept intact his individuality. The days of the hampering of indivi-

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duality had not yet set in. It is true indeed that during his sojourn in Italy, at the beginning of his career, he was influenced in the dramatic power of his conceptions by Michael Angelo. It is likewise true that from the examples of the Venetian school, more particularly the works of Paul Veronese, he derived the richness of his colouring. He, however, seems to have been in no way influenced by his contemporaries in the Dutch and Flemish schools.

He drew his subjects from different sources, and seems to have had different aims in view.

This is especially noticeable in his ecclesiastical pictures. Living as he did in the Spanish Netherlands, where the Roman Catholic faith was still predominant, he always represents in his works the historic school of the old faith in contrast to the evidences of the Reformed faith, to be found in the works of his Dutch contemporaries, and here we trace the effect of his training in the Jesuit seminary. The splendour and richness and the gorgeous accessories of his pictures all point to the influence of the then all-powerful Jesuits. This same influence tended to deepen his love of brilliancy and display of colour.

All his ecclesiastical decorations partake of this same gorgeous and magnificent character. In energy, brilliance, and display of colouring he has rarely, if ever, been surpassed.

In addition to his undoubted genius, Rubens had that which is as indispensable to the lasting success of the artist, namely, a complete mastery of the mechanical part of his work. This is one point which is universally conceded to him by all critics. The lack of this power is one of the chief defects at the present day amongst the members of the impressionist school, many of whom possess undoubted genius, but do not possess or value manual skill to its due extent.

However, in forming a correct estimate of the works of the great master, we must not blind ourselves to his undoubted defects. In many of his works there is an inelegance and want of grace, especially when treating of the female form. In some of these there

is a flabbiness and coarseness almost approaching sensuality.

This flagrant want of taste seems to be one with an absence of poetical conception and sentiment which is discernible in many of his paintings. And what one so often deplores is the non-existence of any evidence of spirituality or soul in an otherwise magnificent conception.

The chief examples of this master's work which we possess in England are "Peace and War," "The Rape of the Sabine Women," and the exquisitely charming "Chapeau de Paille," all of which we find on the walls of the National Gallery. At Blenheim Palace, the residence of the Duke of Marlborough, is the "Rape of Proserpine," and the celebrated portrait of Rubens, his wife (Helena Fourmont) and child. In the gallery of the Duke of Westminster we find "The History of Ixion in the Cloud" and "Diana and her Nymphs surprised by Satyrs," the last named having been painted for Charles I. in 1629.

Beyond these, the works perhaps most familiar to English people generally are those which, apart from its own undeniable merits, have caused thousands to visit Antwerp's beautiful Gothic cathedral. As you enter the south transept from the Place Verte, immediately on your right hangs the great masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross." This is considered to be one of his grandest works. It is magnificently drawn. The grouping is masterly, and of the finished execution and colouring, no words of praise are too adequate. The white drapery with which the body of the Saviour is about to be enveloped is particularly striking, and suggests a trace of the early influence on Rubens of the works of the Italian masters, particularly of Daniele Volterra. With regard, however, to the central figure, the body of the Saviour, we are immediately conscious of the utter absence of any exalted imagination or spirituality in the conception. It is simply a dead body—inert, lifeless, soulless. There is no suggestion of the approaching resurrection. It is a veritable "triumph of Death" rather than a "triumph over death." Indeed, throughout the whole

picture there is a lack of devotional enthusiasm. It might verily have been painted by a Pagan or a Pantheist. It is a striking instance of that want of soul or spirituality which we have already deplored in the works of Rubens. However, it must not be inferred from this

a courtier—of the world, worldly. Art, we must remember, had long ceased to be exclusively the handmaid of religion, and now, at this period of religious upheaval, there was beginning to appear that almost entire departure of the devotional spirit from the hearts of painters.



THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

that we accuse Rubens of being devoid of soul or spirituality; he seems indeed, to have been all through life what would be termed "a good Catholic." He observed, no doubt as a result of his early training in the Jesuit seminary, all the outward forms of his faith, but for all that, Rubens was in his ideas and tastes

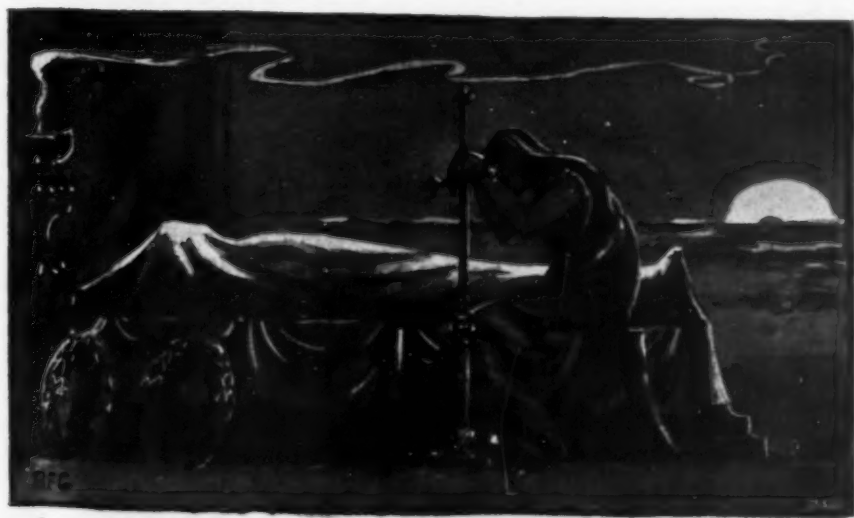
Art no longer sprang from a predominating faith, but nevertheless we are bound to confess that it was the product of a faith that had been.

The faces of the three Marys, especially that of the Virgin, display the careful execution of the painter's earlier period, and a more refined conception

than is usual in Rubens' treatment of the female form. Legend associates Van Dijck with a part in this particular portion of the picture; but here it is feared romance must give way to truth, as it is most unlikely that Van Dijck was as yet a pupil of Rubens (1614).

This renowned masterpiece was originally painted for the Guild of Arquebusiers, in settlement of a dispute with regard to some land on which Rubens had built his house. He nevertheless is said to have received 2,400 florins for this picture. The "Elevation of the Cross," though a magnificent work, is inferior to the "Descent." It was completed in 1610. The attitudes of the principal figures are striking and natural, though perhaps inclined to be heavy. The painter has especially shown in this work his wonderful knowledge of the anatomy of the human body, the

detailed execution of which has rarely been surpassed. By the introduction of the horses and a dog into the composition, Rubens has given us a glimpse of his marked genius in portraying animal life. The same, however, must be said of this as of the "Descent," that there is a distinct absence of sentiment or devotional enthusiasm. Above the high altar is the "Assumption of the Virgin," the best of the many canvases that Rubens devoted to this subject. It reveals to us his complete comprehension of religious decorative art. The Virgin is depicted with a wonderful power of ascension, amongst dazzling clouds of glory, surrounded by an angelic choir. Below are the Apostles and other saints engaged in adoration. It is one of the few works which occupies the place originally intended for it by the artist. It is best seen from the second chapel on the south ambulatory.





A NATIVE IN HIS BOAT

## *A Holiday on the Broads*

WRITTEN BY P. HEYWOOD HADFIELD.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**T**HE August sun was blazing down on the devoted heads of those who were kept in the City on business. Top hats and frock coats imprisoned the perspiring bodies of the respectable citizens, and the only pleasure of life seemed to be a long, cool drink. It was the heat wave, and the thermometer climbed up to ninety in the shade. But we cared nothing for these things; we were bent on pleasure, and so we left the burning pavements of the town to find ourselves in a few hours on board our yacht-home on the Norfolk Broads.

There let the sun focus its rays upon us—it would find us prepared as to costume, and protected by the breeze which always moves upon the quiet waters.

Did we get too hot, what was easier than to remove the few garments we wore, and to plunge over the side for a long, cool swim?

There is a charm about the lakes and waters of Broadland that cannot be adequately pictured by the penman; a flat picture, composed of little more than fields of waving reeds, relieved

only by the gaunt outline of a busy windmill, the great black sail of a trading wherry, or the tall white raiment of a butterfly yacht. The material is poor, but the picture is magnificent—no artist can give an impression of its peculiar charm. One must be there—spend one's days, nights and evenings on the quiet, narrow waters of the rivers, on the gently rippling surface of its lakes, to find the paradise of nature which is there.

We joined our wherry at North Walsham, a town where worry and hurry are not, and where to-morrow is as important as to-day. In the picturesque old town is the schoolhouse where Nelson learnt his first lessons.

North Walsham is out of the true Broads district, so we had to sail our way, the great black sail brushing the shrubs about the banks, down a narrow canal. Several ancient locks, the more picturesque for their evident need of repair, had to be passed through, and occasionally we had to lower the huge mast, while we pinched through some little one-arched bridge, into which the wherry fitted as a finger into a glove.

We moored our first evening just at

the entrance to Barton Broad. All round us the water was carpeted with white and yellow water-lilies; it only needed to stretch out a hand to gather a bouquet fit for a queen. Opposite our saloon windows was no bank, and no place where a man could stand, but instead a great army of reeds, among which the crowned heads of the bull-rushes raised their plumes of sovereignty. The Broad is a good expanse of shallow water, its bosom graced with the full richness of the water plants, and populated with many coypairs of water fowl. As one sailed about, ignoring the channel and its naked guiding-posts, the keel churned up the vegetable ooze, which slowly but surely is filling up the lake. A little dyke led from the Broad to a staithe, where several wherries were lazily discharging their loads opposite some giant stacks of reeds.

The reed forms the harvest of the Broad, and is as carefully homed each year as is the farmer's rich meadow hay. No straw thatch can compare with one made of reeds, and such a one will make most cottages picturesque.

There is a *Pons Asinorum* on the little river Ant—the bridge at Ludham—which is a trial and delay to many yachtsmen, but our boat just squeezed through, so we passed from the winding narrow waters of the little river to the broader, busier Bure.

We sailed by the ruins of St. Benet's Abbey. Not much remains of a once great pile, and much of this has been used in past times as the foundation of a big windmill, which now, in its turn, lies in ruin. But the old foundations on the bank show how great must once have been this benefice of the Church. To-day nothing remains but a few ruined walls and an Abbot—the Bishop of Norwich.

Then we turned inland again to Potter Heigham. A long line of pleasure boats were moored by the bridge—the luxuriously furnished wherry with a whole family on board; the large yachts with the great tall masts and far-reaching bowsprits; the awning

boat, manned by lads fresh from school. A fleet of boats of all sorts and sizes, manned by crews of all sorts and conditions, but with this one quality in common—one which is latent in most Englishmen—a love of the water.

For a fortnight we sailed about the Broad, finding new beauty-spots each hour. Here and there, moored among the screening reeds, would be some ark of an old boat—the home of the eel-setter. In his little house by his "set" the waterman watches his nets all night. A wonderfully interesting type are these men—fishermen, wildfowlers, sportsmen and naturalists they are, one and all. Nature is their only book, and they read its every sentence. In their little double-ended boats, a trusty old gun laid carefully in the bow, an ancient and cunning setter dog sitting gravely in the stern, these dwellers of the Fens punt themselves through the reeds, searching for wild fowl.

We visited Hickling Broad, a great wind-swept expanse of water, and passed up a winding dyke to Horsey Mere. We moored in a dyke by a reed-thatched cottage, and that after-



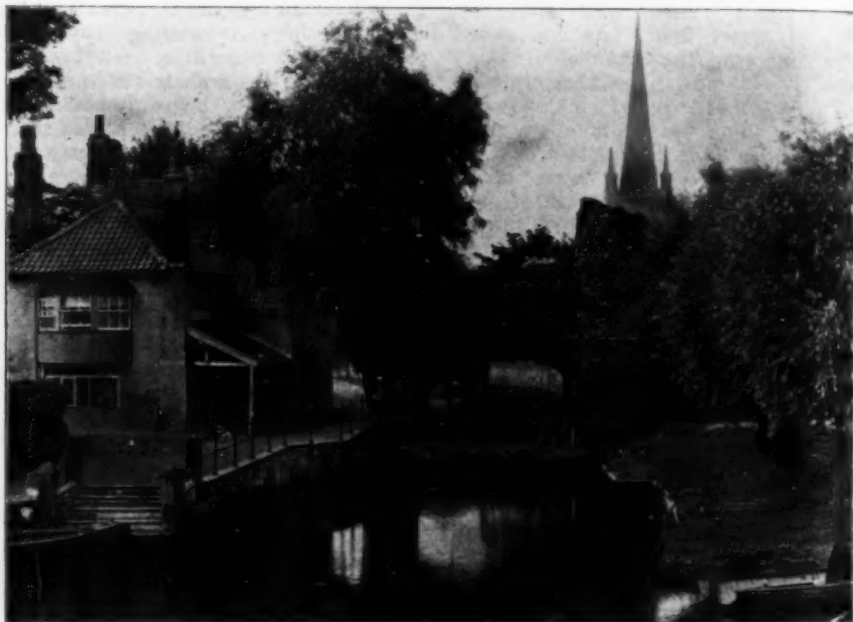
MOORED AT HORSEY MERE



noon walked a mile over the sand-hills for a bathe in the German Ocean. Then to Wroxham Broad, the Queen of Queens, with its tree-begirt shores and deep waters. A favourite sailing ground this for the yachtsman, so its surface is always gay with white wings.

Running with the tide to Yarmouth, we moored to the quay of what might well have been some old town of Brittany. The old houses opposite

We fled from his kingdom on to the broad salt flats of Breydon Water. At high tide a great sheet of water, at low a big expanse of mud-banks, through which a narrow channel leads to the rivers entering at the upper end. The tide was rushing out rapidly and the wind was light, so we passed slowly between the tall posts which stand as sentinels over the lake; grave-looking herons, wading on the mud banks watched us pass, and the gulls



OLD WATERGATE AT POOLE'S FERRY

were built right over the water, and an old ruined tower kept watch and ward. When the tide ran out, there were not wanting, either, those pungent odours, many and various, to heighten the resemblance to an old-fashioned continental town.

But what a change when one passes from old Yarmouth, with its memories of David Copperfield, to the new town by the sea. Paradise of the Cockney tripper it is, but a very Hades of vulgarity to the quietly disposed. A grand beach is completely under the sovereignty of the "Yarmouth Lamb."

circled above us till the tide should leave dry the feeding-ground.

Oulton Broad was very gay, for it was Regatta week. Yachts were moored on every hand, and it was a pretty sight when at eight o'clock in the morning, on a gun signal, each boat ran up a string of many coloured flags. Lowestoft is only a mile or two from Oulton. In its harbour we watched the toilers of the sea land their cargoes of freshly-caught fish, to be at once auctioned on the quay by a loud-voiced, oilskin-clad fisherman. There is another little

harbour for yachts, and a fine shore—a pleasant place for a seaside holiday.

When we regretfully left Oulton Broad and its gaiety we were bound for the ancient city of Norwich, through the anxiously-watched railway swing bridge, up the artificial and uninteresting New Cut to the riverside village of Reedham, and then winding between hills which, after the absolute flatness of other parts of the Broads, have almost the appearance of mountains. The river is busy with the traffic of trading wherries and pleasure boats, and peopled here and there by long strings of fishermen. These waters are a paradise to a certain type of fishermen; a couple moor their boats in the stream, and sit stolidly and silently fishing whilst the hand goes almost round the clock. Often we would pass a competition—a string of twenty or thirty boats moored at regular intervals, each with its two grave disciples of Isaac Walton. We moored outside Norwich, at the little riverside village of Thorpe, and made our way into the Cathedral City by a handy omnibus.

What a grand old cathedral it is! How beautiful are the ancient gates which give admission to the close, or the old watergate at Poole's Ferry!

Then we commenced our return

voyage, but we had yet to visit the choicest of all the Broads. South Walsham Broad lies secluded at the end of a long dyke. It is small, but for wealth of plant and animal life, for the number of its beautiful reed-clad bays and wooded islets, there is no other spot to compare with it. What pleasures a week's exploring of its shores could give! Nowhere can there be a more perfect haven of peace and beauty.

For a fortnight we had cruised about, caring for nothing and nobody, wearing our oldest clothes, and freed from the trammels of society. All day long we basked in the sunshine, and as our big boat gently sailed through the water, our eyes had only to look up to see some fresh scene of beauty.

Of the reflections which surrounded us—the double picture of an approaching yacht, the visionary almost as perfect as the real; the reeds and water-lilies mirrored on the water; or the beauties of each sunset, and the slowly-lifting glories of the sunrise my poor pen cannot picture.

So we returned to town, our skins as brown as coffee-berries, and our health in lusty vigour, with one hope in common—to go to the Broads again.



# Quaint Old English Customs of To-day

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD H. COCKS

**T**HE curious ceremonials to be witnessed in various parts of the Kingdom at prescribed times and seasons (legacies they really may be termed), full of romance and simplicity, are dying hard, but for all that they are dying.

There are still some hundreds of these old folk-customs (the majority based on the wildest forms of superstition) to be found dying naturally and slowly but surely in the obscure nooks and corners of this Kingdom, where for centuries—no one really knows how long—our forefathers and their ancestors have witnessed these strange usages. They could not tell you why they put so much faith in these legendary revivals, but it is that the English as a race are strictly conservative, and have thus zealously guarded and clung tenaciously to these beliefs in spite of so-called social enlightenment.

Each season in the calendar was famous for its own peculiar observance, which was religiously and rigorously celebrated.

One of the most charming of present-day survivals in these old fashions is that known as "well-flowering," peculiar to Derbyshire, where we find the ceremony strictly observed, as each Ascension Day comes round, in all its pristine beauty.

Several villages in the land of the Peak lay claim to "well-dressing" or "flowering" as their speciality, but it is Tissington, a remote hamlet of about 330 inhabitants, that "bears the bell."

Tissington, anciently known as Tiscinctuna, is a small parish four miles north from Ashbourne, a place immortalised in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*,

for was it not at "a very good inn, the Green Man," that the greatest of scholars put up? The hostelry stands to-day amidst rural simplicity, shorn of none of its former associations.

Tissington Hall has a very interesting history.

This fine old Elizabethan mansion, with a noble approach of lime trees more than half a mile in length, was garrisoned by Col. Fitzherbert for the King during the Civil War between Charles I. and Parliament.

Sir William, the fourth (Fitzherbert) and present lord of the manor and also principal land-owner, is a Deputy-Lieutenant, and was High Sheriff of Derbyshire from 1865-66.

St. Mary's Church deserves more than passing attention, seeing that it forms the centre of the Ascensiontide rites at Tissington.

It is built of stone, in Early Norman style, and possesses a clerestoried nave, while the low embattled tower—(Early English buttresses were added in the thirteenth century)—contains three bells, two being dated 1815.

The interior displays numerous beautiful monuments and brasses to the Fitzherberts, whose burial-place it has been for 300 years past. The Church was thoroughly restored in 1853.

Nearly hidden by woods and plantations, this charming retreat was the scene of severe contests between Royalist and Parliamentary forces during the Civil Wars, while now it is so famous for its perpetuation of this ancient rural custom, emblematic of peace in its very essence.

There are bullet-marks to be seen on one side of the Church, and a cannon-ball is preserved in the vestry.

Before describing the flowering of wells, it should be remarked that Ashbourne, too, has had its peculiar customs, but, fortunately for all concerned, these have ceased. Football was the thing on Holy Thursday, when the ball was thrown up in the Market-Place and a "fearful contest" ensued. Broken heads and shins were the order for that day.

origin of this custom is mainly due to the great drought which visited Derbyshire in 1615, when no rain fell (according to a parish register) from March 25th till May 2nd; but these five wells flowed on as usual, and people came for ten miles and more to get their water.

Thus then a thanksgiving service was appointed.

Some folks assert that the custom is



WELL FLOWERING

There are five wells or springs in the village of Tissington, which feed the river Dove as it meanders through fertile valley and pastoral sylvan scenery, which meets the eye at every turn.

These springs have never been known to fail, even when the most serious droughts have dried up every neighbouring source for miles round. The

a Popish relic, or a relic of pagan Rome, when fountains and wells were ever the object of adoration.

Now about the actual "dressing."

Wooden structures of from ten to twelve feet are roughly put together, and these form a framework for the exquisite designs to be hereafter affixed, as a background to the stonespring-troughs.

A layer of plaster of Paris or clay is placed upon the boards, and whilst damp, flower petals and berries are "pricked in," forming a most superb mosaic.

Coral berries of the holly, mountain ash and yew are stored in the winter-time by these good villagers, and the results, as will be seen by our illustrations, are emblematic of good taste and remarkable talent, the whole being most skilfully produced.

The designs are varied from year to year, and should the weather be propitious, keep good from Holy Thursday to the following Sunday.

The several wells which are thus honoured by these charming structures are known as the "Hall," "Town," "Hands," "Goodwins," and "Coffin," respectively.

But this not all. A bright, fully choral service begins the day in the Church, the rector, the Rev. James Fitzherbert (incumbent since 1876), officiating: after which a procession is formed in the nave, and a move made round and through the village to each of the five wells, where in each instance the Epistle, Gospel, Psalms, and a Hymn are repeated, a blessing being conferred upon the last of the wells visited.

The rest of the day is given over to merry making, feasting and the like.

In consequence of questionable origin, many people condemn the practice greatly, but no superstition is now connected with this unique observance, which gives unusual pleasure to many whose only pleasure it is.

A poet has said of this pretty festival (the most beautiful of all the old customs now left in "Merrie England"):-

Still Dovedale, yield thy flowers to deck the  
fountains

Of Tissington upon its holyday;  
The customs long preserved among the moun-  
tains

Should not be lightly left to pass away.

The next quaint custom of which I propose here to treat, is commonly known as "mumming," and is peculiar to Berkshire, for folks to the east and west have never heard of it.

"Mumming" like "well-flowering" and indeed several other old-time ob-

servances, is dependent upon the individual efforts of a few village people for its perpetuation, seeing that little or no encouragement is, as a rule, their lot from quarters where it might be justly expected.

Dr. Johnson defined mumming as "performing frolics in a personated dress," but modern mummers do not wear masks as of yore, nor do we find them disporting themselves in the then fashionable sheep-skins, coloured paper cut up in lengths like ribbon, completing a disguise (coal-dust *ad lib.* if burnt cork is scarce, due to the Budget's fresh impost!) which is at one and the same time effectual and economical.

Mumming is distinctly a Christmas indulgence, and dates back to the Roman Saturnalia, which would appear to be responsible for much that otherwise would be inexplicable.

Unedifying pastimes were these "miracle plays" in the past, the clergy invariably entering into the spirit of the thing with little or no reserve.

Clad in a scratch assortment of clothes snatched from the family wardrobe, deputy-moustaches of so-called burnt cork and other "effects," a small party of yokel lads will sally forth in hopes of gaining admittance to the entrance-hall (or at least the kitchen) of some respectable domicile in the neighbourhood.

Having reached thus far, one of twenty versions of "St. George and the Dragon," a doggerel rhyme of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, will be enacted by these bold sons of "corduroy," followers of the distinguished Keans. 'tis true, but a good distance behind.

But several of these little men have a capital notion of acting, and their elocution would disparage many a "star" who boasts a loftier pinnacle of fame.

In outline the play (I would not offend these lads) runs somewhat as follows:-

Father Christmas, or an individual recognised as Molly, undertakes the responsibility of introducing the *dramatis personæ*, whereupon King George enters in company with a high opinion of "hissself." "Welcome, or welcome not," states Father Christmas on entering, thereby boldly asserting his supe-





"MUMMING" (AS PERFORMED BY VILLAGE LADS). "HAPPY JACK"

riority and that of his attendant touring company, with an absolute disregard of all theatrical critics, such as are fashionable at "first nights," or later in the season when other "specialists" have provided "copy" in more senses than one.

King George then, or his "super" (one "p" please, Compositor!) relates how he lost some blood on previous occasions through quarrelling with other people, and proves his absolute indifference "for Spaniard, French, or Turk."

I'll cut him and slash him as small as flies,  
And send him to the cook-shop to make  
mince pies,

states the worthy King, with an insight into up-to-date cookery which is really disconcerting.

A person, the Turkish Knight, accepts

the King's challenge to fight, and gives the following unique information with regard to his private anatomy:—

My body's lined with lead,  
My head is made of steel.

A vigorous fight takes place 'twixt the two champions, "their swords clashing together with great noise," says the property man, while he should be wholly responsible for this part of the programme, ready with a tin kettle or warming pan in fact. The Sheffield cutlery in vogue, as a rule, on these occasions, consists of two good-tempered lads and weldless sticks of larches.

King George is wounded in the leg, and a medical man is summoned (*not* summonsed), but to balance the mortality, the other "fella" gets wounded; in any case, a wonderful, perhaps "blue

pili for green people," is administered, a panacea for blindness and bunions, etc., with healing effect, when all the doctors at the hospital have failed.

The jester, "Jack Vinny" (but prefers it thusly, "Mr. John Vinny") extracts a tooth from the wounded man, and gives a valued prescription away gratis, "One pennyworth of pigeon's milk, mixed with the blood of a grasshopper, and one drop of the blood of a dying donkey," is his sterling compound and elixir of life.

The "effects" of this small theatrical company comprise a horse's tooth and a pair of formidable pliers, together with the family garment clandestinely cribbed, and strips of (Sunday) newspapers, which cut in shreds, conceal a multitude of shins and tattered raiment.

Enter Happy Jack (if the householders have sufficient patience and enough

refreshment to satisfy these wandering players), a very depressing part to play, as he has to be very melancholy when the speech (not as a rule called for) invariably has this delicate hint secreted:—

Ladies and gentlemen, our story is ended,  
Our money-box is recommended, etc.

Then curtain, and a hasty exit down the front steps for further orders and halfpence.

The institution of the mummers, as already intimated, is one that has considerably declined, and we shall have attained our object if both mumming and well-flowering—two of the quaintest and most deserving of picturesque ceremonials out of the few of any real merit that now linger as a reminiscence of a forgotten period—receive a fillip from those of our readers who think that these efforts are worthy of their support.



## Playing Cards

WRITTEN BY HELEN C. GORDON.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. JESSICA LEWIS

"Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards, till our hand is a stronger one."

QUENTIN DURWARD.



O what country we are primarily indebted for the fascinating pieces of ornamental pasteboard which have served to pass away many a weary hour, is still a matter of considerable doubt and speculation. One authority seems to think they hailed originally from Egypt, but the Brahmins of India emphatically claim for their predecessors the invention of playing cards. Hindu cards being highly symbolical, were possibly employed at first for a kind of moral game: or else for divination, to supply a means whereby some clairvoyant mystic might raise a corner of the curtain which veils the mysterious decrees of fate. On them are inscribed the various incarnations of Vishnu, which strange to say closely resemble the devices on ancient Portuguese cards, and render it probable that the "diamond" of European packs had its origin in the sacred jewel worn on the breast, or held in the hand of the Eastern deity.

The Saracens are generally held responsible for the introduction of playing cards into Europe in the fourteenth century, and the game first played by them was called "Naib" (the four viceroys), a possible offspring of the highly complicated form of chess, "Chatur-raj" (the four kings). In Spain, naib speedily became corrupted into naipes, and to this word in combination with Jack or knave, may be traced the origin of our term of contempt, Jack-a-naipes.

Once it had gained a footing, card-playing flourished apace, especially in Italy where all classes seemed to be in-

fectured by an inordinate love of the pastime. Gambling was rife, and its ill-effects on social life so painfully apparent that the clergy raised their voices in protest and alarm at its prevalence. St. Bernadin preached a famous sermon of denunciation in the market place at Bologna, and so convincing was his eloquence that his hearers were induced to make a bonfire of their cards on the spot; only to regret this rash act, however, as soon as the blaze they had fed so eagerly had burnt itself out, and when fresh packs were procurable, the enthusiastic converts yielded to temptation, and gambled harder than ever.

Two or three hundred years later, when in England, the *beau monde* indulged immoderately in card-playing, the subject was again extremely popular with pulpit orators. Not always viewed with disfavour, for many worthy divines had a sneaking fancy for a good game of ombre, quadrille, or basset, but rather as affording apt illustrations and metaphors whereby to impress on their flocks certain rules for their guidance. One parson chose as his text the third verse of the twelfth chapter of Romans:—"As God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith"—and admonished his congregation to: "follow suit, play above board, improve the gifts dealt out to them, take care of their trumps, and play promptly when it became their turn."

At one time there existed a very prevalent and erroneous belief, that playing-cards were invented in France in 1392 for the entertainment of Charles VI. More correctly speaking, they were imported into that country at the end of the fourteenth century, and a

pack specially illuminated for the insane monarch by Gringonneur, a Parisian painter. The popular fallacy was cleverly utilised by an Edinburgh physician in court to support a case of alleged insanity. Under cross-examination he had been compelled to admit that the individual whose mental condition was the point at issue, played whist admirably. "And do you mean to say, Doctor," exclaimed the counsel for the defence, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment, and combination, can at the same time be deranged in his understanding?" "I am no card-player," replied the physician, "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king."

As early as 1478 the manufacture of playing-cards was a recognised trade in Germany, and the devices, hearts, bells, acorns, and leaves, which served to distinguish the four suits from each other, were both quaint and pretty. The pips of a French pack of the same period were emblematic of the four classes into which society was divided. Hearts, typical of the gens de c(h)oeur, or ecclesiastics; spades (the lance-point) of the military; diamonds, of the money-making citizens, merchants, or tradesmen; and clubs of the peasants. Sometimes David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charlemagne were the chosen kings, and again Solomon, Augustus, Clovis, and Constantine, until the Spirit of the Revolution de-throned even these pasteboard monarchs in favour of a quartette of distinguished French philosophers.

The first playing-cards used in this country were imported from Italy, and ornamented with cups, swords, money, and clubs. These in 1660, were superseded by packs of home manufacture, their designs copied from the French; except the picture cards which were quite novel in style, and represented the armorial bearings of the four great European powers—the Pope, and the Kings of Spain, France, and England. Long before this, the idea that playing-cards might be utilised as an excellent *via media* to education, seems to have

suggested itself to various individuals. Packs were designed by means of which might be instilled into the inquiring mind the principles of rhetoric, heraldry, history, geography, astronomy, and much more beside.

A contributor to *Notes and Queries* gives a description of some cards in his possession each of which illustrates a well-known proverb. "Two of a trade can never agree" is inscribed beneath a representation of two fishwives engaged in a stand-up fight, their baskets of flounders cast aside unheeded, whilst a man is running off in the distance, laden with some of the contents.

During the political and religious troubles of 1678-79, when James and his ministers lived in constant dread of Popish plots, an enterprising publisher brought out a set of copper-plate prints for the edification and amusement of his Protestant customers. No doubt he anticipated a speedy disappearance of his stock, since a reluctant purchaser would certainly be open to suspicion of favouring the Papists, if not of actual participation in their fell designs. A most valuable pack of this description is preserved at the British Museum, which





gives a pictorial representation of the murder of Sir Edmund Godfrey.

This was not by any means the only occasion that playing-cards were employed for the purpose of caricature, political or social. The South Sea Bubble and other schemes of a fraudulent nature were most appropriately depicted upon them. Indeed, the number and diversity of the uses to which they have been put at some time or other would fill a list of considerable dimensions. In them we find the original of the visiting cards and kind-inquiry cards of modern social life. Short notes, love-letters, military commands, and business circulars were frequently indited on the back of an ace or ten which seemed specially a *propos* of the communication. An apt response was made by a clergyman to a lady from whom he had received a letter, presumably of a tender nature, written on the ten of hearts. His reply ran as follows:—

Your compliments, dear lady, pray forbear,  
Old English services are more sincere,  
You send ten hearts, the tithe is only mine,  
Give me but one and keep the other nine.

In the fourth scene of the "Marriage à la Mode," Hogarth has immortalised

the invitation cards issued by the smart set of his time. They are strewn carelessly on the floor of the Countess's boudoir, and have been brought for her to see by her dear friend Lady Charlotte Squander, to whom they are addressed. On one her ladyship's company is requested at "Lady Heathen's drum-major, next Sunday," on another, at "Miss Hairbrain's rout;" whilst on a third, the orthography of which leaves much to be desired, "Count Basset begs to no how lade Squander sleapt last night."

A valuable relic for a collector of curios was discovered behind the marble chimney-piece of an old house in Dean Street, Soho. Together with several other visiting cards of a like description, was found a playing-card bearing on the reverse side the illustrious name of Isaac Newton.

In the reign of Queen Mary, divers Protestant subjects of Her Most Catholic Majesty in Ireland, were saved from persecution and possible martyrdom by the substitution of a pack of cards in place of a Royal Commission. The agent to whose care the official document had been entrusted, stayed a night *en route* at Chester, and indiscreetly informed the innkeeper's wife of the





object of his journey. This woman, Mrs. Edmonds, had a relative in Dublin for whose safety her fears were immediately aroused, and she determined to possess herself of the Royal Warrant. Next morning the agent proceeded on his way, quite unsuspecting the fraud which his late hostess had practised upon him, and in due course he made his bow before the Privy Council and presented his credentials in the case made to contain them, when, to his amazement and discomfiture, out fell a pack of cards. The Lord Lieutenant, seeing his horrified surprise, and possibly relieved at not being obliged to carry out a troublesome and dangerous duty, good-naturedly remarked:—"Let us have another commission, and in the meanwhile we can shuffle the cards." The transgression of one age is frequently considered a virtue in the next, and so it chanced in the case of the inn-keeper's wife. Before a second commission could be obtained Queen Mary had been translated to another sphere; and her successor, Elizabeth, rewarded Mrs. Edmonds for her quickwittedness and deftness with a pension of £40 a year.

On another occasion, a pack of cards was instrumental in saving many lives, though in a totally different way. The Captain of a schooner endeavouring to make headway towards New York in the teeth of a westerly gale, found himself quite unable to contend against wind and weather owing to the inadequate numbers of his crew. On board were many sturdy land-lubbers, willing to help, but how to teach them the names and positions of the ropes seemed at first a problem too difficult for solution. At length he hit upon the ingenious plan of naming the different parts of the ship after the colours and suits of a pack, and of placing a picture card on each rope as a distinguishing mark. Hey Presto! the scheme worked like magic! No longer confused by mysterious nautical terms, each man knew his post, and the hawser, designated as the "king" or "Jack" of "spades" or "hearts," as the case might be, was seized with alacrity: and the 'cute Yankee skipper enabled to bring his vessel safely into port.

That playing-cards were used as early as the fifteenth century in Europe for the purpose of divination has been ascertained through the medium of an old painting, preserved in the Museum at Nantes. This picture represents Phillippe-le-Bon, Archduke of Austria, accompanied by several members of his suite, consulting a soothsayer, who is seated beside a table on which the cards have evidently been dealt. With the exception of the four of diamonds, all are now gathered together under her left hand! and in her right she holds a wand, the other end of which is grasped by her royal visitor, who stands beside her.

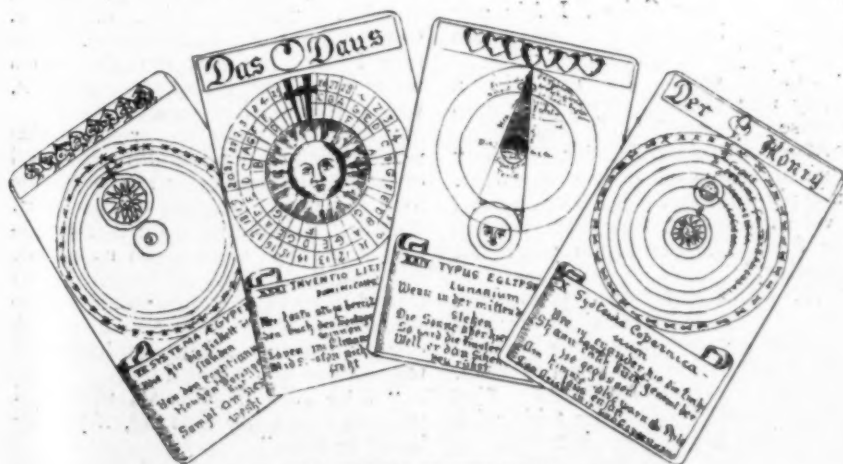
Since then, and probably before, the cards have found many exponents of the mystic combinations which they form, when from them is sought some foreknowledge of the windings in the path of destiny, of whose course we most of us would fain know something, whilst we "dre the weird which is our ain." Perhaps the most successful of cartomanciennes was the celebrated Frenchwoman, Victorine Lenormand, whose predictions of the brilliant career and subsequent misfortunes of the Empress Josephine have rendered her name historically famous. This remarkable person originally started in life as a milliner's apprentice, and commenced practice as a fortune-teller at the close of the reign of Louis XVI. She established herself in Paris, at what she was pleased to style her "bureau d'écriture," No. 5, Rue de Tournay; and many and diverse were the visitors who flocked thither to consult her. Her appearance seems hardly to have been in accord with her mysterious gifts. It is difficult to imagine a "short fat little woman" such as she is described, "with a ruddy face overshadowed by the abundant curls of a flaxen wig," as endowed with occult power. Nathless for forty years she pursued her calling, and though some inquirers, doubting her skill, came disguised and scoffing at her prophecies, events proved the sybil right, and her reputation grew apace. The Princesse de Lamballe, Mirabeau, General Hoche, Lefebvre, Marat, Robespierre, St. Just, Barras and Barrère, were but a few of

the many celebrated persons who crossed her threshold to learn from her lips the destiny (too often tragic) Fate held in store for them. Nor did she herself escape unscathed in those times of universal peril. Imprisoned for a while during the Reign of Terror, the prophetess was again arrested under the Empire for her premature revelations to Josephine of the divorce proceedings then pending. Sent for by the Minister of Police, and informed that she would be under lock and key for some time to come, Mdlle. Lenormand proceeded to deal out and read the cards without any embarrassment. She then apprised Fouché of the fact, to be subsequently verified, that her release would soon be effected by the Duc de Rovigo, his successor in office.

Of individual playing-cards, the only two historically famous are the nine of diamonds, often yclept "the curse of Scotland," and the six of hearts, still remembered in the Emerald Isle as "Grace's card!" When William of Orange invaded Ireland, he made overtures to the Governor of Athlone, an appointment held by Col. the Hon. Richard Grace under James II. On receipt of these proposals the gallant old Cavalier handed the following reply, written on the back of the six of hearts, to the emissary of the usurper:—"Tell your master, I despise his offer, and that honour and conscience are dearer to a

gentleman than all the wealth and titles a prince can bestow."

As many as six theories have been advanced to account for the opprobrious term which still clings to the apparently inoffensive nine of diamonds; such as a certain similarity between it and the arms of Colonel Packer, who stood beside Charles I. on the scaffold, and whose shield was emblazoned with nine diamonds or lozenges. Again, it has been suggested that being "Pope" in the game of Pope Joan, the nine was thus christened by the Scotch Presbyterians, who certainly held the Pontiff in the light of a curse. Most popular is the belief that it was on this card that the Duke of Cumberland wrote his inhuman orders after Culloden; but that the title was due to this fact (if fact it be) has been disproved by a caricature of earlier date. It is now supposed that the curious name originated in the likeness to the armorial bearings of Earl Stair. This nobleman rendered himself infamous in the eyes of all Scotchmen, not only for his activity in promoting the union of the two kingdoms, but more especially for his responsibility in the Massacre of Glencoe. 'It is quite probable that the horror with which he was regarded for his merciless butchery of the MacDonalds might even be extended to the harmless playing-card which chanced to bear so marked a resemblance to his escutcheon.



ASTRONOMICAL PLAYING CARDS



WRITTEN BY H. F. CAMPBELL. ILLUSTRATED BY SPENCER BLYTH

"**M**AY I describe you as an intellectual sensualist, Smith?" said the one man who represented the minority in the argument; proceeding, "No offence, you know."

"Come, come, Dundas, I think that's rather strong, I must say—even if you are getting the worst of the argument," fussily puffed the little city capitalist, who owned the well-spread supper table at which the party were seated.

"But, my dear Cohen, I like any compliments I'm paid not to be too obvious," objected Smith.

"Dundas wraps his up with a subtlety that appeals very strongly to my sense of vanity."

"Also," continued Dundas, "I deny I'm getting the worst of the argument. You apply the cloture periodically, and all vote me down, but that is mere brute force, like the crime you're all supporting."

"Oh, settle it between yourselves, I'm sorry I spoke," said Cohen; "but it's difficult not to speak when Dundas, in his rabid defence of vegetarianism, calls eating meat a crime."

Dundas looked round the table with his piercing black eyes, but read no support in any one's face. Then he

answered, "Of course it's a crime, and none the less so that it's the general law of this world that we use our intellects to pervert. Self-preservation dictates that we should destroy many animals that are harmful to us; but we create life to take it away again by artificially breeding animals for the sole purpose of destroying them afterwards."

"How about our carnivorous teeth?" said Smith, laconically.

"How about any objectionable atavistic trait, moral or bodily?" replied Dundas. "Self-restraint, of course, would rid us of it by evolution. Also, may I point out that our canine teeth were primarily intended for battle, when we were giant apes."

"Well, it's easy to prophesy that your branch of the Dundas family will eventually become giant rabbits on the food that you've mapped out for them. You call it evolution; I call it devolution. Animals were given us to eat, and I shall eat them. Moreover, I don't intend to go in for a double stomach to please anybody. Meals take up enough of my time as it is, without having all the work to do over again."

"Who gave us animals to eat? I suppose you'd say God did, if you believed in Him."

"But wait a minute," interrupted

Smith; "I *do* believe in Him. But don't quote me the Old Testament. I don't believe in that ill-tempered old Arab sheikh Jahvey. I said *God*; don't misunderstand me. Although I am a meat-eater, I don't crave for the blood of innocent goats to satisfy my fits of spleen. With me it is merely appetite."

"Well, that simplifies my argument. The higher conception you have of the Deity the better. What do you suppose we are given intellects for, but to correct the empire of cruelty that is rampant in this world?—instead of which many of us seem to think the intellect is made to pander to the basest instincts of the senses. We have no right to any pleasure that is derived from a fellow-creature's pain."

"But there's no pain to speak of! Death is instantaneous."

"No pain! Do you know what a hell a cattle ship is on the Atlantic, when the beasts are rolled about goring each other, slipping, falling, breaking their limbs—the dying with the dead? Happy are the dead. They, at least, are spared the final butchery."

"But *that* is over immediately."

"Yes, if the butcher makes a good shot with the pole-axe; but you forget the mental agony before that, in the shambles."

"Nonsense! emotional nonsense!" ejaculates Smith, almost rudely.

"Is it? *Will* you try?"

"What are you driving at?"

"Did you ever hear of the man who was hypnotised, and had his mind transferred into that of a criminal who was about to be guillotined. No? Well, I have some little skill in hypnotism, as you know. I will transfer your mind to that of a certain animal I know of. I wanted to try the experiment, and as, at last, I've found a man who *knows* there is no pain, it is an opportunity not to be lost. Come now, I challenge you. Accept, or eat your words. I appeal to you all. Is it fair?"

"Yes, certainly," they all chorussed, much interested—though, had they been the chief person concerned, they would not have seen matters in quite the same light.

Smith rather recoiled.

"Well," he began, haltingly, "I think it rather a morbid experiment."

"Oh, then, you retract what you said?"

"Most emphatically not. I adhere to it. There is no pain."

"You'd better let me try the experiment then. I don't know that I shall succeed. *Don't* be afraid."

"Yes, do—most interesting—quite an idea," chorussed the other men.

"I'm *not* afraid—only rather disgusted," replied Smith. All the same he would have liked to get out of it, but was carried away by the situation, and reluctantly agreed at last. It is doubtful whether he would have done so, if he had not privately believed Dundas would fail in the attempt.

"That's right," said Dundas rather unkindly, "I hope you are right—for your sake. However, don't be alarmed, you'll come back after your death, I'll see to that. You will find it quite an adventure. Sure you wouldn't like the trip across the Atlantic as well?"

Smith shook his head, and forced a laugh.

"Very well, then. I'll come round to your rooms to-morrow morning. You are to be slaughtered in the afternoon. Come round about five, you fellows. He will just about be coming out of it then. But I'd better have a witness from the beginning—Cohen, can you come?"

"Yes," said Cohen, "I'd throw up anything to see it."

"All right. Good-night, then. Take plenty of rest to-night, Smith. It is not every day one has the opportunity of being pole-axed; so you'd better come fresh to it."

\* \* \* \*

Next day, Smith would have given a good deal to go back on his word; but his pride forbade this, and he still buoyed himself up with the conviction that Dundas would utterly fail.

"Now," said Dundas, when he had arrived with Cohen, "are you ready? You are. Very well, I'll just explain a little to you, before I start. You will lose your personality and your mind. You will not be able to think more than



the ox, or feel more than the ox. To all intents and purposes, you will *be* the ox. I give you one last chance; do you take back everything you said last night?"

"No," replied Smith, firmly.

"Then we'll start." He commenced mesmeric passes, and in a short time succeeded. He rarely failed; his hypnotic power was not given to more than one man in a generation. It was a force.

"What does he mean?" asked Cohen.

"He is being driven with other creatures—to the shambles. Let us hope a painless death awaits him," answered Dundas grimly.

Smith had recovered consciousness— if losing one's identity and having it transferred bodily into some one else's



"I—AM—ON—A—COUNTRY—ROAD—WALKING—WALKING—WITH—OTHERS!"

Ascertaining first that Smith was entirely under the influence, by pulling back the eyelids, he proceeded to suggest his wishes with all his strength.

"Where are you? Answer!" he asked in a few minutes.

Presently Smith's voice came, as if from an immense distance, with a sleepy touch in it. "I—am—on—a—country—road—walking—walking—with—others." He stopped.

"That will do," said Dundas.


can be so termed. The first conscious feeling he had was that of a marvellous sense of smell. It entirely dominated his other senses. True, he could see fairly well, but it was only an adjunct; it was not his chief sense. Everything he saw looked rather dream-like. He felt hungry, and though he smelt hay all round him, and sometimes paused to see where it was, some one behind drove him with blows. The hard road hurt his feet. Presently another animal



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came down the road, in an opposite direction, dragging something behind it which frightened him. It rotated, and had a grating noise. His comrades were frightened, too, and they all turned to flee, but the man behind beat them, and drove them on. The thing did not hurt them, after all, but passed on. Then he came to some food beside the road and stopped to eat, but he only got a mouthful—he was driven on. Not long afterwards they came to a large village, and though there were several alarming things he could not understand, they had safely got half-way through it when the man behind ceased driving them on. He did not like the look of the house they had stopped at. Skinned dead bodies, hacked in pieces, hung on hooks outside. The man opened two large folding doors, and began driving them in. Faugh! how the place reeked of fresh-shed blood! They all recoiled.

More men came, and they were fiercely beaten from behind. They ran hither and thither in their anguish; they would go anywhere rather than into this bloody trap. Their agony was none the less for being dumb. At last the others lost their heads, and blundered into the very place they would avoid, but he made a desperate dash, not for liberty, but life—only dear life. The murderers and their abettors scattered like chaff from before him. He was irresistible. Dashing madly up a side road, the hue and cry gradually died away behind. He had come to a little hill, and began cropping the sweet grass, though he still trembled with his late experiences. But he was not to be left in peace for long; the murderers came running round a corner, and tried to get round him—he could smell the blood on their clothes. He made another desperate dash up the hill, breaking through a hedge at the top into a field, where he stood at bay, with distended eyes and dilated nostrils. He was safe at last, he hoped. He began pretending to eat, but was uneasy, lifting his head often, to watch the heads of the butchers, who were posted round the field. Presently the gate was opened, and he saw a small herd of cows. He pricked up his ears, and

walked towards them; the solitude he was so unused to, surrounded by enemies, had tortured him. Soon he joined the herd, and walked downhill with them. Now, surely, the bitterness of death was overpassed.

They were doubtless going to some pleasant lush-meadow, where all would be restful peace, as before. Down the road they went, into the village again, past the dreadful spot—no—suddenly there was a rush from behind, blows rained on him—he tried to turn, was headed back, turned again, stumbled—more fierce blows—a mist floated before his eyes—he ran forward a few paces to escape from his persecutors—there was a clang as the heavy gate swung behind, and he was trapped. His doom had overtaken him; he knew further struggles were useless, and he went into a little stable shed without further resistance; but his mind suffered a dumb agony. He sniffed in the dreadful smell of death at every breath.

There was a pause, but the men were not idle. He could see nothing; but, presently, there was a stamping and scuffling outside. Then he heard a rush into the slaughter-house next door, from which only a thin board divided him. It was one of his comrades of the morning. Presently there was a dull thud, and something heavy fell. A charnel-house smell soon crept through the chinks.

In about half-an-hour's time, or perhaps more, the upper half of the door was thrown open, and a man leant over, and passed a noose over his horns, then the lower half opened, the man retired, and he walked out, suspicious as to what would happen next.

Only one man's head was visible, right away on the opposite side of the yard. There were two doors open, the one from which he had just come out, and another, next to it, from which a dreadful smell issued. On one side of the yard was a five-barred gate, leading into a paddock at the back. When he got into the middle of the yard, he felt a steady pull on his head. He yielded to it at first, and the rope pulled him inch by inch towards the death-door. The rope had been passed through a hole in the wall of the slaughter-house,

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"(Signed) THOMAS BYTHEWAY.

"37, The Green, Stratford, 11th February, 1899."

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and five men were pulling on at the other side. Realising the peril, he made one bound towards the gate, and the rope instantly slackened, the five men having momentarily been jerked off their legs. Into the gate he charged madly; but it withstood him, and then he tried desperately to scale it—death was very close behind, and gaining. He managed to get the forepart of his body over—then one foot caught for a moment, and he was lost. The men had meanwhile got up and pulled again. Steadily, surely, step by step, in blind terror, in unvoiced agony, death grew nearer. One more despairing effort was this time foiled, and a miscalculated rush brought him to the threshold. Now he was through the door. In a trice his head was pinned against the wall, before he knew what to struggle against. Almost immediately a crashing blow was delivered by the waiting butcher. Mercy!

The man had failed to hit fair, possibly from excitement, though it is not a rare occurrence.

The axe was wrenched out of the hard

bone. He waited dumbly for death, in fear and pain. Another. Mercy!

Would death *never* come? Again the pole-axe was wrenched free, and this time fell true, bearing with it merciful oblivion. It is not *always* so expeditious.

Smith sat up and rubbed his eyes. There were four or five of the men he had met last night seated round, looking curiously at him.

"Well," said Dundas, "how did you enjoy yourself? Relate your little experiences. Is it *very* painless, or only rather so?" He looked intently at Smith, who was very white and shaky.

"So far from relating my experiences, I shall try never to *think* of them—not wishing to go mad," replied Smith. "As to you, Dundas, I almost believe you are the devil. You would have been burnt as a wizard in the middle ages."

"Console yourself—I'm not the devil; but I've just shown you we have not *quite* improved him off the earth yet, and, until we develop a higher moral sense, we never shall!"



"IS IT VERY PAINLESS, OR ONLY RATHER SO?"

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SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER (*who has just returned from Mediterranean trip*) TO GARDENER, WHO FOUGHT  
IN THE CRIMEA.—“Didn't you think the Grecian Islands were very lovely, Gardener?”  
GARDENER.—“Beautiful, Mim—beautiful; just like heaps of manure on a field.”

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GROUP OF PALMS IN THE GARDEN

## *Where the Queen intended to Spend her Spring Holidays*

WRITTEN BY CARL SIEWERS. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

EVERY arrangement has been made to receive her Majesty at the Hôtel Angst. The Empress Frederick did well to advise her Majesty to make Bordighera her headquarters in the Italian Riviera. The hotel itself is a palace; the grounds a garden of great beauty. Embowered in groves of palms and olives, oranges and lemons, they are backed with forest-clad hills, ascending to a range of rocky cliffs and mountains that gradually dip eastward

in graceful lines along the coast, to be lost on the far-off horizon. The old town of Bordighera is picturesque in the most artistic sense that comes from old and irregular buildings and adaptations of architecture to mountainous conditions. What may be called the "new town" is luxurious and modern in its more or less classic forms of villa, palace and hotel, their white walls and occasionally red roofs flecked with the waving shadows of acacia, olive, and palm. Her Majesty's apartments occupy an entire wing of the hotel, so arranged

that they might ensure perfect privacy. Even the atmosphere suggests something of the distinction that belongs to the homes of royalty, and the manager, who is either a German or Swiss, has quite the air of a highly-placed Windsor official. The servants walk with a soft tread; they all speak English, and their manner is courteously deferential. There was no sign of hurry anywhere when workmen were engaged in the rooms destined for the Queen.

The choice of Bordighera for the sojourn of her Majesty this spring has elicited criticism in certain quarters with regard to the alleged scarcity of drives in its vicinity, and much stress has been laid upon the dusty and rather primitive nature of the high road towards Ventimiglia. A very short excursion in the neighbourhood will, however, show to the most casual observer numbers of charming drives, all at a short distance from the Hôtel Angst, and most of them leading from the beautiful Strada Romana. Apart from the perfect quietude of the quarter in which the hotel is situated, the Strada Romana is free from tramway lines (of which there are none in Bordighera), and there is also a marked absence of automobilists. To the northward extend *vallate*, with pretty country roads winding through ever-changing scenery, in the midst of hills covered with olives and palms to an extent not to be met with elsewhere.

In the *vallata* Borghetto, the drive to Vallebona, in that of Vallecrosia, to Vallecrosia and Ospedaletti on one side, and to San Biagio and Ventimiglia on the other, to say nothing of the drive to Soldano, and through the *vallata* Nervia to Camporosso, furnish an agreeable variety of scenery and points of view. Besides, these drives lead to Coldiro Di, and Dolceacqua, while longer routes, varying from ten to fifteen miles, lead through a charming country in various directions to San Remo, La Mortola, Mentone, Airole, Isola Bona, San Michele, Pigna, Ceriana, and Taggia. Beyond doubt, her Majesty would find in Bordighera a sojourn uniting every possible desideratum. It was stated that the high road to Ventimiglia would be put in order, and that before the arrival it would be

as agreeable and free from dust as are the Strada Romana, and the roads in the various *vallate*.

The following contain a brief account of some of the chief walks and excursions in the neighbourhood of Bordighera:—

CAPO DE BORDIGHERA.—From the fountain on the Capo (about twenty minutes' walk from the station) is obtained one of the finest coast views on the Riviera. Looking westwards, the first village seen is Ventimiglia. The mountain behind it is the Berceau, and the still larger one to the right is M. Grammonde (4,590 feet). The distant conspicuous peak a little to the left of Ventimiglia is Monte Baudon (4,210 feet), and the flat-topped mountain still further to the left is M. Agel (3,830 feet). Under the latter is seen the town of Mentone. Still further west is the Tête du Chien (1,910 feet), at the foot of which are seen Monaco and Monte Carlo. On the ridge about half-way between M. Agel and the Tête du Chien is the ancient town of La Turbie, with its conspicuous Roman tower. The long, low promontory to the west of Monaco terminates in Cap Ferral, and conceals the town of Nice, which is about five miles beyond. The most distant series of hills visible towards the west is l'Esterel. The view to the east from the cape is not so interesting. The first valley is that of Sasso, bounded on the east by the dark slopes of M. Nero (2,023 feet). Beyond is seen the village of Ospedaletti, and on the ridge above it Coldiro Di (generally called "Colla"). Above this appears M. Faudo. The headland to the east of Ospedaletti is Cap Nero, and beyond it again is the headland to the east of San Remo, namely C. Verde, on which the Madonna della Guardia is plainly visible.

TORRE MOSTACCINI.—The shortest way to this is to go straight up the hill behind the Hôtel Belvedere. There is no view from the foot of the tower itself, but a very beautiful one about one hundred yards to the north of it, not only of the old town of Bordighera, but also of the coast to the west and of the Borghetto valley. Invalids who are forbidden to climb steep hills can reach

the Torre by the new Strada dei Colli, which commences by Villa Banana in the old town. The road is not yet finished, but there is a fairly level path from the end of it to the Torre. Another path recommended for semi-invalids starts behind the Hôtel Belvedere and ascends the hill in a north-westerly direction by a large open piece of ground where there is a very fine view of the coast to the west and also of the Borghetto valley. The path then takes a north-easterly course, and the last part near the Torre is decidedly steep.

SASSO, SEBORGIA AND M. CAGGIO.—Follow the mule-path which forms the second turning to the left in the new Strada dei Colli; on reaching the aqueduct the path follows it to the right for a few yards and then turns off to the left up the hill. The crest of the ridge is followed to Sasso (one hour) and Seborga (a little over two hours). At the *col* a couple of hundred yards to the north of Seborga the path divides. The path to the right winds round the head of the Sasso valley and then ascends to the Passo Bandito on the M. Nero ridge. The path to the left descends at first, winds round the head of the Borghetto valley, and then ascends to S. Bartolommeo on the *col* between the Borghetto and Vallecrosia valleys. On the stone slopes to the north of Seborga will be seen a cross, and it is well worth the trouble of ascending to it (about three-quarters of an hour from Seborga), as there is a magnificent view from it. The path to it runs on the western side of the slopes.

To ascend M. Caggio (3,633 feet) follow the path past the cross, a short distance beyond this it crosses a ridge, descends a little, and then winds round under the main ridge to the south of M. Caggio (Costa Beina). The path itself does not go to the cairn on the summit of M. Caggio, but, on leaving it, the top is reached after a steep and rough climb lasting a few minutes. The return to Bordighera from M. Caggio is best made either *viâ* Passo Bandito and Monte Nero or *viâ* S. Bartolommeo and Vallebona. The path from the cairn to S. Bartolommeo is usually conspicuous by its absence, but the descent, though steep, is not difficult.

BORGHETTO AND VALLEBONA.—The Borghetto is the first valley to the west of Bordighera, and the village may be reached in about three-quarters of an hour, either by the new carriage road or by following the road along the left bank of the stream to the end, and then ascending by the mule-path into the village. Vallebona is about half a mile beyond Borghetto.

COSTA DE S. BARTOLOMMEO.—The views from the ridge between the Borghetto and Vallecrosia valleys are ever beautiful. From the *col* below the Cima dei Monti, a path follows close to the crest of this ridge past S. Sebastiano (a very picturesque cluster of houses on the *col* between Vallebona and Vallecrosia). Above Maciarina the main mule-path leaves the crest and descends a little to the west, and then continues almost horizontally round the road of the Vallecrosia valley towards Perinaldo and passing a little above the chapel of S. Giusta. This path then joins the mule-path from Seborga to Perinaldo, and by turning up this to the right, S. Bartolommeo is reached in about ten minutes. From S. Bartolommeo, Seborga can be reached in about one hour and three-quarters, and Bordighera in about four hours. From S. Bartolommeo there is also a small path along the crest of the ridge, rejoining the main mule-path near Maciarina.

SANTA CROCE.—Follow the old Roman road crossing the Vallecrosia stream either by the stepping-stones or by the small wooden bridge, 200 or 300 yards higher up the stream. About a quarter of a mile beyond the Vallecrosia valley there is a beautiful old stone gateway leading into a vineyard. Enter this and follow the path, which crosses a small road, and then ascends by a cottage, the ground floor of which is a cowhouse. The path then ascends the hill steeply to the north and continues along the crest of the hill; the larger mule-path keeps on the western side of the ridge, but the shortest for pedestrians is on the eastern side. The actual crest can be followed if desired, but this involves an unnecessary amount of climbing, as there are three or four secondary summits before the final one, on which Santa Croce stands, is reached.

From Santa Croce is obtained the finest panorama view within several miles of Bordighera. To the east are seen the villages of Bordighera, Sasso, Seborga, Vallecrosia, S. Biagio and Soldano. To the north Perinaldo, to the west Camporosso, Dolceaqua, Rochetta, and on the coast Mentone, Monte Carlo, Monaco and La Turbie. In the mountains the dark pine-covered peak behind Sasso is Monte Nero. The peak to the north of Seborga is M. Caggio, with M. Bignone rising behind. Still further to the north is

mountain above Rochetta is Testa d'Alpe. To the west of it stand the two pine-covered peaks M. Abellio and Abelliotto, and to the north of these again, in the west, loom some of the French Maritime Alps. Still further to the south-west are seen the mountains so familiar by sight to every resident in Bordighera, namely, Monte Grammondo, the Berceau, M. Baudon, M. Agel, the Tête du Chien, and l'Esterel.

CAMPOROSSO AND DOLCEAQUA. — Both these villages are in the Nervia



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF BORDIGHERA FROM THE QUEEN'S ROOMS

*From Photo by E. BENIGNI.*

the bare rounded top of Ceppo. The distant range of hills above Perinaldo form the head of the Triora valley, the two most prominent peaks of which are M. Fronte (above Perinaldo) and M. Sacarello, at the western end of the chain. The three fine mountains to the north form the head of the Nervia valley and are—M. Grai on the right, M. Pietra Vecchia in the centre, and M. Toraggio on the left. The dark

valley, the third valley to the west of Bordighera, and the excellent carriage road to Pigna passes through both of them. From Bordighera to the Nervia bridge, on the Ventimiglia road, the distance is two miles, and from there it is about three miles to Camporosso, and five to Dolceaqua. Camporosso is one of the most picturesque villages in the district. From S. Giorgio, a short distance from Dolceaqua, is a splendid



view of the village, with the ruins of the old palace belonging to the Doria family.

**CASTEL D'APPIO.**—This ruined castle stands on the ridge to the north-west of Ventimiglia, in a splendid position, and is about 1½ hours' walk from the Roia Bridge. Ascend the Mentone road for about 150 yards from the piazza, where the Bordighera omnibuses stop, turn back to the right up a narrow street leading to the town hall and a church, take the main street opposite the church which leads to the upper part of the town, turn up a path on the right just outside the town wall, bear to the right, pass through a gateway and then turn sharp to the left. The path is then unmistakable. About three-quarters of an hour beyond Castel d'Appio, keeping on the ridge but bearing slightly to the right, is M. Magliocca, where there is a fine view of the Roia and Bevera valleys. From the *col* just north of the castle the return to Ventimiglia may be made, by taking the path on the left which winds down through S. Lorenzo and Calandre by curious clay ravines, and joins the Mentone road just above the Ventimiglia barracks. By taking the path to the right by the cross at the *col*, a descent can be made to S. Bernardo, and then by a path on the left down to the river and back to Ventimiglia, or by following the path past the chapel, which ascends somewhat and leads into the upper part of the town.

**THE AQUEDUCT.**—Turn up the street on the west side of the church in the old town, and keep straight up the hill to the washing sheds, where a number of picturesque women are generally to be found engaged in washing and lively conversation. Then follow the stream to the right, passing under the Strada dei Colli, and ascend the western side of the Sasso valley at first high above the stream, reaching it after about half-an-hour's walk just above the old Roman aqueduct. This is a special favourite walk after rain, as the stone path dries very quickly. The aqueduct can also be reached by following the bed of the stream itself: a very pretty but rough scramble, only to be done when there is not much water in the stream.

**MONTE NERO.**—Take the main road to Ospedaletti, and about two hundred yards east of the bridge over the Sasso stream, turn up a mule-path on the left. Follow this for a short distance, and then turn sharp to the right up some bare rocks just beyond the first cottage on the right. The path bears to the left, and ascends the crest of a stony ridge. Shortly after entering the pine trees, leave the main path and turn up to the right, and then keep near the crest of the ridge, but on the eastern side of it. The summit of M. Nero is reached after a climb of about an hour and a-half from the high road. There is no good view until the *col* is reached, about ten minutes' walk beyond M. Nero, and considerably below it. If the path along the ridge be followed for nearly three-quarters of an hour, the Passo Bandito, where there are four cross-paths, is reached. The path on the left leads to Seborga, the one on the right to San Remo and Colla, and the one which continues along the ridge to the north to S. Romolo, and it should at first be followed in ascending M. Caggio by this route, but left as soon as it slopes to the east, and the crest of the hill then followed instead. The ascent of M. Nero is not recommended unless the pedestrian is prepared to continue his walk along the ridge beyond it.

**MADONNA DELLA RUOTA.**—This is on the main road to S. Remo, and about half-an-hour's walk from Bordighera. Walk down (by permission of Sig. Winter) through the new garden on the headland close to the chapel, to S. Jacob's Well, where the lovely group of palms has been left undisturbed. Then walk along the shore for about a quarter of a mile towards Ospedaletti, and visit the mineral spring just behind a thick grove of palm trees.

**OSPEDALETTI TO SAN REMO, VIA COLLA.**—The ascent to Colla may be made either by the mule-path in three quarters of an hour, or by the road from C. Nero in a little over an hour; from Colla to San Remo in about an hour. The picture gallery and library in Colla are worthy of a visit.

Between Ventimiglia and Mentone, past La Mortola, Mr. Hanbury's lovely garden should be seen.



THE VILLA GARNIER, THE CUSTOMARY RESIDENCE OF THE QUEEN OF ITALY

Apropos of the flora of Bordighera, its limits are best determined by the sea-shore between Ventimiglia and Cape Nero, and the crest of the hills, which, commencing between the Roia and Mervia valleys, passes by Monte Abellio, (1,015 m.), Rocce Forquin (1,427 m.), Testa delle Alpi (1,587 m.), Monte Arpetta (1,613 m.), Passo Muratone (1,156 m.), and Monte Toraggio (1,971 m.), attaining its furthest point northward, and its greatest elevation at Pietra Vecchia (2,040 m.), thence by Carmo Binelli (1,309 m.), C. Langan (1,204 m.), Monte Ceppo (1,617 m.), Monte Bignone (1,298 m.), and Monte Caggio (1,090 m.), descending to the sea at Cape Nero, east of Ospedaletti. Even the furthest of these mountains may be reached in a long day's excursion from Bordighera, but those who wish to explore their flora thoroughly can do so better by sleeping at Pigna or Bajardo, from which villages the highest

summits may be easily reached, the last, 150 m., of Toraggio being the only slope which cannot be ascended except on foot.

The flora of this district, whose greatest breadth east and west is about ten miles, and greatest length north and south about fifteen, and extending from the tropical sea-shore to the mountains, which are more or less covered with snow through a part of the winter—from the home of the Sea Lily, *Pancratium maritimum* (L.), to that of the larch trees on Pietra Vecchia—is necessarily a very rich one, and comprises some fifteen hundred plants, which may be gathered between the beginning of October and the end of June. Occasionally a few flowers of the above-mentioned most beautiful and fragrant of European plants, the *Pancratium*, may still be found by the sea-shore and on the railway banks in the first days of October.

## AN APRIL MOOD



FROM war I come, to war I go,  
Peace hath no liën on my stormy life,  
But once—though dark the stern wood's frown,  
The whole world smiled as I rode down—  
An April mood with tears and laughter rife.

Close-serried pines on the steep hill  
Threw lonely scouts out through the thickening gloom,  
To where the rainbow, on their march,  
Embraced them in a tinted arch,  
A gleam of light from storm to flushing bloom.

A jonquil blossomed at my feet,  
All the desires of spring were in its scent.  
White petals in the ruffling breeze,  
Dropped slow from sun-flushed apple trees.  
The April mood o'er all was dominant.

The stain upon my sword is blood.  
Scenes such as these should haunt some dreamful isle,  
Not leave a fear that, 'mid the noise  
Of life's far sterner, fiercer joys,  
A claimant thence may come with tender smile;

May lay a lingering hand on mine,  
And prove a memory, though unowned, unclaimed,  
With spring embodied in her prayer,  
Her happy eyes, her unbound hair,  
Swearing I know from whence she comes, unnamed.

Now must I carry far this fear,  
That, when my looks are on the foeman bent,  
A jonquil's bloom may charm my eye,  
And I, with sword in hand, may sigh,  
*All the desires of spring are in its scent.*

*Author of "MISS MOLLY."*



WRITTEN BY HERBERT PERKINS. ILLUSTRATED BY H. L. SHINDLER

THE "Death Adder" (*Acanthopis*) is certainly one of the most repulsive-looking reptiles to be found anywhere. It is the fashion in some modern books of Natural History to assert that this snake is not more venomous than some other Australian species. Against this may be placed the unanimous opinion of all white settlers and bushmen, that it is infinitely the most dangerous. The Aborigines not only dread it more than any other reptile, but while a black fellow will eat any other snake, no matter how venomous, that he has killed, I never knew one to touch an adder. Without entering the region of fable which surrounds this particular snake, it has been repeatedly stated to me by blacks in different parts of the colonies, and the fact has been thoroughly confirmed by many old bushmen, that although ants will devour the flesh and clean the skeleton of any dead snake or other animal placed on their nests, not only will they not eat a dead adder, but if one be placed on their nest they will abandon it and form another. I have seen a fine young bullock in the prime of health and strength die in three hours from the bite of one of these horrid reptiles, and the body much swollen up in another hour. I have also, strange to say, for it is very rare, known

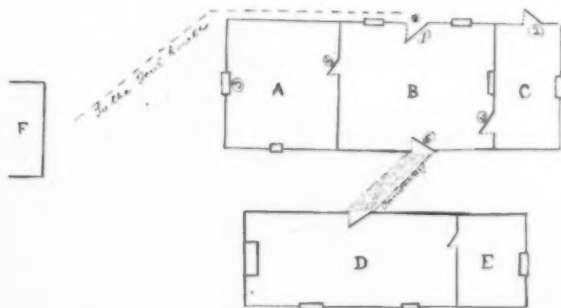
of a cure from the bite of one. It is a most singular case, and wholly without parallel; and what makes the cure more wonderful still is that it was in the case of a black fellow, who are perfect fatalists in cases of snake-bite and just give up all hope at once. It is as follows. A friend of mine on the Liverpool Plains was out one day with a black boy, doing something at an out-station hut, when an adder bit the boy in the calf of the leg; he killed the reptile, told his boss, and then lay down to die. My friend was at his wits' ends. There was a lot of coarse rough salt in the hut, such as is used for salting down beef. He first cut a most terrible piece out of the boy's leg, put on a ligature, and then rubbed the coarse salt into the great wound, fairly pickled it, and finally bandaged it up with great handfuls of salt on it. The boy recovered, though the leg atrophied away till there seemed nothing left of it but the bones, and in this state he was pointed out to me ten years afterwards. The habits of the adder make it more dangerous than other snakes, as it is extremely sluggish and makes no effort to get out of your way. But this sluggishness is of the "Noli me tangere" kind, for stir it up or interfere with it in any way and it can strike and shift itself with a

rapidity unequalled by any other reptile. It is seldom found more than three feet long, and the head is largely out of proportion to its length. The venom fangs are very fine and small, perforated as in all true vipers, not grooved like other Australian snakes. This bears greatly on the subject of my story, for the venom could be preserved longer in the perforated fang than in the externally grooved one. The story of the death of the overseer is perfectly authentic, at least it has been repeated to me by numbers of respectable people who were alive at the time. The man's grave has been pointed out to me, and I never heard the story doubted in the district.

"*Thunderbolt.*" James Ward, alias Thunderbolt, was in a sense a most successful bushranger. He was a native of the Northern Districts, and worked the northern roads round about the old "Hanging Rock," "Peel River," "Denison," and other Northern Gold Fields. He was not a cruel man, to which fact he owed his immunity from capture and the length of his reign. Of course, like all these bushrangers, he only kept at large through the support and sympathy of numerous relatives, friends, "Bush Telegraphs," and other confederates. Paddy the Mountain, who was a

well-known character in those parts, and whom I knew very well, was one of his staunchest supporters, although as far as I know he never took to the road with them. Ward's companion during his latter year or two was a half-caste boy from Port Macquarie, called "Yellow Jimmy," a most bloodthirsty young villain. It was a strange thing that during the great bushranging boom the very youngest lads were always the most brutal and cruel, with one or two exceptions. Partly through this boy, Ward got dragged into a drunken shooting business, in which he killed a publican in the Denison Diggings, and this started to make him unpopular and heralded his downfall. He was known to nearly every one, rich and poor, in those parts, and there are some most amusing anecdotes about his sticking-up jobs. His cave, which was actually discovered and shown to me by Paddy, is a wonderful place. I have been there several times; it is in very rough country and difficult of access. Still, some years ago parties used to be formed to visit it, although it involved some camping out and a good deal of time. Ward was shot at last by a trooper of the name of Middleton (I think). He was taken at a disadvantage, and passed in his checks after a career of nine years.

SKETCH PLAN OF NED BARNET'S PREMISES.



- A. Ned's bedroom.
- B. Parlour.
- C. Nellie's bedroom.
- D. Kitchen.
- E. Green's room.
- F. Fowl-house.

- 1. Front door.
- 2. Nellie's outside door.
- 3. Ned's bedroom window.
- 4. Nellie's door from parlour.
- 5. Ned's bedroom door.
- 6. Parlour back door.

\* Hole in which the Adder's jaw was put.



## THE DEATH ADDER'S HEAD.



AM still of the opinion that there was neither rhyme or reason in Tom Tregilgas waking me up, before going to work at the tunnel, just to let me know there was a snake under the big log by the hut side. If he felt anxious about it, why didn't he stop and kill it himself? I'm sure he was big enough and ugly enough to attend to all his own snake business.

For all that, I turned out, got a sapling, and went poking round the log to find out where the brute was, when one of the biggest and most vicious of Death Adders I ever came across precious soon let me know his whereabouts, by striking fiercely at my face with a bound like the recoil of a steel spring, and he very nearly caught me, too, which I suppose you know meant certain death. I only sprang back just in time, so that I proceeded to slaughter the loathsome reptile with more than usual gusto.

Now these sort of highly-spiced little episodes don't tend to put one in a very good temper, so when we all three mustered about sundown round the big fire outside the hut, I let Tom have my sentiments in stern and chastely festooned language, giving him to understand that the adder struck within an inch or so of my face.

"That's because you always want to poke your nose so damned close to everything, Jim," was all the consolation I got.

I had never yet been able to convince this thick-headed Cornish giant that it wasn't a highly criminal offence to be rather short-sighted.

"By Jove, Jim!" chipped in Dick Austen, just to change the subject, "there's some one hobbling out his horse at the creek."

Presently we heard the horse-bells, and then a figure came in sight waddling up the high, steep bank.

"Blind or not blind," I growled, my feathers still rather ruffled, "I can tell from here that it's Paddy the Mountain."

Paddy Kiordan, better known as

"Paddy the Mountain," was a celebrated local character. Even in that district of famed and daring riders, he was noted for his matchless and fearless horsemanship. Always with the best of horseflesh under him, no country was too wild or broken for him to negotiate. He had acquired his soubriquet from his recklessness in galloping down mountains so steep as seemingly to hardly afford foothold to a goat.

Near the township is a mountain, or rather a precipice, on which it would seem impossible for any horse to find a footing. Down this he had ridden full split many a time for a wager of a bottle of grog. Years ago, when the boys were out,\* and Thunderbolt† was having a gay time on the northern roads, and making things hum with the mail-coaches and gold-escorts, Paddy the Mountain was looked on with very evil eyes by the police authorities. Actual participation in any sticking-up job had never been brought home to him, but he was believed to be the most efficient of bush telegraphs,‡ and it was pretty generally known that it was he who had shown Thunderbolt the cave on Ward's Creek, known to the present day as "Thunderbolt's Cave," where he had so long successfully defied pursuit; as well as certain secret mountain tracks through these wild and rugged ranges, discovered by Paddy and previously known only to him.

By-and-by he came up to the fire, a little thin man with very bow legs, a sharp, clear-cut face, a grey eye as bright as a star on a frosty night, and, although a bit the wrong side of sixty, still as active as a cat and as hard as nails.

\* To be "out," or being "on the road," or "taking to the bush," all mean the same when applied to a person, *i.e.* being engaged in bushranging.

† The person here referred to is the real Bushranger "Thunderbolt," whose proper name was Jem Ward. He worked the northern roads only, and was "out" for nearly nine years longer than any other of these desperadoes.

‡ Bush Telegraphs were the bushrangers' Intelligence Branch; their remount and horse agents, generally harbourers, sympathisers and confederates.

"G'day, boys! I'll camp with yer here t'night, if yer doesn't mind."

Then, taking in all the surroundings with a keen, swift glance, he turned sharply on to me with an ominous shake of his head.

"Don't yer never do that no more, Sonny, now I tell yer!"

"Do what?" I asked.

"That!" pointing to the smashed-up remains of the adder at some distance from the fire.

"What! Not kill a beastly Death Adder?"

"Yes! kill 'em sartinly, the cussed varmin, but never yer leave 'em about!"

"Well, Paddy, there's no more harm in that joker, for Jim's bashed him up properly, for spite," put in Tregilgas.

"Yer a chump, young feller! Dead or alive, they're not to be monkeyed with. Bash 'em and smash 'em as much as yer like, there's pison and death in 'em still!" Then he went over, and, carefully lifting the remains of the snake with some sticks, brought it back and popped it into the heart of the great fire.

"There, that's better!" with a grunt, and looking hard at me.

"And so I tell yer now, Sonny, don't yer never do that no more!"

After which he puffed away at his pipe for a spell. Then turning on Tom Tregilgas with a snap:

"So yer think, young, feller becos an adder's dead there's no more harm in him, do yer? Well, see here—listen to me. When I was a kiddy the barracks down beyont at the big station were full of Gov'ment men,\* but the triangles rigged up at the big tree where the muster-bell was hung on was only kept middlin' busy, till there come a new overseer who fair beat all out for devilishness. Bless'd if 'Pussy'† ever had time to get the blood on her tails dry, and all the old hands said it was a good bit too hot to last. Well, this overseer chap had a fashion in hot weather for going a swimmin' in the creek, so one arternoon as he was comin' out of the water to where his clothes was on the bank, barefoot yer see, blowed if he didn't tread right on to the upper jaw of an adder's head a layin' there with the fangs turned up, quite by accident of course, leastways so old Cockney Bill said, who was doin' odd jobs close

\* "Government men" here means convicts, generally good conduct men, who were assigned to certain employers as servants.

† "Pussy," i.e., the flogger's cat-and-nine-tails.



"CAREFULLY LIFTING THE REMAINS OF THE SNAKE HE POPPED IT INTO THE FIRE"

by on the bank. Now the varmin as that jaw belonged to must have been killed for weeks, for the bones was bleached clean like, yet that there overseer was a stiff-un' afore sunrise next mornin'. Now what do yer say to that, young man? But there, I'm sort 'o mad too at tellin' yer this, for I'm blowed if I hardly ever speaks about it without bringin' on some bad luck—and once it were the cause o' the wust trouble as ever I'd anythin' to do with."

You can bet we were all at him to hear what this great trouble was about, but he wouldn't be drawn. Now I knew Paddy and his ways a heap better than the others, and as there happened to be a bottle of rum in the hut, I didn't despair of loosening his tongue. With a good stiff nip after supper and the prospect of more to follow, he caved in and started his yarn as we sat round the fire outside the hut.

"What I'm a-going to tell you chaps now happened a good few years back, when things was a bit more livelier round these diggings. There was a decent young feller of the name of Barnet, Ned Barnet, livin' about three mile from the 'Ponds' township, on a bit of a farm his father left him. Not a selection mind" (with a sniff of scorn), "but a proper little bit of freehold."

"He was a simple, good-hearted sort o' chap. Not much to look at, or very smart, but real steady goin' and hard-workin'."

"In the township was a gal called Martha Black; her father was the saddler. Well now she *was* partikler smart and *not* very steady goin', which was just the differ betwixt 'em. I am only a doin' her justice, boys, when I tells yer that she was out and out the handsomest gal as ever I clapped eyes on; there warn't her equal for looks not this side of the Queensland border—but I ain't a-doing her no injustice when I tells yer she was quite the wust one too."

"She was, I believe, the beautifullest gal in Australyer, and no gammon about it; the wickedest devil as ever was lapped round in a woman's skin. There was another gal besides mixed up in this business—Ned Barnet's sister, little Nellie. Pore Nell was a cripple, but a real pretty thing, with a bright,

sharp face on her. Three or four year younger nor Martha, and about sixteen then, but only a little slip no bigger nor a child of twelve with a kind o' hump on her back and one leg drawn up. She looked awkward enough on the ground, pore thing, but my word she was a reg'lar flyer on a horse. All our gals is good riders, you know that, but there weren't one in the district a patch on Nell. Their parents both died when Nellie was 'most a baby, so Ned reared her; and no father nor mother could have been kinder nor more lovin' to her than he'd been; and as for the gal, why she just doted on her brother.

"If any one tried to take a rise out of him seein' he wasn't partikler smart, they quick found out their mistake when they got the length o' Nellie's tongue on 'em. She was sharp enough, plenty, for both."

"However, be that all as may be, I knew Martha was carryin' on hot and strong with Billy Cleary, my own cousin, and sorrow's me to say it, the wust egg and most bloodthirsty young villin as ever took to the bush; so I was fair stunned when I heard one day that she and Ned was married a fortnight past. The fust thing as struck me was that poor Nell was in for a bad time of it, for there was no love lost between Martha and her. Then for the life o' me, I couldn't make out Martha's dart, nor the reason she'd married Ned; but I felt sartin there was something crooked up, and that it warn't all square."

"I didn't have to wait long, for two or three days after one of the boys told me as how an uncle of Ned's over on the Bathurst side was dead a while back and left him a tidy lump o' hard cash, and told me into the bargain as how Billy Cleary was a'ready hanging round in the bush back o' Ned's farm."

"I hadn't the proper hang o' the job yet, but it was plain enough to see that Ned with a pile o' cash and Martha and Billy Cleary hangin' round him meant trouble, and bad trouble at that, so I just saddled up and made tracks for the farm."

"It were after sundown when I got there, and found poor Ned thinkin'

himself just the happiest and luckiest chap in the colony. It was 'O Paddy! ain't she beautiful?'—and 'Wasn't she good to have me?'—and 'Ain't she fond o' me, too?'

"All such damned sort o' stuff as that, with the faggot of a wife hangin' about him and gammonin' to be spoony, till I felt reg'lar sick.

"Now I must tell you, boys, that Nellie and me was reg'lar chums. I'd given her one o' the best horses ever I crossed—that'll show yer what I thought of her; and, next to her brother, there was no one she liked or trusted like me. I could see plain from her face she warn't easy in mind, and after a bit I got a chance to have a yarn with her, spite o' Martha's watchin'. She told me it was all through the uncle's money. Soon as ever the news came about it, Martha made a dead set at Ned and had him married afore he knew where he was. Seems he'd been a bit spoony on her in a shy, backward sort o' way before.

"But the wust news as Nellie told me was that afore they'd been married a week she found Martha was meetin' Billy Cleary on the sly in the bush back o' the farm. Well, there warn't nothin' to be done that night, so I kept dark, and after supper we stopped yarnin' in the kitchen till bedtime. There was no one there but Martha, Ned, Nellie, a young chap called Green, who was doin' some fencin' and myself. Somehow in talk it came out as how Ned had killed a big Death Adder that day down by the cultivation paddock, and left it there. So I up and spoke pretty sharp to him, same like as I did to you Jim a while back, about leavin' the reptile laying around, and told 'em the yarn about the overseer at the big station, same as I just done to you.

"They was wonderful taken with it, partikler Martha, and she asked me all sorts o' questions 'bout this and that. If I thought it was done a-purpose? and how it was managed? and Ned he swore to make a fire and burn it off in the mornin'.

"Now, yer see, I'd made up my mind to tackle Billy afore Martha got a chance to give him the office to clear. I'd more say with Billy than any one

else, and p'raps if he was frightened of anythin' on earth at all, it was o' me. So I made up a yarn about an early start, and kept my horse in the shed all night stead o' in the paddock.

"It war just peep o' day when I saddled up, but as I rode over to the main slip-rails I could see a figure movin' towards the cultivation paddock, and went across to see who it was. Sure enough 'twas Martha!

"'Hullo, Martha!' says I, 'what's up, you're so precious early this mornin'?'

"'Same for you, Paddy,' she says; 'but I'll tell you why I'm up. I couldn't sleep last night a-thinkin' over that yarn o' yours, and soon as it was light I got up to burn the varmin off myself, fear o' accidents.'

"'And that's just about the very best job you can be after, Martha. But so long, for I'm late,' says I, making a start.

"Looking back a while after from the top o' the ridge, I saw a smoke risin' up from the cultivation paddock.

"I'd no trouble in finding where Billy had been planted, but the nest was bare and the bird flown. She'd given him some danger signal through the night, with lamp flashes from the house, for his tracks were quite fresh, and I laid myself down to run them.

"Well, the best o' trackers—and I'd learnt all the darkies could teach me as a kid, with plenty of practice since—the best o' trackers, I'm sayin', can't run tracks as fast as a chap on a good horse can leave 'em behind him, so I didn't expect to overhaul Billy till he'd come to camp somewheres. But, you see, of a suddin' I come across one o' our post offices. Not a Gov'ment one, you bet. There I found a notice—the Captain\* wanted me at his private residence. You can guess where that was Jim," turning to me.

"At the cave in Ward's Creek, I suppose," I answered.

"Right you are, sonny," continued Paddy. "And a precious long and tough ride it is from where I was, even by my own private and partikler short

\* The Captain here referred to is the bush-ranger Jem Ward, alias "Thunderbolt," the only one of these customers to whom the title was applied on the northern roads.



cuts. It took me a couple of days to get there and fix up what the Cap. wanted, and the better part of another to pick up Billy's tracks again where I dropped 'em. They were quite plain yet, and after a while I saw from the way they were circlin' round that he was headin' back towards his old quarters.

"As I happened at the time, for a wonder, to be on pretty good terms with the traps, and free, so to speak, of

ness without knowin' the lay of Ned's premises, so I'll just mark out the plan of 'em here on the ground. There's plenty of light from the fire."

With that he scratched out a rough plan with the point of a pick on the ground, and explained how the parts of the two huts were occupied; and in case you should care to look at it, I have added a copy of the plan in the introductory remarks.

"It was close on eleven that night,"



"I CAUGHT SIGHT OF A FIGURE COMING ALONG LIKE THE WIND"

the township, I made up my mind to take the main road, which was better travellin', right through the township on to Ned's place.

"And now, lad, I think I'm due for a smoke, and if there's such a thing going as——"

"All right, Paddy, you shall have it," and I served him out a good second mate's nip.

After a spell he started off again.

"I've been thinkin', boys, that yer won't get the proper hang of this busi-

ness without knowin' the lay of Ned's premises, so I'll just mark out the plan of 'em here on the ground. There's plenty of light from the fire."

With that he scratched out a rough plan with the point of a pick on the ground, and explained how the parts of the two huts were occupied; and in case you should care to look at it, I have added a copy of the plan in the introductory remarks.

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went on the little man, "when I got into the township and pulled up at Watson's pub. for a drink; then, late as it was, I pushed on to get over the other three miles to Ned's. I was about half way, when I heard the noise of a horse galloping like mad, and soon in the bright moonlight caught sight of a figure coming along like the wind. Before it came up I knew it was Nelly, racing along bareheaded with her long hair flyin' behind her. I shouted to her, and she pulled up. The pore thing was as



white as a ghost, and so scared like she couldn't speak for a bit, then—

"Oh, Paddy, Paddy!" she cried, 'thank God you've come—but don't stop me! Let me go! Let me go! I must fetch the doctor!'

"Hold hard a bit, little Nell, and jest you tell me what's the trouble. Remember, I'm a better judge nor you."

"And I caught hold firm of her bridle. Then betwixt sobs and the bitterest cries, she told me something. Listen to me, chaps. I've been in some queer ructions, seen and heard bad enough things, God knows, and no one has yet ever called me chicken-hearted either; but I tell you, as we stands round this here fire, what that pore little gal told me that night seemed to freeze the very blood in my veins.

"In those days, when men was a carryin' their lives and liberty about rayther loose and reckless like, they had to fix up their thinking pretty smart, not waste no time a-doin' school sums to see which way they'd to jump; yet I was fair staggered for a minute or two. Then it comes clear to me, and I asks her a question, and she tells me she'd roused up Green the fencer, and told him to keep watch as well as he was able without lettin' him know too much. Then I asks her straight, would she be feared to go back home?"

"No," she says, 'Paddy, I'll do what you think best, but I must get the doctor first.'

"Never mind that, I'll fetch him smarter nor you. Get straight back and say as how yer met me, and I'm bringing the doctor along ipore sharp. And don't you do or say nothin' to make no one suspicious that yer knows anythin'. What have yer done with that yer found?"

"I've got it here," she says, 'wropped up in an apron,' and brings out a small bundle from inside her loose jacket.

"Then just pass it over here, your life's not safe with that on yer—she'd murder yer for it if she knew. See here, Nell, you've got no weapons, have yer? Eh? I thought not. Can yer handle a revolver?"

"I can so, Paddy, and shoot straight with it, too."

"So I got down, lifted her off her horse, and, taking off my revolver, made her strap it on round her, under her petticoats, and cut a hole through them by the butt, like a pocket-hole.

"And now," I says, 'when yer get back, keep yer fingers handy to that there hole and watch her close. Keep your eye skinned, Nell, and if she goes to meddle yer, or to come to close quarters with yer, or yer thinks yer in real danger, shoot the she-devil. Mind, it's me, Paddy, as tells yer. Shoot, I tell yer, and shoot straight.'

"I will that, Paddy," says Nell, 'an' I'd sooner shoot her nor I would a warrigal!'

"She spoke up firm, the pore little crippled gal a facin' me there in the bright moonlight. I looked her full in the eye—that's where you can tell 'em, men or women, or horses either, for that matter—and saw she was as game as a pebble.

"Well, then," says I, poppin' her up into the saddle—her brother's saddle it were too—'off yer goes, smart as yer please. I'll not be long after with the doctor.'

"And off she went like a flash.

"The doctor was sitting up playing cards with two young station chaps, when I bust in and hauled him out into the surgery. There I told him quick what the trouble was, and blowed if he didn't think at fust I was off my head.

"Yer've not been drinkin', have yer, Paddy?" he says; 'I can't credit this no-how, it's impossible.'

"Drinkin,' be damned! Did ever yer know me the wuss for liquor? Look! See that?"

"And I opens the parcel I'd taken from Nell. He shrunk back, his face pale with horror, as I pointed out something very partikler to him.

"God in heaven, Paddy!" he gasped out, 'it's fearful! It's the awfullest piece of devilishness in all the world!'

"While he was a-bundlin' up the things he'd want, I saddled his horse. Now, boys, even these present times I don't cotton much to the traps, but in them days I hated 'em wuss nor pison, and yet it was me as made the doctor

\*Warrigal is the native name for the wild dog, or Dingo.



"'GOD IN HEAVEN, PADDY!' HE GASPED OUT, 'IT'S FEARFUL!'"

write a few lines to the sergeant to send a trooper after us with sartin orders.

"I don't take long to get over a trifle o' three mile on a good road, but I found time to tell him my ideas, and he give in to my plan at once. It weren't but little over an hour since I stopped at Watson's pub., as I fust came into the township when we pulled up at Ned's, and I can tell yer, I breathed easier when I see'd Nellie standin' at the corner of the house.

"Martha, too, she come out as we rode up.

"Oh, she was so glad the doctor had come at last! She couldn't make out what was the matter! Her dear Ned only got up out o' bed to go over to the fowls' house, 'cause she thought she heard *native cats*\* at the fowls, and somethin' had run into his foot. He

\*Native cats belong to the family of the "Dasyures." They are armed with sharp claws and teeth, and play about the same part in Australia as weasels do in England. *Dasyurus Viverrinus* the commonest variety in New South Wales, is a brown or black beast like a "marten," covered with white spots. The

wouldn't wait to put on his boots. She thought it must be a bit of glass, but he was so queer ever since, she couldn't think whatever was the matter with him. . . .

"And a whole heap more of suchlike damned lies.

"Poof!" and Paddy spat into the fire with intense disgust. "It makes me feel real bad after all these years to think of the cussed cat.

"Poor Ned was sensible, but drowsy and faint like, the foot was swollen and sort o' blackish, the wound to be seen plain. Soon's he looked at it, doctor ordered Martha off to get a bucket of boilin' hot water. As she went out I slapped the door close to, doctor out with his tools, tried the hole with a probe, gave a couple of snicks with a knife, then drew something out with his fine pincers and showed it me. Sure enough it was the fine needle-like point

skins make most beautiful rugs. They are very savage, and good rat dogs often refuse to tackle them.

of a snake's fang, and it was stowed away safe in his pocket-book afore Martha came back with the hot water.

"I can't find nothin' in the foot, Mrs. Barnett," says Doctor, 'but it seems to me a case o' bad blood pisoning, so I'll treat him for that.'

"But he didn't, for he just tried all he knew for snake pison. Anythin' possible he done, but it warn't no good, the poor chap got wuss and wuss, and a little after sunrise he pegged out.

"You'd have thought Martha was the lovin'est wife out, to see the way she went on, when she found her 'Dear! dear! Ned' was gone. I told yer about sending word to the sergeant? Well, a while after us a trooper came out, sayin' he'd orders to look about after some chaps out cattle-duffin'—but his real orders was to watch Martha. Doctor managed to get a word on the quiet with him, and sends him back through the night with a note to his house-keeper for some medicine; but the note really was for the sergeant. The trooper only brought a message back for doctor. But about an hour after poor Ned died out came sergeant himself, with another trooper. He heard all about the death, and said as how there must be an inquest out there, as the body would swell too much to move it, and he'd go back and let the police magistrate know. The magistrate and he fixed up things, so that when they came out about ten o'clock they'd a jury with 'em.

"Ned had just built a big shed for a barn and shearin' in; they fixed up some tables in it, and held the inquest there.

"Now, chaps, yer'll have to bear in mind the plan I scratched out.

"This here long hut at the back o' the main one was the kitchen, with this bit cut off the end o' it, where Green the fencer was campin'.

"The front house had three rooms, two main ones and a little skillion where Nellie slept. The door coming from the kitchen opened into the middle room, the parlour; the room to the left was Ned's bedroom; there was a door into it from the parlour, but none from the bedroom opening outside the house. The window you see was round at the side, not to the front.

"There was a door from the parlour into Nellie's little skillion room, and her window was at the side, too, but she had another small door opening to the front. The front door of the parlour was opposite the one from the kitchen, with a window each side of it. You'll understand now that any one in Ned's bedroom couldn't see out to the front or get there save by goin' through the parlour, but Nellie could see or go out through her small door to the front. The fowl-house was a way off here on the side of Ned's bedroom.

"Now I can't and don't mean to give you evidence all regular and in the order it was took down; yer'll have to get this yarn my fashion or not at all; when I've done p'raps yer'll understand why. There was a good few and the neighbours and township folk gathered in the barn when the inquest started, and I noticed the troopers kept pretty well closed up to Martha.

"Martha, she swore that Ned and her was in the kitchen till about half-past nine, then they went through the parlour into the bedroom to bed.

"They'd been in bed some time, about half an hour p'raps, when she thought she heard a noise in the fowl-house, like as if native cats was at the fowls. She roused Ned. He said he'd go over and see, and jumped out o' bed. She told him he'd better put on his boots, but he laughed and said it made no odds. He went through the parlour out o' the front door, and she went to the bedroom window.

"When he got clear of the front o' the house, she saw him goin' towards the fowl-house. It was bright moonlight at the time. He was more than half-way across when he cried out that he'd pricked his foot with somethin', and she called to him to never mind the fowls, but to come back. He hesitated a bit and seemed to be feelin' his foot, but went on and looked into the fowl-house; then he came to the bedroom window and said he could see nothin', the fowls was all right, but his foot was very sore. She went to the front door to meet him, and helped him into the bedroom and got a light to look at his foot. There was just a little prick like from a splinter of glass and a tiny drop o' blood.

"Then her sister-in-law Nellie came in, and was very excited and in a great state about what seemed to her a mere nothin'. Green the fencer came and asked what was wrong. Nellie was for fetchin' a doctor right away, but it seemed to her they were making a great fuss for nothin' and the doctor would laugh at them.

"By-and-by Ned said he felt very bad, and so she let Nellie go. Green and her bathed the foot and tried to find if there was anything stickin' in it, but could find nothin'. They gave Ned some rum. Nell was soon back sayin' she'd met Paddy the Mountain, who was goin' for the doctor. Ned was now gettin' real bad, and she began to be frightened. Nellie gave him a lot more rum and bathed his foot with some. That was all she knew till Paddy came back with the doctor. The doctor sent her for hot water, and when she came back told her he'd opened the foot and there was nothin' in it. They nursed him all night, but she had to leave the room at times, she was so upset. She was sittin' cryin' in the kitchen when they came and told her poor dear Ned was gone.

"When it come to Nell's turn, she let out she'd been suspicious o' her sister-in-law for some time. When pushed for the reason, she said how within a week o' Ned's weddin' she'd tracked Martha to a-meetin' in the bush with Bill Cleary, and several times since.

"Now I can tell you, boys, this made the sergeant and the troopers prick up their ears and look precious foolish too, for there was a heavy reward out for Billy, and he was wanted by the traps most partikler bad.

"Then Nell told about her brother killin' an adder and my tellin' them the yarn about the overseer. That the mornin' after, as Ned said he was going to burn it off, Martha told him not to bother for she'd done it a'ready, and pointed to the smoke down the paddock.

"Since then she'd been more oneasy still, though she couldn't say why exactly. Yesterday after dinner she was at the front door o' the parlour, with her stick in her hand, pokin' it about, and found a hole just in front of

the sill, where you'd step down; it was p'raps three inches deep and six long and filled in with loose fine earth.

"She was sure it was made by some one a-purpose, for the ground all round in front o' the door had been rammed with clay and gravel from the river and was as hard as a stone. Fowls couldn't have made it by scratchin' either. She'd lived there all her life and swept in front o' the door hundreds o' times, and was sure the hole was only fresh made. There was nothing in it then but very fine earth, for she poked her stick all round it. Just after dark, as she came round the side o' the house, Martha was stoopin' over this place, like as if she was feelin' for somethin'. When Martha saw her, she jumped up and went into the parlour. That night Nellie went off to her room before the others. She felt anxious and lonely, so she only part undressed, blew out her light and lay down on the bed. After a while Ned and Martha went to bed, and she got up, opened her outer door and sat down on a stool watchin' the moon. Then after a while she heard voices. The door into her room from the parlour was ajar, and the sound came quite plain through the slabs.

"She heard Martha tell Ned to get up and go over to the fowl-house. He seemed kind o' sleepy, and she spoke quite cross and short to him. Then she heard Martha tell him not to be fumblin' there for his boots, sure he could go that far without 'em, and to go out by the front door, for she'd taken the key out of the other and couldn't find it. Nellie heard him open the front door and she peeped out from hers. He stood for a bit in the doorway like a chap half asleep, rubbin' his eyes, and then stepped out. He seemed to her to step right on top o' the hole, and gave a sharp jump, cryin' out,

"'Oh, what's that? I've run somethin' into my foot!'

"He didn't go straight to the fowl-house, as Martha had sworn, but round to her window.

"The moment as Ned cried out about hurtin' his foot,' said Nell, 'everythin' seemed clear to me!' I mind her" went on Paddy, "and can see her now stalkin' away to the magistrate with a

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tear or so runnin' down her little white face. She was fairly larnt, spoke quick and narvous like.

"'Everythin' was clear, sir,' she says to him. 'Paddy's story about the over-seer came plain before me. I knew what she went down the paddock for the mornin' after. I knew who'd made the hole and I knew what she'd put in it when I saw her stoopin' down over it. I knew as well as I do now what was in it then! I don't know what came over me. I felt stupid like and couldn't cry out. As Ned went round the corner, I ran to the place and poked my stick into it.

"'There was nothin' there when I tried it before, but now the first touch turned up what I knew was there. I threw my apron over it, picked it up, stamped down the soft earth and got back to my room, it didn't take not half a minute. Then I opened the apron and there in the moonlight was a snake's jaw; the jaw of that one my dear brother killed, and put there by that wicked woman to bring him to a cruel, awful death.'

"Then the pore thing broke down and cried fearful. Never shall I forget the scene in the barn; there was a few women there, some old enough to be Martha's mother, some girls that had been playmates with her. When the snake's jaw was produced and put on the table they went all half mad, some cryin', some beatin' their breasts as the shadder o' this devilish wickedness fell over them.

"One old woman, a friend of her fathers's, flung herself on her knees, her grey hairs loose about her shoulders and the tears pourin' down her face; she stretched out her arms towards Martha and cried—

"'For God's sake, gal, say it's a lie! For God's sake! For your own sake! For the sake of them as is mothers and wives show as ye're innocent. For the sake of all of us as has to bear childer, prove yer never laid that murderin' trap for your pore simple one-month-old husband!'

"It was a time afore there was order again, and Nellie went on to say that after she got back to her room she heard Ned and Martha talkin' at their window. He was sayin' the fowls seemed all quiet

and there was no use goin' over, as his foot hurt him terrible. She was in a reg'lar temper, and said if he wouldn't do that triflin' thing for her she'd go over herself. With that he went across. As soon as he left the window she rushed through the parlour to the door, and Nellie saw her gropin' about round the hole till she heard Ned's footstep, when she went inside and seemed very angry.

"Ned came straight back to the front door, not to the window at all, and stopped lookin' round the place where he pricked his foot. He was limpin' bad, then he went through into the bedroom. Nellie then came out, pretendin' to have been roused up. Ned called her in and told her that just outside the door he'd run something into his foot and felt very bad, and asked her to take a light and look outside for what he'd trod on; but Martha snatched the candle away, sayin' she'd go herself.

"Nell roused up young Green, and then she didn't know what to do. She couldn't say what she knew without accusin' Martha and of course her brother wouldn't believe it. Then, once Martha knew Nell had watched her and found the adder's jaw, she'd have got it from her, at the cost even o' the gal's life.

"'It wasn't,' as she said to the magistrate, 'that I was frightened for my life, sir, I would have laid that down gladly, a hundred times over, to save my dear brother, but his only chance was for me to live, anyway till I'd got the doctor.'

"But this Martha stuck out against till her brother felt so bad that he asked himself for the doctor; then, with Green's help, Nell got away at last.

"Green's evidence backed up Nell's about Martha tryin' to stop the doctor comin', and he said, besides, while Nell was away Martha spent all the time huntin' for what Ned had trod on. He bathed Ned's foot, and gave him a strong drink of rum.

"I've told yer a'ready how the pore young thing met me and told me her story, how I turned her back and fetched the doctor. After she got back, till we came, there was nothin' partikler



happened. Martha kept on huntin' for what she'd never find, and tried to stop them givin' Ned stimulants.

"The only evidence I had was about meetin' Nell the night before on the road, about tellin' 'em the overseer's story and the meetin' with Martha in the mornin' as she was goin' to burn the snake.

"The police evidence was that they'd found the remains of a Death Adder part burnt down by the cultivation paddock, and that the top jaw with the pison fangs was missin', and the hole outside the front was plainly made by a human bein', not by dogs or fowls. They had also found out that three days after his weddin' Ned had made a will leavin' three parts of what he had to Martha and one part to Nellie.

"I'm givin' yer now the doctor's evidence last, though it didn't come out that way. He told as how I'd burst into his house with a most terrible story, that he couldn't believe it till I showed him an adder's top jaw, and looking carefully at it I'd pointed out to him that part of one of the fangs was broken off and might still be in Barnet's foot. How we'd agreed to a plan on our way to the farm. That as soon as possible he made an excuse to get Martha out of the room, and then cut the fang out. From the first he was fear'd the case was hopeless; then he went on to say what he'd done for the poor chap, and certified that death was through snake pison from the fang in the foot. The dying man had told him plainly in my presence that it was just outside the door the thing had run into his foot, and that it was Martha who persuaded him not to put on his boots.

"There now, boys," went on Paddy, "I've given yer now the whole of the evidence in my way, so yer can get a clear idea of the case in a lump.

"But it warn't taken as simple and easy as I'm tellin' it, for there was a break in the middle, and a terrible one, too. I watched Martha close all the time. At first she was easy enough, but when doctor, who was called after her, spoke about my tellin' him a fearful story and showin' him the adder's jaw, then about cuttin' out the fang, and the rest o' his evidence, she seemed to feel

the game was up; but still it warn't clear to her yet how the murderin' thing got into my hands. But when Nell's turn came after the doctor, and the villin found how she'd been shadowed and tracked down by that pore little crippled gal, and all her devilish tricks bust up, the rage as took a holt o' her was awful to see. Never, if I was to live to be a hundred year old, shall I forget the awful sight o' her; she seemed a'most to blaze afire with rage. They say Hell's full o' devils. Two on 'em at any rate wern't there that day, but inside o' Martha, a-lookin' out, one from each her eyes.

"As Nell went on, the adder's jaw was put on the table, and it was the sight o' this as worked up the women so. When she'd done her evidence, doctor stepped up to show how the bit of fang he'd cut out o' Ned's foot fitted to the stump. Every one in the barn was pushin' and stretchin' forrard to watch him. Even the troopers who'd closed up round Martha was straining over to get a look. One on 'em, Dick Hughes, at her right hand, leant over near in front o' her. The flap of his pistol holster was unfastened. Like lightnin' she snatched his revolver out and fired point blank across the table at Nellie. My eyes had never been off her. I saw the move, whipped my arm round Nell's neck, and dragged her aside. The ball just missed her, but I got branded, for it went through the fleshy part o' my arm.

"On the shot as it were Dick threw her hand up, in time at any rate to send the second ball above our heads. They then closed on her, disarmed her and whipped on the darbies.

"The case was then finished. Besides a verdict of guilty of the murder of her husband, she was committed for trial on a charge o' shootin' with intent, and marched off to the township lock-up, but they didn't know the sort o' woman they had to deal with. They kept lookin' into her cell at off-times through the night, but though at three in the mornin' she seemed quiet enough, when they came again at sunrise she was dead, a-hangin' from the bars o' her cell window.

"She'd torn her petticoats up, twisted

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"FIRED POINT BLANK ACROSS THE TABLE AT NELLIE"

'em into a rope, and saved the hangman a job.

"And now yer've heard me out to the finish; tell me, boys, if ever in what they calls the history o' crime, yer've come across anything to equal the story o' this most cold-blooded and devilish woman; and yer can't wonder as it makes me feel cranky when I see any

of them pisonous reptiles, though dead enough, p'raps, left layin' about, or that I am feared o' somethin' bad happenin' from them."

"At any rate, Paddy," I said, as we finished the bottle, "in this case there won't be any more trouble," pointing to a little heap of feathery ashes, all that remained of the Death Adder's head.



"A CHILD AMONGST THE DEAD"

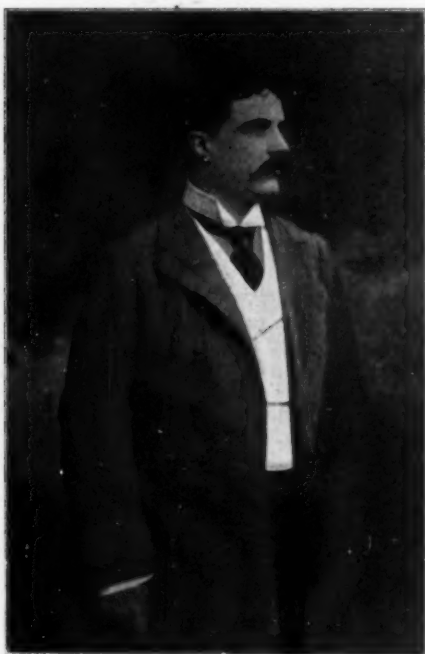


THE sun look'd down on Afric's burning plain  
 One summer morn; on ghastly signs of strife,  
 On blood, on death. No sound, not e'en one moan  
 Broke the sweet stillness; only plaintive cry  
*O' dikkopf,\** rising, falling like a dirge,  
 And buzz of insect, filling all the air.  
 The dead lay strewn around—the manly form,  
 The grey-hair'd vet'ran, side by side with youth,  
 All wrapp'd in wondrous majesty of death.  
 Shine, summer sun! Thou canst not break their sleep.  
 To them the sun has set; or, better far,  
 Has risen the "Sun of Righteousness,"  
 With healing in His wings.

A gentle sigh  
 Falls like light breeze upon the list'ning ear.  
 Surely a sunbeam must have kindled life  
 In one cold frame! Is it the sun's red flush  
 Just gilding marble? Nay, 'tis life within,  
 Tinging yon cheek, ere now so pale, with rose;  
 Curving the lips, so lately still, with smiles—  
 Smiles born of dreams, his senses slumb'ring yet.  
 The dark eyes raised, with yet unseeing gaze,  
 Beneath fringed lids that tell of childhood's grace.  
 Scarce sixteen summers can have come and gone  
 Since that still smooth and softly-rounded cheek  
 Lay on a mother's breast in cherished infancy.  
 What does he here, that bright-haired, noble boy?

\* A bird with mournful note, that cries "Huie! Huie!" on the veldt.

War, fierce, unrighteous, swept his own dear land,  
Raided his home, and laid its idols low.  
Those he loved best—his father, brother, friend—  
Had joined the strife, for victory or death.  
He too must go, his Queen and country call;  
He must defend the right, avenge the wrong,  
And fight for Queen and country until death.  
A cruel ball had laid him low; and night  
Found him unconscious 'neath the moon's cold beams.  
And still he murmurs, wand'ring on in dreams  
Of sister, home, and comrades on the field.  
See, now he lifts his head and looks around!  
Ah! *now* he knows—there lie his comrades dead—  
Alas! but *he* still lives! Then the warm tears  
Rush to his youthful eyes, and from his heart  
An earnest, thankful prayer ascends to Heaven.  
Sweet life is spared to him; he yet may see  
His mother's smile, and hear his sister's voice.  
Feebly his pulses beat, but his firm hope  
Is fixed on God, Who will not let him die.  
Oh, for a draught to slake his burning thirst!  
Oh, for a shelter from the sun's fierce rays!  
A tinkling sound of water strikes his ear,  
And lo! ten paces scarce away, he sees  
A tiny *kloof*. Ah! there it must lie hid.  
A cruel pain tells where the ball lies deep,  
But the brave boy, scarce heeding, crawls along,  
And soon he drinks deep draughts and laves his brow  
In sparkling stream, pressing his lips and cheek  
On cool, green fern, bright dew-dropped flower.  
Thus he was found, ere long, by those who sought,  
With anxious care, the living 'mongst the dead.



SIR FRANCIS MONTEFIORE, BART.

*From Photo by THOMSON*

## *Some Considerations on Zionism*

WRITTEN BY SIR FRANCIS MONTEFIORE, BART.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



**T**HE third Congress of Zionists, which has lately taken place at Basle, and the impression which it has made not merely on the Jewish people but likewise on all those who take an interest in movements which are likely to affect the history of the human race, has been so great that it can surely not be inopportune briefly to consider the present position of Zionism, and also what its future is likely to be.

To all impartial observers, no matter whether they are the warmest supporters or the most bitter opponents of the

Zionist cause, one fact must certainly be so salient that no sophistry can explain it away, and that is the marvellous progress which this movement has made since the first Congress, which took place at Basle but little more than three years back.

So much that is confusing and contradictory has been written and spoken about Zionism, and both the movement and its leaders have been so violently and shamefully attacked by its opponents, and even by a section of the Jewish Press, which apparently seems sometimes to have thought that its chief



mission was not to present facts in their true light but rather to attempt to obscure them, that it has perhaps not unnaturally happened that its real meaning and objects have sometimes been lost sight of.

It will therefore, I feel, be neither unnecessary nor uninteresting briefly to recall the main facts which have chiefly helped to bring about the present open expression of aims and sentiments which are now thus deeply agitating the Israelitish people.

Of all the many questions the consideration of which are being forced upon the people and the rulers of nearly every civilised country, few are more constantly to the fore than that ever-recurring and never-settled Jewish question, the attempt to solve which has been at once the aim and despair of philanthropists and politicians of all times and of all lands, for, endeavour to disguise it as optimists may, the plain and unwelcome fact remains that the Israelitish people, who have members of their race in almost all countries of the world, are, in the vast majority of them, held in dislike and contempt, while in some not only are they harassed and vexed by special laws, but the feeling against them is often so bitter that both their lives and property are in constant danger.

Even in England—that classic land of liberty where the position of the Israelite is far better and happier than in any other country—faint rumblings of the Anti-Semitic storm have been heard.

The outcry against the admission of pauper aliens, which has lately been raised, has indeed generally been nothing but a badly-concealed attempt to prevent the immigration of poor Jews who were driven from lands where tyranny and oppression were specially rife.

It must, however, be admitted that in most countries (though, of course, their wealth has shielded them to a great extent from suffering the full effect of this feeling, the brunt of which has generally to be borne by their poorer brethren) hatred and spite have undoubtedly been directed not so much against the Jews generally as against those wealthy money kings, many of whom are popu-

larly supposed to be rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

The world is for the most part full of marvellous legends of their vulgarity, purse pride and love of ostentation, and it must be admitted that there is but too much truth in many of them. There is, however, no difference between these people and the parvenus of all other countries, for it must be borne in mind that, with a few notable exceptions, these money kings are generally of very humble origin, and in many cases their education, except from a commercial point of view, has been most defective.

No reasonable being would form an opinion of the character of the inhabitants of any country by judging them merely by the eccentricities of a few of its newly-enriched members without taking into consideration the more highly cultured who have made their mark in politics, literature, science and art, and to do so in the case of the Israelitish people alone is manifestly absurd. As Dr. Max Nordau so eloquently said at the Basle Congress, "Our faults and mistakes are the faults and mistakes of



MAX NORDAU

all human beings who are living under the same social and historical conditions; but besides these faults, which we do not deny, we might boast of some good qualities which do not pertain to any other nation to the same extent." But while, unfortunately, these good qualities have, for the most part, been so generally ignored that they have availed them but little, their faults and mistakes have been so grossly exaggerated and constantly exposed to the public gaze, that the prejudice against them is steadily growing, and the time cannot be far distant when the Jewish people will be practically compelled to choose between either complete assimilation with the nations among whom they live, or adoption of the Zionist programme.

I have purposely used the words "complete assimilation," for experience has shown that partial assimilation is worse than useless, and does indeed but aggravate the very evils which it seeks to cure. Take for instance the case of the French Jews. There is probably (as recent events have but too clearly shown) no country in the World where the Anti-Semitic feeling is stronger than it is in France, and certainly there is no country where, generally speaking, the Jews have tried more to merge their identity and nationality in that of the people amongst whom they dwell, yet the fact that they do so is one that is being constantly thrown in their teeth.

The French fiction of the present day is constantly holding up to ridicule some newly enriched and recently ennobled Israelitish plutocrat and his wife who, by denying their race and religion, attempt to force their way into a Society where they are more frequently tolerated than welcomed.

It is true that Anti-Semitism might in time be probably stopped by complete assimilation, but only in the sense that death may be said to cure the disease which has killed its victim, for the Jew who wished to be thoroughly assimilated with those among whom he lived would not only have to abandon his religion but he would have to give up all thought of racial intermarriage, so that in time the Israelitish people would vanish from off the face of the earth.

There remains, however, yet another

solution of this problem, and that is Zionism, which, again to quote Dr. Max Nordau, means: "To unite the Jews on the historic soil of their original country in sufficient numbers, in order to be there no longer a minority merely tolerated, but a human majority, with full exercise of its civil rights," and the way in which Zionism proposes to carry this scheme into effect is by obtaining from the Sultan a charter which shall enable the Jewish people to found legally safe-guarded colonies in Palestine, where, while fully recognising the suzerainty of Turkey, they shall yet have a sufficient amount of local self-government granted to them to enable them to administer their own internal affairs in the way that seems best to them, and, above all things, that they shall not be deterred from laying out capital by the fear that the fruits of their capital and industry might be practically confiscated by unfair or excessive taxation; and it may be as well at once to explain that, if such a scheme were carried into effect, not merely the Jewish people, but likewise the Turkish Government would certainly reap many and solid advantages; for, in the first place, they would find their position greatly strengthened by having in the midst of a now comparatively sparsely populated district a new band of loyal and faithful subjects, and then not only would the territory where the Israelitish people were settled pay to the Porte a far larger revenue than it at present does, but all the neighbouring districts would on account of the development of the agricultural and commercial resources of the country become far more valuable.

For it must never be forgotten that it is not want of fertility, but an almost total neglect of all agricultural enterprise which is the cause of the present unsatisfactory state of Palestine.

Yet even now silk, cotton, oil, maize, wheat, barley, tobacco, grapes, and many other fruits, can all be cultivated to advantage; and Colonel Conder (than whom there is no greater authority in all matters that concern the Holy Land) affirms, without hesitation, that there is no physical reason why its prosperity should not be equal to that of former

days, and that it could support a population ten times larger than the present one. While as regards the commercial resources of Palestine, there is no doubt whatever that if the harbours were improved, and the country were traversed by good roads and railways, that the trade would greatly increase, and it would in all probability again become, to a great extent, as it was in the middle ages, the highway for merchandise between the East and West.

I have purposely dwelt on the fact that both the commercial and agricultural resources of the Holy Land might easily be vastly developed, as it is one of the favourite arguments of the anti-Zionists that even if the Zionist programme were theoretically desirable, it is one which is practically impossible, because, for some mysterious reasons, Palestine is a country where it would be quite impossible for any large number of people to earn a livelihood.

The love of their old country is so deeply ingrained on the hearts of the great majority of the Israelitish people that in all ages many of them have, as they advanced in years, returned to Palestine in order that they might end their days in that land which is by them ever regarded as sacred, and for some years back certain societies have established some Jewish colonies in the Holy Land. Their number, however, was limited by the Turkish Government, and no title deeds were granted to the colonists, so that their property was entirely dependent on the personal good-will of the ruler of the district.

It is not, therefore, surprising that, though these colonies have been successful in so far that they have clearly demonstrated how fertile the land of Palestine is, and what excellent agriculturists Jews can make, that from a financial point of view they have miserably failed, for at the present time they are more or less dependent on the assistance of some benevolent society or millionaire.

Under such conditions it is, therefore, clear that Jewish colonies can never be established in Palestine on a large or satisfactory basis.

Not all the wealth of all the Israelitish plutocrats would suffice to bolster up a

mass of colonies which were not self-supporting. Moreover, the jealousy which unfortunately exists between so many of the leading Jewish financiers would undoubtedly prevent their ever combining together for such a purpose. Besides, it must not be forgotten that freedom and independence are valued by the Jews above everything, so that it is not surprising that the idea of colonies where the colonists are but little better than serfs has not deeply appealed to the Israelitish people in general.

Zionism, however, which, above all things, insists on the freedom and independence of the Jewish people, has, as one of its chief aims, the obtaining of such concessions that it will no longer be necessary for any colony to rest on charity.

As regards the fate of Zionism, those who uphold it may assuredly look forward to the future with every confidence. Already it has been the means of drawing together into one bond of brotherly love men who, though of the same race and religion, had previously scarcely had one common sympathy or aspiration. The number of its adherents is rapidly increasing, and there is now scarcely any place where any considerable number of Israelites are gathered together which has not its Zionist association; and it may fairly, and without exaggeration, be said that, from the time when, in response to Dr. Herzl's call, there first flocked together to Basle from every part of the world that band of noble-hearted men who were determined to try to raise the Israelitish people to a position more worthy of their past traditions, down to that memorable day when, in spite of every opposition, the Jewish Colonial Trust was firmly established, the progress of Zionism has been one long triumphant progress.

Speaking generally, the Zionist cause has met with a vast amount of sympathy from non-Jews, and though it is perfectly true, as the anti-Zionists are never weary of proclaiming, that the movement has not been supported by the entire Jewish people, and that many of the richest Israelites are bitterly opposed to it, these facts, on closer examination, lose much of the meaning which the



DR. HERZL

anti-Zionists would fain attach to them. Recent events have made it clear that many Jews have not yet joined the movement merely because they first wished to consider it in all its bearings, and now those who are in the best position to form an opinion on the subject are convinced that a large number of new adherents may be expected in the coming year.

While the bitter hostility which has been shown towards Zionism by many of the great Jewish plutocrats is certainly—though greatly to be deplored—a matter of no very great significance when it is remembered that not only do they form but a very small proportion of the whole community, but that also, with a few exceptions, they are the least patriotic and least orthodox members of the Israelitish people, and that their influence is consequently far less than many people suppose—a striking proof of which is the successful establishment of the Jewish Colonial Trust, which, according to the words of the prospectus,

is "the financial instrument to carry out the practical objects of Zionism." The great Hebrew financiers, who for the most part were deeply prejudiced against Zionism, when appealed to, refused all assistance to the trust, and indeed many of them used all their influence to try to prevent its formation. Many even of the financial papers, which are more or less under their influence did not hesitate to declare that the scheme was an absurd and impracticable one, yet the sum necessary to found the Company was at once raised, there being at the present time more than one hundred thousand shareholders, thus clearly showing that the formation of this Trust was not the outcome of the enthusiasm of a few fanatics, but a tribute of patriotism and loyalty from a large mass of the Jewish people.

Assuredly it cannot but be a source of great strength to the Zionist movement that it has as its leader Dr. Herzl, a man of the greatest ability, and one whose character stands so high that not even his most bitter opponents have been able successfully to cast a slur on the purity and integrity of his motives, while he has as his trusty lieutenants a band of followers who admittedly represent the best types of Jewish talent and culture.

But the most favourable augury of all for Zionism is the fact that it is undoubtedly receiving the warm support of the most representative portion of the Jewish people, who see in it a means of at last taking practical steps towards realising that lofty ideal of all patriotic Israelites, that day-dream which has, during long centuries of tyranny and oppression, been oftentimes their only support and consolation. The way of enabling all Jews, who wish to do so, to return to that land which is by them ever regarded as the sacred land of promise, to live there honourably and worthily. No longer on toleration and sufferance, no more the mere pensioners of some pious plutocrat, but as free men, and free citizens, respected and esteemed by all, independent of man, dependent on God alone.





M. FRANZ REICHEL

## *Football in Paris*

WRITTEN BY REGINALD BACCHUS. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**I**T is barely a decade ago that the connection of a Frenchman with the game of football, even in the passive rôle of spectator, was considered first-class material for the more extravagant humours of the comic papers. Did an artist lack inspiration for a picture, was a joke manufacturer dull for want of a quip, the subject of the perplexed Gaul on the touch-line, or the terrified Gaul lured into the trampling press of *le kick ball*, was a recognised means for evoking Homeric laughter.

With our healthy British conceit of bone and muscle, and guided by the fulminations of that equivocal champion of his people, Mr. Max O'Rell, we have been accustomed to look upon the countrymen of Napoleon as out and

out cowards so far as our rough open-air sports were concerned. I can well remember when at school that the determination of the French master to play in a big-side game drew crowds of intending scoffers to the touch-line. The subsequent uncomfortable spectacle of the burly Breton laying low the flower of the school three-quarter backs on his passage goalwards stayed the witticisms on the lips of many a would-be jester. Since that day I have never laughed at the possibilities of French football.

Contrast the attitude of ten years ago with the simple paragraph in a daily paper, announcing that the "Barbarians," our leading Rugby club, have played a match against a Paris fifteen, and been but barely victorious. It is with



justifiable pride that the founders of French football can say *nous avons changé tout cela*. Teams that originally went to Paris with the avowed intention of "having a good time," in the broader acceptance of the phrase, regarding the match as one of the less important incidents of the trip, have returned with serious purpose and the knowledge that they would have their work cut out to win. To-day scarce a Sunday passes during the season but a crowd of enthusiasts is drawn to the Bois de

bring the game into prominence in that country, I should like to finally dispel the delusion that French football differs but slightly from a comic performance at a music-hall.

The game was originally started by English and American residents in Paris. These gentlemen, being members of the two clubs, the *Stade Français* and the *Racing Club de France*—institutions devoted to foot-racing, lawn tennis, rowing, cycling and fencing, in fact to all the athletic sports then



RACING CLUB DE FRANCE

Boulogne or one of the suburban grounds to watch a match between French and English footballers.

So far, however, no attempt has been made to give a correct idea of the development of the game in Paris; and as I was privileged to be a member of one of the first fifteen that incurred the wrath of the Rugby Union by playing football in France on a Sunday, and have since on several occasions renewed my acquaintance with the thoroughly good sportsmen who have laboured to

known to the Parisian public—determined to add Rugby football to the list. This was done; a keen rivalry sprang up, and the two clubs have since hotly contested the premier position in Paris football.

It was not, however, till an English fifteen visited Paris that French players began to show an intelligent appreciation of the niceties of the game. Till then the play, though often individually excellent, had been of an extremely rough and ready order, and he who would referee

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in an important game must needs be a gentleman of iron nerve and steadfast purpose.

To the Civil Service Club belongs the honour of opening the ball. They visited and severely defeated the *Stade Français*, and on the latter club crossing to London, repeated the defeat. Then, in 1893, Mr. Lorne Currie, of Exeter College, took an Oxford team to play the *Racing Club*, and on that occasion a thoroughly strong side, all of whom, according to the Parisian press, were giants in stature, won a hard-fought game by a goal and two tries to nothing. The mantle of Mr. Currie fell upon the capable shoulders of Mr. Philip Goldring, who has since regularly visited Paris with a team. It is significant of the improvement in the play of our neighbours *d'outre manche*, that though he has each year taken a stronger side, yet he has each year found it more difficult to lead his side to victory.

The Frenchmen in their turn visited Oxford, and before an undergraduate audience, inclined to treat the whole affair as a huge joke and an agreeable alternative for a *matinée* at the theatre, proved themselves a nut to be seriously cracked. International amenities were undoubtedly improved by the visit, and though the Parisians were aghast at the action of the Proctors in forbidding their practice in the "Parks" on Sunday, they took away with them an exalted impression of the hospitality of the undergraduate. "The students," so wrote a journalist in a French paper, "spend their days, but particularly Sundays, in immoderate feasting: in the evenings they dine in huge banquetting halls hung with the pictures of the kings and princes who have been educated there, and before huge fires of logs oxen are roasting whole."

The historical affinity between Scotland and France next led an Edinburgh team to throw down the gauntlet, and another series of home and home matches was inaugurated. The powerful Yorkshire club of Manningham also crossed the Channel, and, accompanied by a host of friends, under the guidance of Mr. Cook, did Paris thoroughly by day, and a little more

thoroughly by night. Many clubs on touring bent have since discovered that Paris is within eight hours of London, and some self-overrated combinations have paid the penalty of presumption and returned defeated.

It is hard for the conventional English mind to associate the "Gay City" with football matches. The happy-go-lucky life of the Boulevards and *café-chantants*, that we are taught to regard as the all-in-all to the true Parisian, strikes a note differing so widely in tune from the stern conflict of the football ground, that it is not easy to conceive other than a fancy picture of the game. I well remember that on our first visit from Oxford to Paris we were prepared to find the affair set about with a deal of pageantry and not a little humour. As a matter of fact, the appearance of the lists and the conduct of the game were but little strange to English ideas. It was a disappointment to many to find that the referee was not arrayed in evening dress and girt about the middle with the tricolour, and those who had expected to find the sides of the ground arranged in the manner of the open-air *café* so dear to British hearts, were grieved at the plain severity of the seating arrangements. True the *tribune*, or grand stand, was ornamented with bunting and a remarkably inaccurate representation of the University coat of arms, while from the summits of the opposing goal-posts fluttered the tricolour and the Union Jack, which were duly changed at half-time; but otherwise the arena bore a gravely decorous appearance. At half-time a long interval was announced, during which the players paraded the ground like race-horses in the paddock, each attended by an admiring coterie. Bovril was served, and the more daring, or the more reckless, partook of alcoholic drinks and the nerve-cooling cigarette. At the close of play champagne was served in mugs, which by reason of its sweetness was mistaken by the guileless for ginger-beer, and partaken of not wisely but a great deal too well. Of course a banquet followed the match, at which great good-fellowship prevailed, and



OXFORD

OLYMPIQUE

the attempt of an honoured guest to make a political speech was sternly repulsed. Also, of course, a little tour in the Montmartre district followed, and the spectacle of two brawny, kilted Scots, armed with their national instruments of music, leading a procession of devil-may-care *viveurs* and *cocottes* round the Moulin Rouge will not soon be forgotten by the habitués of that place.

On a subsequent occasion an Oxford fifteen played a match against the *Olympique* club, a newly-formed and hyper-chic association under the direct patronage of the Prince de Sagan. Especial efforts were made to lend due dignity to the event, and the select grounds of the *Tir aux Pigeons*, the Hurlingham of Paris, were graced by the ravishing toilettes of the *haut monde*. The approaches to the field of play were carpeted, and large charcoal braziers placed at intervals along the touch-line diffused a welcome heat. At half-time a commodious marquee housed the weary players, and there was champagne for all who dared, an innovation which, however popular it might prove in England, would scarcely

accord with the accepted traditions of training régime. That delightful satirist, Madame Gyp, was present to watch the play of the two Comtes de Martel, her sons, and delighted all in hearing with a running fire of witticisms anent the game. The elder of the two de Martels, determined to be original, wore a watch bracelet on his wrist throughout the match. There was no resultant accident.

So much for the conditions under which football is played in Paris; the manner in which it is played would startle not a few scoffers. I remember that the easy assurance of victory with which we took the field on the occasion of our first visit suffered a rude shock before many minutes had elapsed. At that time, six years ago, the French players had no idea whatever of combination, but the speed and agility of the backs, and the great physical strength of their forwards, rendered them man for man a formidable side. During the ensuing years they have learnt a great deal about the passing game, but though their combined pieces of play are often brilliant they are far

too apt to lose their heads in the rapid development of the game, and so what should be a weapon of offence becomes a source of danger; intercepted passes have resulted in numberless tries being scored against them. From the very first they have been fearless tacklers, and now that they have learnt the secret of collaring low they are very difficult opponents to pass. Their great fault, however, is an extreme disinclination to kick; when they could safely gain ground by a judicious punt into touch, they invariably choose the foolish, if more glorious, method of running with the ball. The French temperament is admirably suited to the dash and spirit of the game; there are already many players in Paris who would do credit to first-class English teams, and, with the added experience of a few more years, I shall not be surprised to find a representative Paris team give a hard match to Blackheath or Richmond on their own ground.

I had a talk, when in Paris last Christmas, with M. Franz Reichel, the captain of the *Racing Club*, and the best three-quarter back in France. I can well remember when first we met this little gentleman on the field of play how his cat-like agility flabbergasted our backs and raised the spectators to a frenzy of enthusiasm. He entertained great hopes of the future of football in Paris, but he detailed to me several grievances which must seriously handicap the proper popularity of the game.

Firstly, of course, comes the system of national conscription for the army, which takes away men from their clubs during the very years of their football prime.

Secondly, the absurd law that the

professors at the great schools are legally responsible for damages to their pupils, however incurred. Naturally they discourage all dangerous games, football in particular; and the boys, having no healthy sports to turn to, become influenced at an absurdly juvenile age by the pernicious light literature of the boulevards, and grow up with no inclination for other than vicious amusements.

Thirdly, M. Reichel admitted that the distractions of Paris militated against proper training. They are so many and so easy to find that the man who will honestly set himself to avoid them must have indeed a strong will.

The extraordinary popularity of cycling is also an adverse circumstance for Rugby football to combat. Cycling can be pursued by the average Parisian without any calls for moderation upon his ordinary fashion of life, and cycling can also be pursued in the companionship of the divine sex. There has also been a tremendous opposition on the part of the press, which annually revives when the statistics of accidents appear in the *Lancet*. This, however, is gradually dying out.

Despite these formidable obstacles, French footballers go rejoicing on their way, and the great *Exposition* of this year is to see an enormous life-sized painting of a match in progress. Considering the progress that has been made in the few years since the game was first started, the committees of the *Stade Français*, the *Racing Club*, the *Olympique*, the *Cosmopolite*, and twenty odd minor organisations, are fully justified in anticipating a time when France shall have a "national game," and that game be Rugby football.



*AN APRIL BIRTHDAY*

—o—o—o—  
WHAT are April songs, lass,  
If you do not sing?  
Spring to Joy belongs, lass,  
And you belong to Spring.  
But every bird is sadness  
If your voice lacks gladness—  
What are April songs, lass,  
If you do not sing?

What are happy skies, lass,  
If your face be grave?  
Flowers were in your eyes, lass,  
Ere the sun grew brave,  
Ere the land, with pleasure,  
Yielded hidden treasure—  
What are happy skies, lass,  
If your face be grave?

There is no delight, lass,  
If you be not glad:  
Spring's afraid of blight, lass,  
And April's heart is sad.  
And I, who love you dearly,  
Cry to you, as yearly—  
"There is no delight, lass,  
If you be not glad."

J. J. BELL.

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OUR VILLAGE STREET

## *Sidelights on Somersetshire*

No. I.—OUR VILLAGE

WRITTEN BY "GLENAVON." ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



HAVE often wished that a Miss Mitford or a J. M. Barrie could be found to do justice to the manifold natural beauties of our village, and to enforce its claims to public recognition on the grounds of historic interest.

But alas! we have no such native talent, and I have taken upon my all-unworthy self the task of writing this brief account of a little-known corner of Somersetshire. One qualification for the work I certainly do possess, and that is the right of one who loves. It was a feeble myth which represented the little winged god as *blind*, for indeed love—in proportion to its degree—endows the lover with a keener insight, a deeper knowledge, a diviner intuition than that which can be attained by the common herd. The

captious critic may, it is true, have the vigilant eyes of a hawk for imperfections—but in the discernment of hidden beauties, only where criticism ends, does real knowledge begin.

Think you that the hundreds of tourists who pass through our village during the course of a year are displaying great perspicacity when they dismiss Batheaston as a mere suburb of Bath, and deem the place unworthy of their notice? Certainly not, the ugliness of its noisy high road is obvious, indeed obtrusive, yet even this high road has interesting associations, and just accept the guidance of an old inhabitant in the grassy bye-ways, you shall not be disappointed.

I was once gravely informed (by one who lives in the place, and should have known better) that there was nothing worth photographing in Batheaston;

the illustrations which appear in this article may suffice to contradict that statement, and for the rest let me cull a few facts from various sources about the village that I love, disclaiming at the same time any sort of originality in their treatment, my part being only that of a string on which a necklet of beads is threaded.

In the Saxon times the whole of this parish (including Amoril, and St. Catherine's) was called Estone, afterwards spelt Eastone, and latterly vulgarised into Batheaston, which ugly compound word is as disagreeable to a fastidious ear as is sweet champagne to a cultivated palate—and equally suggestive of "Suburbiana." In those early days the manor belonged to the King, but during the reign of Norman William it was divided, part being reserved by the King and part given to the Church of Bath. In the following reign (about the year 1092) John de Villula, the then bishop of Bath, conveyed the greater part of his portion to the Abbey of St. Peter at Bath, and there having been some controversy between the Prior of the Abbey and the Vicar concerning the tithes, it was arranged that the Vicar should take certain tithes and also have a dwelling-house situated near the church, with a competent garden and curtilage. Of the house of that day—or even of the church,—nothing remains, but the garden and curtilage are still the freehold of the Vicar for the time being. Thanks to frequent "restorations," Bath-Easton Church has to-day but little architectural merit, save that it is large and well proportioned, its chief glory being an untouched perpendicular tower of a type not uncommon in Somersetshire, and of which that county is justly proud. One hundred feet skywards it soars majestically, and its fine pierced parapet, its pinnacles, its turrets, and its quaint gurgoyles are silhouetted on cloudless days against the blue vault of heaven with wonderful distinctness and purity of outline. At the sunset hour of a summer's day this tower has its psychological moment; always lovely, it is then transfigured, and becomes typical of our highest aspirations; almost it seems a Presence on such occasions, to one

keenly susceptible to outside influences. The porch, which belongs to the same architectural period as the tower, is also pleasing, and though it was removed during the alterations of 1868 and replaced a few feet further south it has not suffered greatly in the process. When it is said that the north aisle was built in 1834, that date will suffice to indicate the poverty of the design, for Gothic as understood by the builders of those days, was a thing to make angels weep! Internally some admirable carved oak of modern workmanship and the stained glass by Hardman, of Birmingham, are worthy of notice, while one coloured window exists, one might suppose, solely to serve as an object lesson on what should be avoided in the treatment of stained glass. Crude in colour, inartistic in drawing, pictorial, and opaque—everything in short that a church window should not be—that well-meaning memorial is.

The church-yard is a peaceful spot, well laid out, and well-cared for, as a garden of sleep ought ever to be. Here lies—beneath a delicately-carved cross of white marble—the father and one brother of the well-known Robertson of Brighton. Captain Frederick Robertson spent the last years of his life in the parish of Bath-Easton, at his son's residence, and that son (Struan) raised to his memory with the help of friends and parishioners, a worthy memorial in an organ chamber built for the reception of a new organ by Sweetland in 1875. The old man's one weakness was a pardonable pride in the fame of his son, the earnest-minded eloquent preacher who died, in the very prime of life, at a moment of stress and struggle when the church could ill spare so shining a light. Who could then have prophesied that his influence would be to-day—after a lapse of over forty years—as far-reaching and as potent as ever, but "God's ways," as S. Wayman says, "never end in a *cul-de-sac*."

The Parish Registers of baptisms, marriages and burials commence in 1634, in the reign of Charles I, and the first entry is as follows;—

"Charity the daughter of Anthony England and Joan his wife was baptised the 17th of June."

The first register book is very regularly kept down to the year 1642, when the civil war began; then—no doubt in consequence of the disordered state of the country, and of all rectors and vicars being soon after expelled from their parsonage houses—the registers were neglected. For the twelve years following, the entries are very few, and made with no attempt at order.

The bells are six in number, the fourth being of singular beauty both of design and tone, it is a pre-Reformation bell. Its inscription is a Latin hexameter

Walters, etc. The churchwardens of that date appear to have been William Horsington and William Harward.

In the museum of the Somersetshire Archæological Society\* there are three trade tokens which were issued by parishioners of Bath-Easton, and on which are the following names and inscriptions:—

“(1) Richard Harford: device, a mermaid; reverse Batheston, 1667. R.I.H.

“(2) James Pearce, Mercer: The Mercers' Arms: reverse, In Bathestone. J.I.P.



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, BATH-EASTON

From Photo by W. HINDS

verse:—“✠ *Virginis: Egregie: Vocor: Campana: Mariae*”; which may thus be rendered:—“Mary's the all excelling Virgin's Bell I'm called.” The other five bells are of later date, and have no particular interest attaching to them.

The churchwarden's accounts commence in the year 1661, being the 6th year of King Charles II. For the first six years the total of the receipts only is entered, but in the year 1672 there is a list of the ratepayers, and the amount paid by each. In this list appear the names of Fisher, Whittington, Blanchard, Bullock, Lewis, Fry, Mr.

“(3) Eldad Walters: a merchant's mark between E and W; reverse. In Bath Eastone. E.M.W.”

Note the three different ways of spelling Bath Easton, all differing from the form now in use.

These facts, interesting as they undoubtedly are to the archæologist, may not be acceptable to the general reader, so I will pass on to a rather amusing account of church services as conducted in our village about the year 1835. I quote from an article, signed J.W., in the *Parish Magazine*, December 1890.

\* At Taunton.

"The pews were high, so that the occupants could scarcely see out, and when seated you only saw rows of heads and bonnets: when it was time to stand up I was perched on a hassock, the instability of which often caused me to fall with a crash among the umbrellas in the corner of the pew, much to my discomfort and the disturbance of my neighbours. The pulpit was what was known as a three-decker; at the bottom sat Mr. Bell, the clerk, in the stiffest of white chokers that rendered turning his head an absolute impossibility; above him in the reading desk was the curate, Mr. Nursey, and above him, in black Geneva gown, the Vicar, Mr. Spencer Madan.

The men sat on one side of the aisle, the women on the other; the organ was in the gallery, which occupied the west end of the church; when the organ played the congregation turned round and faced it, and when the singing was over, turned back again to their former position; this revolving congregation had a curious effect.

The majority of the men wore smock frocks, and the women, in wet weather, patters, which they took off in the porch and brought into church with them. They formerly left them in the porch, under the stone benches, but some truant boys had on one occasion mixed the patters while the old ladies were at their devotions, so that the exit of the congregation was much obstructed and the people inconvenienced thereby.

There was a door into the chancel, and all the very grand ladies and gentlemen used to come into the church that way instead of by the big door, as it was considered more genteel. How strange it seems never to see marks of the patten rings on the footpath; then the ground looked as if the whole village was learning Euclid, and drawing problems in the mud.

The lighting was not brilliant; standards with two branches holding candles were planted at intervals about the church; the candles were never snuffed, and as the service advanced, a cauliflower-like excrescence formed, materially interfering with the light. Those in front of the pulpit were, from

motives of economy, never lit until just before the sermon; sometimes the clerk had to struggle with a refractory wick which, being damp, spluttered and obstinately refused to light; the interest the congregation took in these little combats was intense. The majority of the old ladies brought lanterns with them; these were taken into the pews and blown out, so that there was a generally pervading odour of tallow in the church. At the end of the service the candles were relit, and it was a strange sight, all these lanterns bobbing and flitting about the road as though a flight of fireflies had suddenly taken wing. At Christmas clumps of evergreen were tied to each of the branches; this was the usual style of decoration. Once some ladies tried to introduce some flowers as well, but the Squire thought this savoured of Popery, and it was sternly repressed."

Now-a-days all this is altered, Mr. Madan's successor (the Rev. T. P. Rogers), during an incumbency of thirty-six years, gradually and quietly introduced many reforms in the parish, and not before they were needed. To him we owe the present schools, the new south aisle and chancel of the church, to say nothing of a lasting debt of gratitude for his self-sacrificing life, his zeal as a churchman, and the high ideal which, ever in practice as in precept, he set before us. If I add that his "Popish" innovations were condemned with the bitter invective of narrow-minded partisanship, and that he had to encounter much keen opposition from certain silly sheep of his flock, it is only to say, in other words, that he was a pioneer.

Such men sow—often in anguish of soul—that which others reap with careless complacency.

Close to the church are two Seventeenth Century houses, one of which (the residence of H. B. Inman, Esq.) has been untampered with; time has but added a glorious mantle of ivy and ampelopsis to the grey stone walls, so that it remains a typical English home of bye-gone days, while the other—its senior by two years—has been altered to suit modern ideas of comfort, so that the date 1670 and the steeply-pointed gables



alone prove its antiquity. It, however, still possesses the sturdy oaken beams, *in situ*, which barred both front and garden doors, and beside which solid and simple contrivance our iron locks of to-day seem inadequate and paltry.

Mrs. Marshall, in one of her stories ("Her Season in Bath") speaks of a house in Bath-Easton which was in the years 1771 and 1772 the scene of some rather fashionable gatherings. It will be remembered that during the Eighteenth Century Bath was at the zenith of its fame. The Villa was then the property of Sir John Miller, a scion of an old Scottish family, one of whose ancestors had fought at Flodden. A series of garden-parties was given by Lady Miller, at which she introduced a French amusement called "*Bouts rimés*." A list of words were given out which rhymed to each other, and which were to be filled up in metre by the following Friday. These poetical effusions were placed in a vase erected in one of the small temples in the grounds, drawn out indiscriminately, and read aloud by one of the gentlemen present.

The vase was a genuine antique,\* found at Frascati, in Italy, near the spot where is supposed to have stood the Tusculanum of Cicero. The merits of the different verses were discussed, and the winner received the prize, a wreath of myrtle, from the hands of the fair hostess. Amongst the persons present at these literary (?) gatherings were the Marquis of Caermarthen, Sir Charles Sedley, the Duchess of Northumberland, Lord Palmerston, Admiral Keppel, David Garrick, Charles Anstey, and many others then well known in the fashionable world. The following are selected specimens of some of these verses which were subsequently published in two little vols., now rare:—

|                               |            |
|-------------------------------|------------|
| Marcia has a snowy            | breast,    |
| Marcia smiles, her heart's at | rest,      |
| Marcia's fair amongst the     | fair,      |
| Marcia is the Muse's          | care,      |
| Marcia's sweet as blooming    | May,       |
| Marcia's bright as summer's   | day,       |
| Marcia thinks not of          | hereafter, |
| Marcia thinks of joy and      | laughter.  |

(Written on Miss Pitt.)

\* This vase, found at Frascati in 1769, is now in the Bath Park.

To visit fair Miller I grudge not my time,  
And I wish I could say all I think in good

I rose very early for fear of rhyme.  
And set off for Batheaston with four delays,

nimble bays.  
So I hope she'll accept of my visit with pleasure,

And return me the compliment when at her leisure.

(By Mr. Laroche.)

The pen which now I take and brandish  
Has long lain useless in my standish.  
Know ev'ry maid, from her in patten  
To her who shines in glossy satin.  
That could they now prepare an oglio  
From best receipt of book in folio,  
Ever so fine, for all their puffing,  
I should prefer a buttered muffin.  
A muffin Jove himself might feast on,  
If eat with Miller at Batheaston.

(The Duchess of Northumberland.)

It will be seen that the poems were distinctly feeble, and it is not surprising that Garrick should have thus satirised the whole entertainment, the vase speaking—

For Heaven's sake bestow on me  
A little wit—and that would be  
Indeed an act of Charity.

Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, says: "You must know that near Bath is erected a new Parnassus, composed of three laurels, a myrtle tree, a weeping willow, and a view of the Avon, which has been now christened Helicon. They hold a Parnassus fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux of quality at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival; six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest composition, which the respective successful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope (Miller), kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle with—I don't know what. You may think this a fiction or exaggeration. Be dumb, unbeliever!—the collection is printed, published—yes, on my faith! There are *bouts rimés* on a buttered muffin by Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland."

Another of our historic houses is that now occupied by Col. Blathwayt; it was built by John Wood (the elder). An eagle in stone is on the pediment,



and the house possesses many of the characteristics of Wood's style. Wood was a self-made north-country man, he died in Bath (Queen's Square), May 23rd, 1754. John Wood, the younger, completed the Circus (Bath), which his father designed; he was the architect of Camden Crescent, and also built the Royal Crescent.

The Manor House (now the residence of Charles Harper, Esq.) was once occupied by the great philanthropist William Wilberforce, on one of his frequent visits to this neighbourhood. He arrived there on September 3rd, 1803. He was wont to say that he always found more to do at Bath than anywhere else; no doubt this arose from the fact that he was more disposed to work, because Bath suited him better than any other place.

Bath-Easton Mill, on the Avon, has no architectural pretensions, and would certainly not attract the attention of any casual visitor to the village. It, however, occupies the site of a very ancient structure, and into its southern wall are built some fragments of Norman sculpture. One is said to represent the

good and bad spirit striving for a soul; the other the scourging of our Lord. There is part of a stone covered with the interlacing ribbon pattern that was common at that date, and also a typical Norman capital in good preservation.

Here, where a handsome stone bridge of several arches now connects our village with its *vis-à-vis* Bathampton (formerly known as Hampton, and so called locally to this day), there was originally a picturesque ferry. This, with the foaming weirs, and the old mill on the opposite side of the river, was a favourite subject with artists; many pictures of it must be in existence. I have secured a capital photo of Hampton Mill as it appears after snow; this will give some idea of the charm of the Somersetshire Avon, which, though less impressive than its classic namesake in the Midlands, has nevertheless a quiet beauty all its own. I well remember as a child being immensely interested in the divers who were employed to lay the foundation of the new bridge in 1872. From the point of view of the artist, one must regret the disappearance of the more primitive mode of transit, but in the old days,



HAMPTON MILL.



SIGN OF THE LAMB AND FLAG, BATH-EASTON

people driving high-mettled horses must have experienced considerable difficulty, and incurred some risk, when they wished to visit friends on the other side of the river, particularly on dark nights.

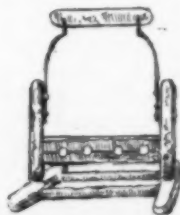
To "our village" belongs the beautiful little hamlet of St. Catherine's, whose church dates from the Norman era, and whose dear old Elizabethan house (known as the Court) has been pictured and described so often that it must be familiar to many of my readers. The walk to St. Catherine's whether the route chosen be by the lane or the field footpath, is surely one of the loveliest in the west country. But I may be prejudiced; that valley holds for me so many happy memories from the early days when I bucketed my small white pony up and down those switch-back inclines with the absolute fearlessness, and consequent immunity from danger which belongs only to childhood and ignorance.

Just behind Batheaston is the curious and interesting tableland known as Little Solsbury, which was one of the most important of ancient British camps. Some go so far as to say that Solsbury was once a city, and that Bath was colonised by a migration therefrom; but that it was the *Arx* or "burg" of the Avon valley and of the city of *Sul* is I suppose beyond dispute.

Two Roman roads run through the parish, the old Fosse—little more than

a lane—which enters Somerset six miles from Bath, passes over Banagh Down to Batheaston, and there joins the dusty high road so frequently anathematised by hot and thirsty cyclists. Let me tell you that this is no other than the great *Via Badonica* which goes direct from Bath to Marlboro.'

"Not only was the Bath road," says Peach, in his "*Street Lore of Bath*," "the most famous, but the earliest, of all public roads in the kingdom, renowned moreover for its hostleries, and its splendid teams. At one end of it, it must be remembered, was 'the Bath.' To 'the Bath,' as it was till quite lately called, jaded authors and other literary wild-fowl rushed to roused sedentary livers. Down this part of the road many first-rate whips who are now, let us hope, driving in august procession by the Styx, exercised their superlative craft; notably, Izaak Walton—not he of fishing fame—but the *Mæcenas* of whips, the Braham of the Bath road, who could pick a fly off his leader's right eye-lid with all the friendly dexterity discovered by Mr. Vincent Crummles and others of almost equal fame. These merry days were threatened with extinction, when the first turf of the G.W.R. was turned, and when the end came, then came also the close of the most interesting feature in England's social life. The scenes in Bath from day to day were full of frolic, animation, and fun. The coach proprietors who for a century 'ruled the road' affected to care little for the iron horse, but when the great transition came, they found that horse flesh and blood could not compete with the 'leviathan of steam,' which not only excelled all physical power which travelled on four legs, but exhausted the breeches-pocket power of the most



VILLAGE STOCKS

plucky of plucky coach proprietors. The G.W.R. line throughout, between London and Bristol, was opened for traffic on the 30th of June, 1841. This was the beginning of the end. The age of poetry gave way to that of prose. Utilitarianism reigns supreme, and Arcadia is rapidly disappearing. Who would be a retrogressionist? And yet sometimes when my nerves are tortured with the raucous noises which proceed from the Bath road, and which ascend with merciless distinctness to my open window (for we are divided only by a carriage drive and a narrow belt of elms, hollies, and firs from this famous highway), I could find it in my heart to wish

that I had lived in the good old coaching days before 'buses' and 'bikes' were born or thought of, or, better still, that I had been one of those ancient Romans who drove along this self-same road in their two-wheeled chariots. Think of standing up in a quadriga, giving the mettlesome steeds their heads—nay urging them on with voice and hand for a mad merry spell, with reckless audacity! To taste thus the exhilaration of pace, to hear the thunder of those rushing hoofs, to enjoy but for one brief hour the beauty of an unspoiled England, one might well sacrifice a year from the humdrum, unlovely life of to-day!"



# THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE



# OF TWO TRAVELLERS.

WRITTEN BY CHRIS. FLEETWOOD.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. FAIRHURST.

THE road the traveller had come by had passed between exquisite valleys and woods. The memories of these were still fresh and sweet in his mind, and his thoughts travelled regretfully backwards, as his eyes wandered over the next stage of his journey.

It was very uninviting.

Behind him the white highway vanished among the scattered trees which for some time had been warning him that open country was near at hand. In front of him it wound across wide plains of treeless pasture-land, forging for miles ahead in visible dusty nakedness under the gloomy sky. There was something immodest in the way it stretched and stretched itself along, to the eye but lately come from the hidden windings of a mountain road, that had slipped continually through deep woods and under hanging hills for the last ten miles.

Every now and again a sudden whirling, rising smoke on the plain marked where a hot breeze travelled, miles away.

The man, who had fared far under a sultry sky that day, shifted his knapsack and sighed wearily; then turned about and surveyed the inn before which he had come to a halt. Doubt and distaste deepened in his eyes.

It stood immediately on the highway, and presented a square loneliness of appearance, like some lost, thick-hided creature resignedly squatting for the night. The dust of months of drought and wind lay thick upon it, and the narrow strip of withered grass between it and the road, the stunted shrubs and wooden fence, the old house with its swinging shutters, alike were clouded in uniform dreariness. It was a depressing sight, and the traveller, who had but recently realised that he must be a good ten miles out of his right road, stood irresolute.

But there was no other sign of a human habitation far or near, and it was imperative that he should find the shelter of a roof before the last light slipped out of the sky, and left the world to the gloom of the threatening night that was closing swiftly down. To be caught by the storm in the middle of the plains was a mishap he could not risk. Six miles of that naked highway, and he would reach the little town of Verdin, which sits like a cheery peasant among the pleasant hollows of the hills, and babbles of brooks and water-mills all day. Thence he might speedily regain his right road.

But could he do it before the storm broke?

Even as he hesitated, a strange moan-

ing sound rose from the plains, and the next instant the storm wind rushed upon him with a suddenness that moved him a step before he could check himself. In a minute he was the centre of a whirling *mêlée*, in which the dust rose to the clouds, the shutters clapped and swung and clapped again, and the great ill-painted sign screamed on its rusty hinge above the door. The traveller clutched his hat with his hand, and stood with head bent and eyes closed in irritated endurance.

Then as suddenly as it had risen the wind fell; the dust settled, the swinging shutters flapped once and hung still, and the hot silence, as soundless and as terrible as the white-heat anger of a woman, reigned again. But the traveller needed no second warning. With long strides he reached the door, and, barely pausing for the courtesy of a knock, lifted the latch and entered. None too soon! For the wind rose howling again even as he did so, and, forcing him violently forward, snatched the door out of his hand and slammed it behind him with a report that shook the house.

He recovered himself with a breathless apology, and instantly paused, struck into sudden wonder by his surroundings.

He found himself on the upper of two high steps which formed the threshold of an old kitchen that was let deeply into the very foundations of the house. It lay below him, cool, dark, and clean. The blue china, the old dressers, the wide fireplace, the great carved press, the oaken chairs and the long table, shone in the yellow stormlight with the rubbings of industrious ages. From the dark beams in the low ceiling hung hams and herbs and strings of Spanish onions. A long, deep latticed window, let into the opposite wall, showed, by the width of its sill, how solid had been the building of the house. Another little window, near the door, gave on to the high road.

The place was wrapt in the deepest peace, which seemed to have for its centre the sleep of a woman who sat in an old settle by the further window, her head against the high carved back, and her hands in her lap. Her serene breathing reached the traveller's ear,

and he saw her bosom rise and fall in steady cadence. Her hair grew from its straight parting in the abundant red-gold ripples with which the Venetian painters loved to dower their women, and the light from the further window lay on the the top of its narrow silken waves. The traveller perceived that she was beautiful, and he involuntarily held his breath lest he should disturb her peace. At the same moment he was seized with fresh wonder at the deepness of her sleep. She had not even been roused by the noise of his sudden entrance. The storm-wind, though it sounded far away by reason of the thickness of the walls, was raging once more outside, and it shook the latticed panes till they rattled again; yet the woman never stirred. No sound came from any other part of the house. From the upper step, his back against the door, the man stood looking, and the woman sat sleeping, and the wind fell again, and the darkness grew and grew till the blackness of deep night invaded the corners of the old room, and crept across the floor, and rose up behind the furniture.

The traveller gazed round him with keen eyes that lost no detail of his surroundings. Then he drew a deep breath, half impatient, half amused. He was not one to undervalue unusual impressions, but he was painfully aware of bodily weariness, and of a sense of oppression and unwilling expectation, which strained his nerves to snapping point, and which he attributed to the surcharged condition of the atmosphere. Apparently he and the woman were alone in the house. He had better wake her before the storm broke. It was with a half smile at the sense of an unwonted situation that he descended the steps, and started to cross the uneven red floor.

Before he was half-way, he stopped, and gave an involuntary exclamation. The room was suddenly filled with a flaring light, which remained for a full ten seconds, flickering wickedly.

He stood transfixed. Through the latticed panes he saw miles upon miles of plain, lit in a fierce blaze that revealed every blade of grass. There was a curious greyness in the light.



The skies lay black above, and ragged white lengths of thin cloud whirled like smoke across their unspeakable gloom, at a great rate of speed.

The next instant he found himself staring into a blackness darker than the darkest night, and at that moment, with a shock beyond even the apprehension of the straining mind, that sought desperately to prepare itself, the storm burst. The old house strained and groaned like a ship at sea, the shutters clapped with fury, the windows shook till the plaster fell in showers, the driving, screaming rain hissed in white sheets across the plains and roared on the roof, the lightning blazed and fell and struck again, like an infuriated animal, the thunder crashed out into the echoing heavens with a continuous roar, till the whole world seemed to be rocking in its vibrations.

The traveller felt his way back to the steps, and sat down on the lower one, with his head in his hands. The alternating glare and darkness caused his eyes severe pain, and he could see nothing. The woman had made no sound that he was aware of; he concluded she must be paralysed with terror. Asleep she *could* not be.

He did not remember ever having heard such continuous and tremendous thunder, and he felt with interest that his knees were shaking under him from sheer excitement, and his nerves strained to an extraordinary pitch of uneasiness. Suddenly he was aware of another sound, and he started upright to listen. Now he caught it, now he lost it again, now it grew steadily on his ear. Some one was running rapidly down the road outside! To his excited perception there was something horrible in the unsteady, flying footsteps, that travelled so fast through the storm. When it became evident that they were making for the door, he sprang to his feet, and as he did so a blaze of lightning revealed to his startled eyes the back of the settle, and the face of the woman on it still wrapped in slumber by the window. The sight was so extraordinary that he gasped. Simultaneously the door was flung open behind him, and, with a strange mingling of the roar of the thunder, the shriek

of the rain, and the shout of a human voice, a dark figure tumbled headlong into the house.

The great door swung backwards and forwards once, then closed with a crash between the kitchen and the tumult outside it.

Pitch darkness reigned again. During the pause which ensued there came a sudden lull in the storm, and the traveller heard the even breathing of the woman and the hard gasping of the new-comer, as he gathered himself up.

Then a voice said breathlessly, out of the darkness near him:

"Is any one there?"

"I am," said the other.

He heard the man start. Then came an impatient demand—

"What on earth are *you* doing? Are you the landlord? Can't you strike a light? Where, in Heaven's name, have I got to?"

The traveller explained the situation as far as he could, and when he had finished the other said, with a sudden laugh:

"Well, I'm glad there's two of us, and both Englishmen, or I'm mistaken. This is a queer start! Were you caught in the storm?"

"Got in just before," said the first traveller briefly.

"Gad! good for you," said the other, with an excited shudder; "I was *caught*, man—caught out there in the open, by Gad! in as bad a storm as I ever hope to see on earth or any other place. I knew what was coming, I'd been racing full pelt for half an hour before it broke; racing the damned storm, by Jove! Ugh, I tell you it got on my nerves. When I saw this place, I yelled like a mad 'un."

"Where are you going?" asked the first traveller.

"Coming from Verdin to Blaise. Suppose you're doing just the other thing? I've never been this route before." He paused, and added:

"Couldn't think where I'd got to when I fell in here, down those two blasted steps into the dark. But it's a roof at least, thank the Lord!—a roof from that storm, and I'll ask nothing more for a little while. But, I say, we can't sit here all night like a couple of

owls. Is there no one else in this God-forsaken place?"

"No one that I've heard sign or sound of, except a sleeping woman."

"A *what*?"

"A sleeping woman."

"Where is she?" said the other, with a laugh.

"In this room," said the traveller.

He laughed at the sudden silence that followed.

"In this room?" said the new-comer in a half whisper.

"That's what I said," said the first traveller. "If you're quiet a minute, you'll hear her."

They both held their breath, and listened intently. Across the kitchen came the slow rise and fall of the even breathing by the window. The first traveller knew when the other had caught the sound by his sudden start.

"Gad!" he said under his breath, "How queer it sounds! Was she here when you came? Why didn't you wake her?"

"I was just starting to try when the storm broke."

The other clearly experienced another shock.

"Is she sleeping through *this*?"

"It seems so."

"Man, she's *dead*! or drunk?"

"Neither dead nor drunk! I saw her in the lightning just as you came in. She's sleeping like a baby."

"What's she like?" asked the other.

An impulse of reticence made the traveller hesitate. He had not yet seen the other's face.

"Can't say," he replied evasively.

"You don't grasp a woman's features very clearly when you only see them by lightning."

"That's so," said the other. There was a short silence. Thick darkness reigned outside, and a great stillness.

"The storm's dying down," said the traveller.

"Not a bit of it," said the new-comer.

"The worst is yet to come. There's not *one* storm, there's a dozen gathered for a war-dance on that blessed ball-room out there—and I was in the midst of it, by Gad!"

"Well," said the traveller, "there's no sense in sitting here in the dark, is

there? Have you a match on you? I haven't."

The other felt for his matches, took them out, and tried to strike one. It spluttered and went out with a fizz.

"Confound it!" he ejaculated, "the box is soaked clean through. What are we going to do now?"

"I'll forage for a light," said the traveller; "I know the lay of the place, I think."

He started cautiously round the room; feeling over the dressers and shelves he passed on his journey, and at last with a triumphant shout touched a box of matches, high on the shelf over the fireplace.

"Hush, you idiot," said the man by the door, hastily clambering to his feet.

"You'll wake the—at least, no, I suppose you won't. I beg your pardon."

"All right," said the first traveller, with a laugh. "Now then, hurrah for a fire and food."

He struck a match as he spoke, and held it over his head. It flared up in the silent room, revealing it suddenly.

"Jove, what a ripping old place!" said the other, looking round. Then he started—"Hullo, there's the lady!" At that instant the match went out.

"Light another, man; light another," he ejaculated in a loud excited whisper. "I've had enough of this beastly dark. What's the *matter* with her, anyway?"

The first traveller lit a candle that stood on the shelf, and set it on the table. The other snatched it up, and catching his companion by the shoulder, advanced with him cautiously towards the window.

"By Jove!" he whispered, with a long breath.

But his companion said nothing. He stood looking down at the figure and face in the settle, noting the details of colouring and form in silence.

The woman was in a gown of coarse butcher-blue cotton that fell in straight folds about her feet; the oak of the old settle behind her was black with age. Her hands were hidden in a cloth, in which they were loosely twisted together in her lap. Her dark lashes lay motionless on the faint, smooth colour of the slightly hollowed cheeks; the parted springing thickness of her red-

gold hair was uncovered by cap or kerchief, and wherever the light caught the curve of a ripple or coil, on head or neck, or round the half-hidden ears, it glistened with the colour of new-beaten copper.

The set calm of the statuesque, gentle face was indescribable.

"Look here," said the second traveller suddenly, "it seems beastly insulting to stand and stare at her like this when she doesn't know it. I'm going to wake her up." Suiting the action to the word, he touched her shoulder.

"Mademoiselle," he said.

No answer. He shook her slightly, and, stooping down, called aloud in her ear. Her hands, shaken by the movement, fell a little apart, and the quick eyes of the first traveller caught the gleam of gold just above a fold of the cloth on the left one.

"Not Mademoiselle, *madame*," he said with a smile. "Leave her alone, man. Come away. It's useless."

"But where's her husband?" said the second traveller blankly.

"Ask me another," said the first slowly, his eyes still on the sleeping face. "He's not where he ought to be, that's fairly certain."

"But what are *we* going to do?" said the other.

"Get ourselves some food and a fire," said the first traveller shortly, "and lie by it till the storm is over."

"But she'll be frightened out of her wits if she wakes and finds us here."

"We must risk that. She doesn't look as if she intended waking for the next hundred years, either."

"Is it a catalepsy, do you think?" asked the other in an awestruck tone.

"I've heard of catalepsy; I don't think it's like this," answered his companion.

They both stood looking at her for a moment, then suddenly glanced at each other with a half-smile.

"Well, of all the queer starts," said the one.

"It is rather odd," said the other.

"Shall we explore the house?"

"I refuse to do anything till I've had something to eat. If there is anybody else asleep in this place, they may

slumber till I've had my meal, anyway."

Still preserving the apparently unnecessary precaution of lowered voices and gentle movements, they set to work to lay and light the fire. In a stone-shelved little room leading from the kitchen they found wood and bread and tea and a frying-pan and other necessities, and they bore them in as the need arose, treading softly as they came and went.

The fire blazed up; the kettle sang gaily. They took down a ham, and cut from it generous slices which frizzled and spluttered in the pan. Both of them were handy cooks, like men who, whether from choice or necessity, were accustomed to shift for themselves. The second traveller took off as many of his soaked clothes as he conveniently could, not without uneasy glances at the calm face in the settle, and hung them by the fire. They drew the table near the blaze, not because they were cold, but because they liked the familiar sight and sound. A strange feeling was growing upon them, in spite of themselves. The distant thunder kept up an unceasing roll, seemingly from all four points of the compass at once. It was steadily coming nearer. The woman breathed on serenely by the window.

When the two men had satisfied their hunger, which they did in almost unbroken silence, they pushed the table back, and pulled their chairs nearer to each other.

"I'd give anything for a smoke," said the second traveller in a low voice, "But my pouch is full of water."

The other held out his silently.

"Dare we?" said his companion.

"Why not?"

"The smell might waken her."

"I wish it would."

They smoked for a few moments in renewed silence, their eyes fixed on the woman. After a while they looked at each other gravely, paused, and then resumed, with their eyes on the fire.

"Is this an inn, after all?" said the second traveller, suddenly pulling his pipe out of his mouth. "Aren't we making some deuced big mistake? It doesn't look like any inn I ever saw, abroad or at home."

"What else should it be?" said the other. "There's the sign."

"That's so," said the first speaker. He continued smoking thoughtfully. Every moment the lightning grew more brilliant. The windows now began to jar faintly in the louder peals of the nearing storm.

"If it wasn't for the fact that we're six miles either way from any other house," said the second traveller, again suddenly breaking the silence, "I'd quit this, roof or no roof."

"I don't think I would," said the other.

"Why not?"

"Like to see a thing out."

His companion eyed him curiously.

"Will you excuse me if I make a guess as to what you are?" he said, after a pause.

"Guess away," replied the other, with a smile; "I'm too jolly glad to have your company to mind anything you say."

"Oh, then you *don't* like this?"

"Don't like what?"

The other waved his pipe comprehensively round the room, carefully avoiding any direct indication of the figure in the settle.

"I can't tell you *why* I don't," said the first traveller, after a minute. "There doesn't seem any adequate reason. A woman asleep is a sight I've seen before, though perhaps not quite under the same circumstances, nor *quite* so fast asleep either! But I *don't* like it, if you want to know. I feel as if something nasty was near me. I can't quite think why."

"Perhaps it's the storm," said the other.

"Perhaps."

Silence fell again.

"Well," resumed the second traveller, "if you're sure you won't think me impertinent, I'd like to make a shot as to what line you're in."

"Fire away," said the first traveller.

"An artist."

"Well, opinion is divided as to that, I believe," said the other, with a laugh, "but it's certainly what I'm trying to be."

"Good, good," said the second traveller, with his genial shout of laughter,

which he instantly checked with a hurried glance at the woman. "On a sketching tour, eh?"

"You're quite right," said the other. "But what makes you think so? I thought I was particularly orthodox as to the hair and collar."

"Bless you, it's only the men that *try* to be artists that need to insist upon it in their greasy heads and necks," said the second traveller, contemptuously. "Men that *are* artists don't bother about the signs of it."

"Still it's odd how the craft of a man stamps him," said the first traveller.

"Yes, sir, when he is a craftsman," said the other emphatically. "Now it's your face, your hands, your eyes, and the way you look at things as if you were busy translating them first to a thought and then to a picture in your mind. I spotted it the minute I laid eyes on you."

"A *thought* first, eh?" said the first traveller.

"So I take it," said the other. "You don't look a Millais sort of painter. You're a Rossetti sort, or a Burne-Jones, or one of that lot. I don't express myself clearly, I know. You're welcome to laugh, but I'd stake ten pounds on it."

"No, no," said the other, "I'm very deeply flattered."

"Only Burne-Jones never got further than illustrating some one else's poems, and the other saw a poem in anything that came handy," went on the second traveller, with tremendous enjoyment—"You're a little—hullo!"

A sudden crash interrupted the art critic and warned them both how near the storm was rolling again.

"Jove! it's pretty close," said the second traveller. His face, which during his temporary forgetfulness of his surroundings had grown wondrously contented and cheerful, suddenly resumed its worried expression. He was silent.

"Now it's my turn to guess what you are," said the artist.

"No, no, I'd rather you didn't," said the second traveller, with a dejected shake of the head. "I expect it's clear enough what I am. Oh, I don't deceive myself. But a man may have a soul



above his beastly profession, though no one gives him much credit for it."

The first traveller glanced at his companion, then said, with a steady eye: "You're an author—a writer—aren't you?"

The sudden flash of surprised pleasure on the other's face was reward enough for any one.

"Do you mean to say you would take me for an author?" he said, "I never thought to meet any one—I never hoped—Sir, I *am* an author! Sir, I may almost call myself a poet! There's nothing the poets ever said I haven't answered to, as deep answers to deep. Nature and Nature's God are the only solace of a very uncongenial life, sir; and I'm taking a turn at them now, business being slack. But my profession——" He broke off.

"Many a man has never a chance of showing what is in him *this* journey," said the first traveller. "You'll get your turn the next all right. What are you then, for the time being?"

"I'm a commercial traveller," said the second traveller, humbly.

"Shake hands on that," said the other heartily, touched by his companion's diffidence and simplicity. "I've the——" The two had stretched their hands to each other, when a second roar shook the room, and they simultaneously started back.

"Confound it, is it never going to quiet down?" said the first traveller, with the irritation of a startled man.

"Quiet down! If you and I are alive this next half-hour, we shall see a show the other couldn't hold a candle to. I know this country." The second traveller started to go to the window, then stopped short, remembering.

The two men, reminded suddenly of all that made their situation strange, stood close together for the second time, looking at the woman.

"I've never in all my life seen a more regal face than that," said the artist, in a low voice.

"Nor I, though it isn't saying as much," said the other, "I've not seen many."

"Look here," said the first traveller, suddenly, "I've made up my mind what I'm going to do. I'm going to sketch her, and then I'm going to wake her. Here, hold the light for me. No, here. So. A little more to the right. That's it."

The other silently did as he was bid. His own face, round and fat, indescribably common and kindly, and worn with recent excitement and bodily fatigue, looked down upon the woman with a strange expression of gravity and interest and dislike upon it. It was lit up as strongly by the lighted candle as were the beautiful face and figure in the settle. The artist, as he sketched rapidly, enlarged his original idea. Both unconscious figures were on the page before he finished. He wrote a



"STOOD CLOSE TOGETHER FOR THE SECOND TIME, LOOKING AT THE WOMAN."



hasty line at the bottom, and shut the book with a reckless bang.

"Now I'm going to wake her," he said, shying it across the room on to a dresser. "There's no illness about that sleep. Her colour and skin and breathing are as natural as a baby's. If she *can* be waked, by Jove, she shall be!"

The other watched him silently as he laid two strong hands on the woman's shoulders, and braced himself for a shake that should leave no room for doubt.

But before he could move her, the second traveller sprang forward, as if he could not bear the sight.

"Don't, don't, it's sacrilege," he said, laying an agitated hand on the other's arm. "There's something dreadful in it. Leave her. Let her be. Let her sleep. We'll just stay on an hour or so till the storm is over, and then slip out, and leave the payment on the table. Don't wake her. It may be she'd go mad, or get ill. I've heard they do so if they are waked suddenly from a strange sleep like that. We don't know what happened before we came. Besides, I can't stand seeing her shaken. She'll be so upset, all alone, with two strangers. And then the storm. Where's the use of waking her?"

During this incoherent speech the artist had stood motionless, his eyes on the woman. Now he drew back with a slow look right round the room.

"Very well," he said slowly, "let her sleep. Perhaps you are right. I don't understand it, and I don't like it. But still, there are people liable to be seized by such strange death-like sleep, and I've heard it isn't safe to rouse them suddenly." He turned away and took up the candle.

"Come upstairs," he said, "I'm going to explore the house before I turn in. If there's a bed I'm going to sleep in it. I don't like the idea of becoming unconscious in this room, and don't ask me to explain why, because I can't. Come along."

During their search he insisted on repeatedly revisiting the kitchen. He frankly confessed he did not know why he did so, and on being pressed, grew impatient.

"A fellow can't give an explanation of *all* he does," he said.

Yet he always found the place wrapt in peace, without sound or sign of any change.

The house was empty—exquisitely clean and amply furnished; every room with the same style of old furniture as the kitchen held. In one bedroom there were two beds.

"We'll sleep here together," said the first traveller, and the other made no objection.

They finally re-entered the kitchen, to find the woman still sleeping deeply and all apparently as they had left it. The storm by this time was raging so loudly that they could hardly hear each other speak. They raked out the embers of the fire, set the chairs back, cleared the table, slipped the bolt of the door, and turned to gather up their belongings.

Then the artist made a discovery.

"I left my sketch-book on the dresser, and it's on the floor by the table," he said suddenly.

"You *can't* have," said the other, stopping short.

"I did," repeated the artist, facing his companion with roused eyes. "I threw it across the room. I could swear to it."

With one consent they turned simultaneously and looked at the woman. She was in exactly the same attitude as when they had last looked at her: her bosom rose and fell in the same unhurried rhythm, her faint cool colour was unchanged, her hands were folded loosely in the cloth, one fallen away from the other a little, in the position the second traveller's shake had caused them to assume.

"You *can't* have," said the second traveller, with a sigh of relief. "Ah, now I remember! I'm almost certain I heard something slip behind me when I started forward to stop you. That must have been it."

The first traveller stooped, and slowly picked up his book. "I suppose it was," he said.

Just as they were leaving the kitchen the second traveller stopped the other with a touch.

"Are you perfectly certain," he said

solemnly, "that there is no drug she can have been taking that would produce a sleep like that? Drink, it certainly isn't, at least no drink known to me; but mightn't it be some drug?"

The other shook his head. "Maybe," he said, "I'm not doctor enough to know. I've thought of that possibility, of course, but she seems to be sleeping as wholesomely and lightly as a child, and her breath has no smell. No, it's beyond me!"

"Well, it's a very funny business altogether," said the second traveller, with deep conviction.

They went upstairs to the accompaniment of a tumult that was absolutely indescribable. The thunder shook the house from roof to foundation; the roaring of the rain sounded like the rising and falling roar of flame, the landscape and the interior of the house were alight in a continuous fierce blaze that leapt and darted and leapt again as the lightning ran from quarter to quarter, and flared on the horizon. The two men managed to close the outer shutters and then they drew the white curtains and pinned their coats across them, in a desperate endeavour to keep out the light which blazed through every crack and cranny. Their door proving to have no bolt, they pulled across it a huge oak chest that formed part of the furniture of the room. It made an effectual barricade, for it was so heavy it took their united strength to move it. and then they only did so slowly and with difficulty.

Each man in shamefaced silence laid his cocked revolver by his bed, and looked up to meet the other's eye.

"It seems silly," said the second traveller, with an uncertain laugh. "Two men, two revolvers, and a barricaded door, against one woman, and she asleep."



"A MOMENT'S INTENT LISTENING"

"It may seem what it likes," said the first traveller, getting with determination into his bed. "I prefer it."

The two lay and listened and watched, and spoke to each other from time to time as the hours passed, until at last the storm began to decrease. With the first relief to wearied eye and ear, both, utterly worn out, fell soundly and dreamlessly asleep. It was the second traveller, a constitutionally light sleeper, who woke suddenly about an hour later, and his instantaneous impressions were, first, that the storm was over, secondly, that he had heard some one moving downstairs.

A moment's intent listening convinced him of both these facts, and with one noiseless movement he slipped out of bed and across to his companion.

"Wake up, wake up!" he whispered in his ear. The first touch was sufficient. The artist woke without moving, and had himself instantly under control.

"What is it?" he whispered.

"The woman is awake," said the second traveller. The other sat up in bed, and the two listened intently.

They heard the distant rumble of the

far-off storm and the steady fall of the quiet rain outside—then steps, distinct steps, slow and stealthy, crossing the room below.

Then silence, and a moment after the sudden creak of a board.

"She's coming upstairs," said the artist; "go back and get your revolver."

"She can't get in," said the other.

"She may be able to, if she's mad. Or there may be a man behind her," came the sharp whisper. "Do as I bid you."

The other did so, and came back to his friend.

Both men sat on the edge of the bed, looking towards the door. The steps ascended the stairs with hardly a sound.

Then some one trod stealthily across the landing, and straight to their door.

It flashed across the artist's mind that she must have known what room they were in, for she tried no other. Then she had not been asleep when they came upstairs! He held his breath with the sudden surprising conviction, and at that moment the latch of the door lifted with a faint sound.

Then the door itself was pushed, harder, harder, harder, yet still with the utmost caution. Then silence, and a pause, during which each man heard the other's hard breathing.

Then another still more determined and longer effort, under which the old chest creaked; and after that a longer silence. Then followed a sound as if a board snapped under some one turning on it, and then the stealthy steps descended again.

The second traveller drew a long breath and moved, but the artist gripped his arm heavily. "Listen," he said.

The next moment they heard a bolt slipped back, the door below open and close, and then hurrying steps running outside in the direction of the woods.

With an exclamation both men sprang for the window. When they had torn down the coats and curtains, and opened the window, and unbolted the shutters, the scene outside held no trace of a human presence.

The first grey light of dawn was filtering through the rain. Not far from the house an enormous oak, first

outpost of the Blaise forests on the Verdin plains, stood rent from top to bottom. It had been struck during the storm. The grass and shrubs were green and fresh, the dust was gone, the air came up from the dripping earth with a sweet, light scent.

The two men looked at each other in silence, which the artist was the first to break.

"Come downstairs," he said briefly, and they hurried their clothes on and went downstairs, each still carrying his revolver.

The settle in the kitchen was empty. They had known it would be so, yet it struck both men in an extraordinary manner. So accustomed had they grown to the kitchen with the silent figure by the window, that they could not realise it with no one there. After a pause, in which they stood staring stupidly at the settle, they turned with sudden resolution to the task of exploring.

Through every room, and every press and chest, they searched, leaving no possible hiding-place unexplored.

They found nothing, except dresses and coats and clothes, and all manner of household appliances. The house had clearly been recently lived in, by at least two people, a woman and a man.

That there was mischief somewhere, each was convinced. Yet the more they thought, the more puzzled they grew, for no hypothesis seemed to explain the facts entirely.

They came together in the kitchen again, and faced each other with bewildered eyes.

"Are there any outhouses?" said the second traveller.

"I saw none when I came up," replied the other. "Still, let's go round the house outside. We may find a clue."

One man went to the left, the other to the right.

Scarcely had he turned the corner, before the second traveller heard footsteps flying after him. He faced about abruptly, and the next minute the artist rounded the house.

At once the other saw that he had made some terrible discovery. He rushed to meet him.

The artist clutched at him, staring at him with horrified eyes, and shaking lips that strove in vain to form words. He had been flung beyond all self-control, and could only hold on to the other, and struggle for breath.

"There, there, old chap!" said the second traveller, losing thought of everything, save his friend's condition. "Hold on to me. You'll be all right in a jiffy. Never mind. Don't try to speak for a moment."

But the artist, still with straining eyes fixed on his friend's, still struggling for the speech that would not come, burst into a fit of dry sobs that shook him from head to foot, and terrified the second traveller out of his wits.

There was a water-butt near. It was no moment for half-measures. The second traveller pulled the artist nearer, and putting both his hands in the cold water, palms together, vigorously flung handful after handful up into the other's face. The remedy succeeded. The shock caused the necessary reaction, and with a tremendous shudder the artist pulled himself together, and stood, after a minute, panting but collected. He took hold of the other's arm, and without another word the two men walked round the house together. And what they saw there is soon told.

About a yard from the further corner of the house lay the body of a man, battered and drenched and washed by the fury of the storm. Now the rain was falling softly upon the mutilated sightless face turned up to the sky. His blood had streamed away into the grass: his right hand was slashed almost to pieces. He had clearly been struck first from behind, for the largest stream of blood flowed from beneath his left shoulder. His body was mutilated in a way better left undescribed.

The two men stood looking at him and each other with pallid faces.

"Is he dead?" said the second traveller hoarsely.

"Dead some hours," said the other. "I have looked at him. The horror of it took me while I was kneeling by him." Silence fell again.

"He must have dragged himself round from the back of the house after I was inside," went on the artist with a shaking

voice, "and died here in the night, poor wretch. Look at the tracks on the grass! Otherwise I must have seen him as I came up."

"Died out here alone," repeated the second traveller, "why didn't we hear him?"

"Couldn't have," said the other; "the storm was too loud. Poor chap, he must have——" his voice failed him.

"The woman did it," said the second traveller suddenly, with a strange sound in his voice.

"For God's sake, don't," said the artist.

But the horror which had seized him suddenly was growing on the other's coarser-grained nature with irresistible power, and he could not resist it. He stood swaying, and his voice rose and broke on his sentences.

"The woman did it. She's cut him to bits. She did it before we came. We were with her all night and he was dying outside. She's cut him to bits. We—we——!"

The artist strode over to him and shook him sharply.

"Pull yourself together, man. Don't be a fool. Pull yourself together."

The sense slowly came back to the staring eyes of the other. He passed his hand across them, and groaned, the artist watching him anxiously.

"Come away, old chap," he said, putting an arm round him; "come away, and let's think what we ought to do."

The two went into the kitchen. At the sight of the empty settle, the second traveller sank into a chair with a strong shudder.

But the artist, once himself, did not easily again give way. He stood looking round. The place was filled with the dawn light, white and clear and chill. All at once, acting on some sudden impulse, he went over to the settle, and, stooping down, looked under it.

He rose with a sharp exclamation that brought the other to his feet also.

"What have you found?" he asked, with a shaking voice.

"This," said the artist. He held up a long blood-stained knife. "It was under her chair. It must have been there all the time. Odd, what a sick



feeling the thought of it brings one. And—ah—ugh!—look here.”

He pointed to the floor, and the other came over to him with faltering steps.

From the settle to the door were the marks of dry blood, as though the corner or edge of a wet skirt had swished its track upon the bricks as its owner moved hastily along.

The artist heard a strange sound behind him, and turned sharply round. He was just in time to catch the other in his arms. He had fainted.

When the second traveller came to himself, he was lying outdoors in front of the house, his head on a rolled-up coat. The artist was holding a glass of *vin-ordinaire* to his lips, and watching him with anxious eyes.

“Drink it, old chap,” he said, and the second traveller did so obediently.

Then he sat up dizzily.

“Knocked out of time, by Gad!” he said.

“It’s the want of sleep and of food, and the long strain and yesterday’s exposure, and a hundred other things, that have made us both play the fool like this,” said the artist cheerily. “You’ll be all right in a moment. Lie still, while I get the things together. As soon as you can walk we’ll be off.”

“Off,” said the second traveller.

“Right off,” rejoined the artist. “Off as far and as fast as we can manage.”

“Are we going to leave *him*?” asked the other, below his breath.

“What good can we do him by staying?”

“None,” said the second traveller, after a moment’s hesitation.

“Just so,” said the artist. “And we might do ourselves a good deal of harm. There’ll be no amusement and precious little credit in being mixed up with a murder case in a foreign country. The justice of France is proverbial, my friend, and I’d rather not risk our necks to the tender emotions of a French jury, unless you’re very keen on it.”

“Our necks?” said the other.

“It might come to that,” said the artist. “You and I are alone, the woman has vanished, the man is dead, and judging by appearances, he was a rich man, as Frenchmen go. I don’t suppose for an instant that any serious

charge could be sustained against us, but the business might be endless and disgusting. Are you very keen on bringing that woman to justice? I can’t say I am, and it would be our only reason for interfering.”

“Gad, you’re right,” said the other. He got unsteadily to his feet. “Let’s be off.”

“You sit down till you’re quite right,” said the artist. “I’m going in to get all our things together, and put some money on the table. I don’t care to be beholden either to a dead man or a murderess for my night’s entertainment, such as it was.”

“No, no, no,” said the other with a shudder. The artist pushed him gently down.

“Rest while you can,” he said. “I’ll bring you out some food. We’ve a long day’s march before us. We had better not make for either Verdin or Blaise; but I’ve been studying the map, and half-way across that plain a road strikes south ten miles to Montrail. Are you known there?”

The other shook his head.

“Good. No more am I. We’ll join the rail there, and you’ll go one way, and I another, till we’ve put a good hundred miles or so between ourselves and *this*. Our story would be rather an odd one to bring before a jury of any nation, when one comes to think of it.”

“It will be days before the thing is discovered,” said the second traveller. “Very few people ever come this roundabout way now the new highway is finished. I wish to God I hadn’t.”

The artist went into the house, and after a little while returned with bread and wine, and their two knapsacks ready packed.

“I can’t eat,” said the second traveller.

But he did, for there was no resisting the resolution of the stronger spirit.

The artist ate also, and the two sat stuffing the food down till it was finished, though the gorge rose against it.

The second traveller was himself again by the time he had done. He rose to his feet, and shouldered his knapsack. “I’m ready,” he said.

They went off in silence. Their eyes



were on the ground, and their thoughts with the dead man round the corner of the house. Neither spoke till they had reached the point where their road diverged from the highway. There they both stopped, and, with a glance at each other, turned and looked back with one consent.

The inn was clearly distinguishable against the background of the woods, standing far away on the white road along which they had just come. The sun was rising above the hills, in the first glory of the dawn. The sky was blue, a rain-washed cloudless blue, and the larks rose round them everywhere above the seeding grasses, singing in thanksgiving after the terrors of the night that was gone.

They stood a moment in silence, looking back with eye and mind.

"There are some points in the thing I can't understand yet," said the second traveller, under his breath.

"There are a good many we never *shall* understand," said the artist. "She was mad. That's all I'm sure of. No sane woman could have sustained such an effort. It takes one's breath away only to think of it. So long! and so motionless! and we staring and touching and talking of her! Good God, it was marvellous! I wonder what she had against him." He stopped abruptly.

"How did she know any one was coming, I wonder?" said the other.

"Saw me through the little window by the door, I suppose," said the artist briefly, "I stood outside some little time."

The other eyed him, longing to conjecture and discuss, yet deterred by the abstracted gravity of his companion's gaze.

"It always takes me so long to puzzle out a thing," he said wistfully, "I suppose you've got it all clear."

"What is it especially that puzzles you?" said the artist, turning friendly eyes upon his companion. "The whole thing's a hopeless puzzle!"

"Well," said the other, "but I can't quite make out what her idea was. Why did she pretend to be asleep? We should have guessed, nothing she did not tell us!"

"She hoped we should go when we couldn't wake her, perhaps," replied the artist. "Or she wanted to murder us while we slept! You see, she can only have just done it, and the excitement and confusion were still on her when I arrived. Or perhaps it was just the insane instinct to deceive. Who knows. We never shall."

"Wanted to murder us!" repeated the other, shuddering. "But she must have come upstairs without that knife you found under the settle."

"Had another, perhaps," replied the artist. "Where is the use of conjecturing." The two were silent once more.

"It seems to me," said the second traveller with hesitation, as though he were not quite sure of his ground, "that things might have turned out rather differently,—in fact, were at the very point of doing so more than once."

"Quite so," assented the artist, rather puzzled by his companion's manner.

"We were, in a way, looked after," continued the second traveller, with a deprecating glance. "I mean, we may say that something, I might almost say, somebody, took measures or rather prevented—". He found himself unable to express his feeling, and stopped.

"Oh," said the artist, "yes, I quite agree with you. I am glad you reminded me. It would be churlish not to recognise it."

He stood in silence a moment, thinking.

"From all the perils and dangers of this night—" he quoted half to himself.

"Amen," said the other, with a pleased solemnity. "That's what I meant."

"But I blame myself very greatly," went on the artist, rousing himself. "I was warned. A man isn't given that persistent feeling of uneasiness for nothing. I've had it before in the presence of danger. I ought to have understood it. Besides, there were a dozen clues I might have followed up."

"You took the precautions that probably saved one of us, if not both, from a horrible death," said the other, with a shudder.

"I might have discovered enough to

prevent us running any such risk," said the artist.

But the second traveller was struggling to convey his conviction to the contrary. He shook his head.

"Considering the fearful storm outside, which made it impossible to leave the house—and the fact that she was a woman—and we should have had to fight her to overcome her, and perhaps got badly hurt ourselves—and then have been bound to deliver her up—and then got mixed with the whole business," he said, earnestly if disjointedly—"I don't put it very clearly, but isn't it as well that we *didn't* discover?"

"You are right," said the artist. "As things fell out, we should have had a very poor time if we *had*. I had just warning enough to serve the purpose, and no more. Odd idea, that, but you are probably right." He was struck by the direct commonsense of the view to which the other's simplicity led him. "There's another thing," he went on, "you and I must not lose sight of each other."

The face of the second traveller flushed with gratification.

"*That* had to come from you," he said. "I've been wanting to say something of the sort, but I didn't like to venture. I am quite aware we have little in common, sir, I know who you are."

"Hullo," said the artist, "here's dignity! How in the name of wonder have you guessed that?"

"I suspected it from the first," answered the other, "and this morning I saw your initials on your knapsack. I know your face from photos, and what's more, I know your pictures. You and I move in very different spheres, sir."

"Stow that," said the artist, with sudden irritation.

"What?" said the second traveller.

"*Stow it*," repeated the artist. "Drop that artificial trash, if you want it put plainly. If you like my pictures, and have an especial feeling for my profession, I'm glad, because I can be of more use to you than I otherwise could. I'm not much of a fellow outside my work, God knows. That's the whole damned difference a man's position ought to make. Here's my card. Give me yours, if you

will. You and I are friends, till you see fit to drop me. Shake hands on that."

He held out his hand with a smile that melted any remaining clouds of dignity in which the other had thought to wrap himself.

The two shook hands heartily, and, without a glance behind them, tramped happily on their way.

It was not until they had gone some distance in cheerful discourse that the artist suddenly came to a standstill, with an exclamation.

"What's up?" asked the other anxiously.

"I never thought of my sketch," said the artist, in great excitement. "Here, help me off with my knapsack."

With eager hands they unpacked the book. The artist seized it, turned over the leaves rapidly, and stopped at one with a shout. It was the sketch he had done of the woman and the second traveller, and it was torn half across, though the upper was not completely detached from the lower part of the page. The artist held it up, and the two men looked from each other to the book, and back again, in an impressive silence.

"What does *that* mean?" said the second traveller, with a gasp.

"It means, I suppose," said the artist slowly, "that the woman *did* get up when we were out of the room! She tried to find the sketch of herself and tear it out! It means I was right in thinking I had left it on the dresser. She must have taken it to the light on the table, and heard me returning and had no time to do more than drop it on the floor and get back to her place. Good Lord! to think how near we were a dozen times to discovering." They looked at each other again, then the second traveller said, "Let me see it." He took it in his hands, and both men gazed at it solemnly.

"You drew me, too," said the second traveller, with evident pleasure.

"I did," said the artist.

"It makes rather a good picture," said the second traveller, with a satisfied smile.

"It makes a better picture than you've any idea of, my friend," said the

artist, looking at it with prophetic eyes. "The contrast between your face and hers, your attitude and hers, between the candle-light and the black shadow! It's simply stunning. Wait till I get the colour in! That's only a rough sketch, but it's all in my mind's eye."

Who could think——?" he broke off abruptly.

"It's a magnificent face," said the artist. "I wonder——" and he too paused.

They had again proceeded on their journey, when the artist said, stopping short:



"BUT AH! SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL! HAD MONSIEUR BUT SEEN HER?"

He stood absorbed in thought.

The eyes of the second traveller wandered to the woman.

"Gad, she was a beauty," he said, half under his breath. "Her innocent mouth and cheeks! Look at them!

"Do you know one reason why she came upstairs?"

"I guess it," said the other.

"No, not that," said the artist.

"That was one, perhaps, but the other was, she wanted my sketch-book."

"But why should she be so keen on that sketch of herself?" asked the second traveller.

"It *incriminated* her, man."

There was another silence.

"Good Lord! the cunning of it," said the second traveller. "Can she have been mad?"

"God only knows!" said the artist.

Then they went safely on their way.

\* \* \* \*

It only remains to be added that from that day to this the thing remains a mystery.

Two years afterwards the artist found himself in the neighbourhood of Verdin, and made a detour in order to spend an hour or two at the old inn there. He found the innkeeper a garrulous, friendly old fellow, willing to discuss all things on earth or in heaven, but on the point of the Blaise murder he could throw no light.

No one knew anything about it.

The body had been found, and the woman was suspected.

It was known that the husband had cruelly ill-treated her. It was believed she had joined a former lover and gone to America, though even that was pure conjecture.

They had been very solitary and unfriendly in their attitude to their neighbours, and living so far from any village, little had ever been known of their private characters, save the one fact that he was a violent man.

Motive and manner alike remained a mystery to those whose business it was to bring the criminal to justice, and the verdict of murder was returned against "some person or persons unknown."

"No proof, no clue, no witness—nothing!" said the old Frenchman, with a dramatic gesture. "But ah! she was beautiful! Had Monsieur but seen her! And she has vanished as though she were dead and buried. It is a mystery. It will remain one."

One man of the only two who could have thrown a little light upon the said mystery sat opposite the old innkeeper as he spoke, but that man said nothing.

He left Verdin an hour later, and when he came to the junction of the old highway with the new, he paused a moment and looked down upon the former winding away in the dusk to the plains below.

"It is a mystery. It will remain one," he repeated.

And though one may conjecture what one will, nothing more of the facts of the case than that which this story sets forth was ever known. They do, indeed, remain a mystery.

But the friendship which began that strange and stormy night knows no decreasing, and the two travellers have tramped many miles together since then, in mutual appreciation and good-fellowship, much to the wonder of their respective circles.



# What is a Zanānā Missionary?

WRITTEN BY E. GRANGER.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**W**HO cannot reply to such a simple question in this age of widespread interest in foreign missions! one can almost hear those well-versed in the subject exclaim. Like Macaulay, those who know, rarely credit others with ignorance.

Nevertheless it is a fact that there are yet many people who have but a vague idea of the *raison d'être* of a zanānā missionary, though there can scarcely be any who are not aware of the existence of such a functionary. And there are not a few, possibly, who associate the name with some dim recollection of a solitary figure silhouetted against the bare wall of an unadorned platform, in a sparsely-filled "small hall," representing a spinster whose complexion and looks had been somewhat hardly dealt with by time and climate, and whose costume affected the eye as painfully as a photograph taken twenty years ago. With this vision is recalled a thin voice, with a slight accent, reflecting some Eastern tongue, which told of a strange people, and strange habits and customs, and which has left on the mind of the chance hearer an impression that the speaker was engaged in an uninteresting and hopeless undertaking, which, however, had some peculiar fascination for her.

Can it be, that we English are such slaves to the effect of the appearance and general get-up, that we can only be interested when the fastidious up-to-date eye is pleased?

We look doubtfully at the professed old soldier who bears no marks of the battles of which he tells, and we do not

care to engage a servant whose chief thought is to preserve the delicate whiteness of her hands. Then shall we despise these soldiers and servants of our Lord, because they bear the signs of having been engaged in active foreign service? If so, is there not reason to fear that we ourselves are nothing more than inefficient volunteers, if engaged in any service at all.

After six or seven years of hard work in a trying climate, missionaries come home to recruit their health, but the greater part of their furlough is spent in deputation work, which means constant travelling, and the giving of numerous addresses; two or three addresses often being given on the same day.

Is it then surprising if but little time and thought be devoted to external appearances; if sometimes languor and weariness become apparent; if there is not always so much enthusiasm, as we expect, infused into a subject which is only fresh to the hearers?

But what about the "small hall" and smaller audience? Where this is the case, is it not evidence of the languid indifference of Christians at home to the growth of Christ's kingdom? Where a true interest is taken in the work of the Church, which is the spread of the Gospel, there is always a large hall, well-filled, to give the missionary an inspiring welcome; and the sympathy which is *felt* to exist between the speaker and the audience has the double effect of raising the spirit of the former above any physical weakness or weariness to an animated effort, and of quickening the interest of the latter in what they hear. Those who duly appreciate the work, duly honour the worker.



But let us now give the question pertinent consideration.

The word *zanānā* is derived from the Persian word *zan*, a *woman*, and it is specially applied to that part of an Indian residence which is set apart for the women, though it has a wider significance, and may refer to anything belonging to a woman. Hence a *zanānā* missionary was originally one who visited women in their own homes, and her work was at first confined to the towns.

Since the term originated in India, I

Another explanation which requires to be made is that there is not only one "Zanānā Society," but that numerous societies of the Churches of England, Scotland and America, and of various Nonconformist bodies are engaged in *zanānā* mission work in India, as also the Basle and Moravian Missionary Societies.

In our picture are representatives of a large number of these societies; missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, the Church of England Zanānā



CONFERENCE OF ZANĀNĀ MISSIONARIES

purpose confining my remarks to that country, although all lady missionaries in the various parts of the world are spoken of as *zanānā* missionaries.

The work amongst the women of India has extended in all directions, so that now the term *zanānā* missionary embraces workers of every description, those engaged in work in the *zanānā*, the hospital and dispensary, the school and orphanage, and the home for converts, for widows, or for the blind, both in town and village.

Missionary Society, the Society for Female Instruction in the East (recently merged into the C.M.S. upon the death of Miss Webb), the *Zanānā* Bible and Medical Mission, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Baptist *Zanānā* Mission, the Presbyterian Mission, the American Methodist *Zanānā* Mission.

Yet though there are so many separate societies, they are united in their object, and the desire of the members is expressed in the words of the banner, of

this conference of women engaged in all the branches of zanānā mission work, of which a brief description is now attempted.

*Zanānā Visiting.*—This is a house-to-house visitation, regulated by two important rules. Only those houses are visited where a call is invited, and the recognised object of the call is to teach the Gospel. At the same time, those who desire to learn are given instruction in reading, writing, and needlework, the usual programme being the singing of *bhajans* (hymns written in the native language and set to native tunes), the reading and explanation of a passage of Scripture, and the instruction of from one to perhaps three pupils in secular subjects. Six or eight such visits only can be accomplished in the course of a long morning.

In large towns a zanānā visitor has as many as two or three hundred houses, at which at least one visit a week must be paid by herself, her colleague, assistants or Bible women. She also has to superintend several schools for both Mohammedan and Hindu girls, varying in size from ten to fifty scholars.

In addition to her work amongst non-Christians, the missionary has to instruct and train her Bible-women and teachers, and to *mān-bāp* them generally, as well as other less useful *attachées* to the mission. To *mān-bāp*, literally translated, is to mother and father.

Zanānā visiting in the towns is carried on steadily throughout all the seasons of the year.

It is an interesting sight to see the workers assemble in the mission-house for united prayer, before starting out for the day's work. Many such a scene rises to the mind, but one will serve as an illustration.

It was the cold season of Northern India. Breakfast was over, and sundry little household duties had been attended to, when, as the clock struck nine, the missionaries, with the assistants who lived in the house, took their places in

a row of wicker-work chairs whilst a line of Bible-women, looking beautifully neat and clean in their fresh print skirts and bright warm *chaddas*, filed in through a door communicating with the verandah—for they lived in trim little houses in the compound or grounds.

There was something particularly pleasing in the cheerful smiles with which they made their salaams, and then, with the quiet easy grace of the Indian woman, sat down on the floor in a semicircle.

Every one had her Bible—rather a bulky production in the Hindi or Urdu character—open on her knee, and followed attentively as the missionary read. Then all reverently knelt in prayer, every voice joining audibly in the rhythmical Urdu rendering of the Lord's Prayer.

A few minutes sufficed for directions as to the day's work and the disposal of the workers in the several conveyances in readiness at the door.



THE CONVEYANCE OF THE VILLAGE MISSIONARY,

A missionary and three Bible-women got into one closed *gari* or Indian cab; an assistant with three teachers filled another, and so on. One or two others, whose work lay in isolated parts of the town, went singly in *doolies* borne on men's shoulders. They proceeded to various parts of the town, and then each party dispersed to the several spheres of work.

A hearty welcome awaits the visitor in the *zanānā*, for she is always regarded as the friend of the family, for she is known to "rejoice with them that rejoice, and to weep with them that weep." And who can give such wise counsel and loving words of comfort as the Miss Sahib-ji.

In the day-school, the scholars have been gathered together by the *dhai*, whose business is to go round and call for the children at their homes. Those of higher rank have been brought in curtained *doolies*. All are sitting quietly conning the day's lessons. Indian scholars are always very much in earnest, and never waste time in play. With a clinking of anklets and bracelets, the children rise, and solemnly raise their hands to their foreheads, making a polite *salaam* as the teachers enter. After a *bhajan* has been sung and the Lord's prayer repeated, the work of the day is entered upon with eager attention.

*Village or Itinerating Work.*—During the hot weather and "rains," the village missionary is obliged to confine her efforts to work amongst the people of the village in which she lives and its adjacent hamlets; but in the cold season, exchanging the house for a tent, she travels over the surrounding district, camping for a day or two at every friendly village. An area of country larger than the average extent of an English county may thus be covered in the course of a few years, and the missionary become acquainted with the inhabitants of as many as five hundred villages.

Her work consists chiefly of addressing large gatherings of women, occupied in the fields in beating and cleaning cotton, etc., and of receiving visitors in her tent, some of whom are really anxious to hear more of the Gospel story, but many

have been attracted by her medicine chest, whilst probably the largest proportion are desirous of knowing more about the circumstances, personal habits, and mode of living of the English lady.

Patiently she has to endure the curious scrutiny, and to listen to the wondering criticisms of those who have never beheld so interesting a sight before, and numberless are the questions she has to answer. As no corner of her tent is private from prying investigation, so no circumstance of her life is regarded as sacred. Her age, her matrimonial intentions, her complexion, her clothing, are all ruthlessly discussed.

The following are specimens of the questions asked and opinions expressed.

"Why do you not wear earrings?"

"I know," vouchsafes one who prides herself upon having seen a little more of the world than her neighbours. "She is not married. When she is married, she will wear just one little earring."

"What! father and mother dead, and they never made any arrangement for your marriage?"

"Is there not one man for you in the whole world? Let me find you a husband!"

"I suppose only your face and hands are white. Please give me the soap you use, and I will make my face and hands white too."

"Why do you wear such a pretty petticoat under your skirt? It should be worn outside."

"What's your pay? Do you get it from the Government?"

Sometimes they are afraid that the missionary is a spy sent by the Government, and it is always a great satisfaction to the people to know that she is not in Government employ.

*Orphanages.*—Into these are received children of all sorts and conditions—the orphans of Christian parents, and the poor little survivors of famine-stricken Hindu and Mohammedan families. The latter often come in at the last extremity, and their famine experience leaves its indelible mark on constitution and character. Others there are who are the offspring of condemned criminals, who are likely to have inherited terrible tendencies.

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CHILDREN OF ORPHANAGES IN NATIVE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

In the care and training of a family so heterogeneous in character, what infinite skill and tact is required. All the children are of course trained as Christians. Before the girls leave the Orphanage, their marriage is usually arranged for. Catechists, colporteurs, dispensers and other mission agents, also Christian men engaged in more secular work, are largely indebted to the Orphanages for their wives. The few girls who do not marry become teachers, and many of those who marry become Bible-women.

*Boarding Schools.*—These are of two classes, the Middle Schools for the children of Christians of small means and humble rank, and the High Schools for the children of the better educated, as pastors, head catechists, and pleaders and clerks in Government employ.

In this work the most judicious discrimination has to be exercised. For whilst being trained in an atmosphere so replete with Christian love, there is a danger that the girls thus lovingly shielded and cared for may grow up as hothouse plants, so dependent on their school environment that they cannot stand alone when removed from it. Another result that has to be guarded

against is that the efforts to raise the children morally and socially may bring about their Anglicisation to an undesirable extent. It is quite impossible for any who have not been actually engaged in such work to gauge the difficulties of the Christian Educationist in India.

*Homes for Converts.*—These are asylums for those who have been rendered homeless and destitute by their confession of Christ, where they are carefully instructed in the duties of the Christian life, and trained for maintaining themselves by their own exertions. The customs and religious laws of the people of India deny a place in the home and affections of her relations, to a convert to Christianity.

*Homes for Widows.*—Widows are forbidden to marry, and, being regarded as a tiresome encumbrance by their male relatives, who are bound to support them, they are often driven to lead an evil life. An endeavour to save such has been made by the establishment of these Homes, where they are taught various kinds of work, and learn to gain an independent livelihood whilst sheltered from cruelty and temptation.

*Homes for the Blind.*—The suffering

and afflicted are invariably despised and neglected, if not actually ill-treated. In these homes, the blind are taught basket-work and mat-making, which enables them to be independent of their unkind relations. Such a practical illustration of the love and pity for the sick and afflicted, which was taught and practised by Our Saviour, does not fail to impress the hearts of those whose religion inculcates no such compassion.

*Medical Work.*—This latest and most valuable development of Missionary effort, demands the highest skill, the most Christian patience, and the noblest Missionary aims. How impossible is it to give any adequate description of this grand work within the limit of a short article. Briefly then, the Medical Missionary may be said to combine all the offices of House Surgeon, Visiting Physician, and Ordinary Practitioner in one, and she performs the duties of each, under the most unfavourable circumstances, climate, religious prejudices and customs, superstition and ignorance, all combining to oppose and thwart her efforts.

And what is the nett result of all the

work being done by the Missionaries? The native Christians in India to-day are probably equal in number to the population of England when Christianity became the established religion, more than a hundred years after the first Missionaries to the Anglo-Saxons visited the country. But whilst the English were largely compelled by the power of the sword and by Royal command to be baptised, Indian Christians have voluntarily suffered persecution by receiving baptism.

When we reflect on the size of India, its vast population, and its many ancient religions, it is not difficult to perceive that the work of Christianising India must require very much more time than was taken in establishing the Christian religion in our own land. Yet we can look forward hopefully to the rapid growth of the Indian Church, for nearly all its members are actively engaged in Missionary service. And there are, undoubtedly, very many more convinced of the truth of Christianity, yet lacking the courage of their convictions, than have already publicly confessed their faith in Christ.



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## Across Denmark

WRITTEN BY A. B. MIDDLETON.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**P**ITCHING and rolling on the uncertain bosom of the North Sea, our little steamer plunges along heavily, with the Dogger Bank away to the north, and the outlying islands of the Frisian group and the coasts of Holland and Germany to the south. For we are on our way to the land of the Vikings, and we must, therefore, accept with fortitude whatever discomforts a rough voyage may impose upon us.

Retiring to rest on such a night is a mere mockery to the bad sailor, who, tossing in anguish in his berth, listens wearily to the monotonous creaking of the lamps as they swing with every roll of the vessel, and watches the lightning blaze fitfully across his cabin window, and counts the hours before the breaking of dawn, longingly wishing all the time that he had the stomach of one of his ancestors, the Northmen, who were wont to ride the wildest storm without a twinge.

But, as the poet says—

No day is so long

But it comes at last to vesper song ;

and at last the cold, grey dawn appears, and we clamber upstairs to the deck, clutching at anything and everything which is at all likely to give support.

Few are stirring at this early hour, and all around us the white-maned seahorses rush hissing past, drenching us with salt spray ; whilst, looking down the long deck, we see the two funnels belching out volumes of dense, black smoke as the steamer alternately mounts and glides down the gigantic swells.

The wild waste of waters is absolutely without a vestige of life, save for the occasional "fishers," whose sails we now and again discern on the horizon, and the wind cuts through one like a knife ; so, judging our berth to be the best place after all, we retire below, this time for good, until, after another long, monotonous day and night, the diminution of the rolling tells us we are nearing the dangerous, storm-tortured coast of Jutland ; and, going on deck, we see a smiling sea, and in the distance the white cliffs of the island of Fanö. This little island is noteworthy on account of the amber which is cast upon its shores, and is now fast becoming a popular bathing resort. The women here wear a peculiar native costume, and do much of the work belonging to the men, who are frequently out fishing ; and these, in their turn, in winter occupy themselves with knitting and similar employments.

And now we are forging along with the engines at half-speed, for, before we can enter the harbour of Esbjerg, we have a very nasty shallow bar to cross, which is a frequent source of delay to steamers ; in fact, it is only comparatively small vessels which can enter the harbour at all on this account, but as Esbjerg enjoys the distinction of being the only harbour of any importance on the whole of the western coast of Jutland, and as the traveller to Copenhagen cuts off some six or eight hours of sea voyage round the Skaw by this route, such minor inconveniences as these must be overlooked.

Passing to the left the bare masts of a wreck sticking out of the water, we finally enter the harbour of Esbjerg,

and step for the first time upon the soil of Jylland, as the Danes call it.

The air is wonderfully clear, and after passing through the Custom House and partaking of some slight refreshment, we saunter around this little town, which has sprung up so rapidly to be the one connecting link with the West.

All the houses appear to be newly built, and from the vicinity of the Vandtaarn, or water-tower, which dominates the harbour, one gets a lovely view of the town, the sea, and the island of Fanø in the distance.

This Vandtaarn is a most peculiar structure of brick; in fact, one of the most characteristic features of a Danish landscape consists of these numerous towers, erected for the purpose of drawing water, for Denmark is lamentably lacking in rivers.

On the way to the station we see the familiar Danish sight of a detachment of schoolboys marching down the street in perfect order, accompanied by their master, on their way to the gymnasium, for every boy in Denmark is taught physical exercise, and no one is exempt from military service.

Arriving at the station we take our places in the exceedingly comfortable

carriages of the "Danske Statsbane," for on this line every possible comfort is anticipated by the company. The carriages are supplied with electric light, generated by the motion of the train itself, and are replete with adjustable "sovesofas" (sleeping sofas), lavatories, loose cushions, and the like.

Journeying across the peninsula, one cannot help but notice how barren and bleak the country appears. It is like travelling over one of our own heather-clad moors, and the farther north one gets, the wilder and more desolate it becomes, until, north of the fantastic twinings of the great Liim Fjord, the woods disappear and give place to rolling stretches of sand-dunes. Every storm which beats upon these dreary shores of the Skager Rak and the Kattegat, carries far inland the drifting sand, and spoils every trace of vegetation for the sturdy dwellers of the Skaw.

At length we skirt the shores of a lovely fjord, the first indication that we have crossed the peninsula, and very shortly arrive at Kolding. This was once an important little town, and contains the ruins of the Koldinghus, where the Court was at one time held. The bare walls of this ruined castle



KOLDINGHUS

C. St. ENGET

present a most stern and impressive appearance when seen from the still waters of the fjord.

Kolding is the frontier station between Slesvig and Jutland, and was naturally much embroiled in the war which resulted in the cession of Slesvig and Holstein to the Prussians.

Even now the strong feeling occasioned by the war has not yet subsided in the hearts of patriotic Danes, and I have a very vivid recollection of visiting the shop of a picture dealer in Copenhagen, who gave me a most graphic and noisy account of his experiences in some of the battles, stamping about excitedly all the time in the shop, to the imminent danger of his pictures and other goods.

On arriving at Fredericia, a novel experience awaits us.

Denmark being really nothing but a cluster of islands, it is very evident that land and sea connections should be made, at any rate, on the main routes with the greatest despatch and facility; and to meet this, we find our train is taken right down to the dock, where the ferry steamer awaits us, the deck of which is on a perfect level with the permanent way. There is a line of rails along the deck, in continuation of the ordinary rails; and, when necessary, it is possible to take the whole train upon the steamer, and convey it across to the other side, where the journey may be resumed. As a rule, however, it is only the luggage and mail carriages which require transhipment.

From the steamer one gets a most beautiful view of Fredericia, nestling amongst the trees, with its clean white houses and red tiles, typical of the red and white colours of the Danebrog standard, and one may trace the white curdly wake of the steamer upon the dancing blue waters of the Little Belt, almost all the way across to the island of Fyen, where we disembark, and resume our railway journey at Strib.

We are now in the midst of the most delightful scenery, and of a variety which is to be found in Denmark alone.

The shimmering waters of the Sound, with little boats dotted about here and

there, the wooded shores of the islands with little villages peeping out at intervals, and the quiet, pastoral character of the country stamp it as being peculiarly Danish.

Now passing through dense woods, consisting entirely of very small trees (for one sees no large trees in Denmark, whose timber supply comes exclusively from Sweden), and at other times passing through bare country-sides which would remind one of Holland were it not that the ground has a curious rolling formation, we at length come to the ancient town of Odense, once a stronghold of the Odin worship.

Amongst other places of interest, the town contains St. Knud's Church, erected in 1101 to receive the body of Knud IV., and the cottage in which the famous writer, Hans C. Andersen, was born.

Proceeding on our way to Nyborg, the country still preserves its peaceful pastoral aspect, here and there dotted with little farmsteads, with the strangely-shaped roofs and gables common to Danish domestic architecture; but farther south the hills grow to what, for Denmark is a considerable height, and are known as the Fyen Alps.

On our arrival at Nyborg we again exchange the train for the steamer, and cross the Store Belt, or Great Belt, passing midway the little island of Sprogø, where supplies are always kept in case of accidents or delays to the ice-boats, which in winter frequently take ten hours to cross, and at times they have even been detained for days at the island.

The steamboat passage occupies about a couple of hours, during which time the traveller may go below, and partake of a hearty dinner in the approved Danish fashion, raw and boiled salmon, and other varieties of fish, eels, chickens, rye bread and white bread being amongst the other articles of diet.

The Store Belt is the great route by which, so we were informed, all large vessels pass from the Baltic into the North Sea, as for example vessels of the Russian Fleet, as the Øresund, between Elsinore and Helsingborg, is so frightfully narrow.

Looking away down the Baltic south-

wards we can see the steamers of the Hamburg connection, from Kiel, approaching to join the line at Korsør for Copenhagen, which at times occasions a considerable rush for the train on landing.

However, we are the first of them to set foot on Seeland, and leaving Korsør with its windmills behind, we hurry along to our destination—the Cheapeners Haven.

Passing Slagelse, an ancient town, with the ruined monastery of Antvorskov, and with numerous interesting tumuli in the vicinity, we reach Sorø, with its tranquil little lake and shady trees, and then after leaving Ringsted, which is important on account of the royal line of the Valdemars being buried in the church here, the only large town before arriving at Copenhagen is Roskilde, with the quaint short spires of its cathedral standing out prominently above the flat landscape.

Roskilde was once the capital of Denmark, and close by in the neighbourhood, in the olden days, stood a temple of Odin, much frequented by the wild Vikingar from all parts of Scandinavia.

The tombs of many notable personages may be found in the Cathedral, amongst others, Harald Blåtand, son of the famous Gorm the Old, Svend Estridsen, son of the murdered Ulf Jarl, and Christian IV., on whose coffin lies the mighty silver-worked sword, which he was wont to wield against his enemies with such deadly effect.

The town stands at the point of the Roskilde fjord, one of the many branches of the Kattegat, and adjacent to the shores of the fjord may be traced the curious archæological remains known as the "Kökkenmødding."

The night has come upon us ere we reach the end of our long journey, and it is with a sigh of relief that we finally find ourselves gliding across the Peblinger Sø in a blaze of electric light, and are deposited, tired but safe, in the station of Kjøbenhavn, to give it its true Danish appellation.

After a sound night's rest, we are up betimes, for who could linger indoors with the prospect of exploring this fascinating city by the Baltic before them.

Kjøbenhavn is noted for its curious churches, and accordingly we set out for Christiansholm, where the peculiar church known as Vor Frelzers Kirke is to be found.

On the way, we pass the remains of the imposing Christiansborg Palace, the dignified majesty of which even fire has not entirely been able to obliterate.

A few minutes further brings us to the Holmens Kirke, where lie buried two of Denmark's heroes, Niels Juel, and Peder Vessel, or "Thundershield."

Across the canal is one of the most characteristic buildings in Copenhagen, the Exchange, or Børsen, and its long rows of old-time dormers and gables, surmounted by the droll spire, which is composed of four dragons, whose heads rest at the four corners of the base, and whose bodies are entwined in a gradual taper, until their tails meet at the tip, make it as strange an edifice as one will meet in most European cities.

Crossing the bridge to Christiansholm, and having hunted up the "graver," we make our way, in his company, to Vor Frelzers Kirke, or Our Saviour's Church, which contains a beautifully decorated organ; but it is not the organ we have come to see, for we are seized with an uncontrollable desire to climb the gilded spire, the stairway of which, most strange to relate, is not, as is usual, inside the tower, but ascends, in a rail-protected spiral on the outside, up to the very point on which rests the golden globe which bears the image of our Saviour.

After climbing an interminable array of stairways and ladders, and inscribing our name in a visitors' book, crowded with signatures of people from every corner of Europe, we finally arrive where the exterior ascent begins, and then comes the tug of war.

A tremendous gale has been blowing all the day, and as we climb, step by step, up the ever-narrowing spiral, we are in bodily danger of being caught up and hurled over the parapet by the violence of the wind.

But never shall it be said that we left Copenhagen without scaling this famous spire, and so, bit by bit, we gradually find ourselves under the golden ball, and then what a view unfolds itself.



Down below our feet, intersecting the city almost in a straight line, is the Haven, with its crowds of strange-looking craft of all nationalities, extending from Frederiksberg to the south, up to the Frihavn, northwards and the lovely Lange Linie promenade, with its beds of roses, and the little English Church close by, where, as like as not, one may worship on the Sunday shoulder to shoulder with our own Princess of Wales.

Yonder rises the stately dome of the Frederiks-Kirke or Marmor-Kirke, the first thing one sees on coming to Copenhagen down the Sound, and the last

church in the city, as a visit to the Runde Taarn, or Round Tower, will show.

This cylindrical-looking tower with its prison-like windows, contains a spiral passage, the queer part about which is that there are no steps whatever, but the floor is on an inclined plane, and gently rises to the top of the tower; indeed, so gradual is the ascent, that it is said Catherine of Russia rode to the top in a carriage and pair, and the visitor will readily believe this to be true.

Perhaps, however, the most popular church in Copenhagen is Vor Frue Kirke or the "Church of our Lady."



KØBMAGEGADE MED RUNDETAARN

C. ST. ENERET

thing one sees sink below the horizon on leaving it.

To our right are the shining waters of the Sound, and the island of Amager, the stolid-faced women of which, with their peculiar headgear, easily betray their Flemish origin.

Scarcely daring even to turn round, and holding in our teeth various articles which our hands are already too full to hold, we crawl down, bent half-double, and finally emerge, hot but triumphant, into the street below again.

But this is not the only extraordinary

Standing as it does in the vicinity of the University, and the Dyveke Gaard, (said to be the oldest house in Copenhagen), its external appearance is decidedly unhandsome, but on entering the church one is struck by the extraordinary character of the architecture.

The lofty ceiling, with its gracefully rounded sweep, and its uniformly coloured and carved decorations, is of wood. So, too, we find on closer inspection, are the noble fluted columns which support it. But what has rendered this church famous almost above all others



in Denmark is the fact that it contains some of the very cream of Thorwaldsen's works, namely, The Christ, The Twelve Apostles, and the Baptismal Angel.

The Apostles are ranged down each side of the church. The exquisitely carved Baptismal Angel kneels, and holds a font in the shape of a great scallop shell, and overlooking all, the tender features of the Christ gaze down compassionately upon the worshippers from the altar, and the arms are stretched out, as though to invite the whole world into their embrace. On the pedestal are the words "Kommer til mig" (Come unto Me).

Besides possessing some fine churches, Copenhagen also has some fine palaces and parks.

The west part of the town simply abounds with beautiful parks and lakes, as for example the Ørsted Park, and the Botanisk Have, whilst more central are the lovely secluded grounds of the Rosenborg Palace, the finest specimen of 17th century florid renaissance architecture in Denmark, and here is contained a most valuable collection of national treasures.

Coming to the severely fashionable quarter of the town, we have Amalienborg, a circular place around which are built the mansions of the Royal Family and of the Court. Whilst in this vicinity, one should not miss paying a visit to the Russian Church, the gilded bulbous domes (so characteristically Russian) of which may be seen glittering in the sunshine not far away.

The interior, though small, is resplen-

dent with heavily gilded arches, mosaic floors, exquisite paintings, gaudy "icons" and the like, and must have been extremely costly. This church is used by the Czar and his suite when in Copenhagen.

But it is Thorwaldsen, whom the Danes are particularly proud of, and a visit to the museum of this greatest sculptor of modern times is fraught with the deepest interest.

The Thorwaldsen Museum is built in the shape of a great mausoleum, and externally, with its strange mural paintings, looks most dismal.

In the centre of the building, which is not roofed over, is the ivy-covered tomb of the sculptor, and in the surrounding galleries are to be found his numerous works, so numerous indeed, that one can scarcely credit them to be the work of one man.

One might easily spend a day in examining all the exquisite productions of this latter-day Phidias, but suffice it here to mention a few of his chief works, such as "The Three Graces," "Amor and Psyche," "Jason and the Golden Fleece" and so forth.

The visitor should not miss the Christus Hall, and the museum also contains a fine collection of pictures, and a few curious articles of furniture from the house of Thorwaldsen.

It would be very difficult moreover to find a finer picture gallery than the States Museum which is in the vicinity of the Rosenborg Palace.

This gallery has a magnificent frontage, and contains a collection of most stri-



THORWALDSEN'S MUSEUM

kingly realistic pictures, the tones of many of these being remarkably vivid. But the subjects appeal straight to the heart, being mostly illustrative of everyday life in Scandinavia, and that frequently of a pathetic nature, for too often are these northern coasts the scenes of heart-rending tragedies.

But when we enter the Alt-nordisk Museum, or The Museum of Northern antiquities, the finest of its kind in all Europe, we leap at one bound from the present back to the terrible days of the dread Vikingar; and as we gaze almost with awe upon the great swords and steel gear of these stern warriors, filched by modern hands from sepulchral mounds, and barrows, we are carried back in imagination to the times when in the cold winter the land was covered with a deep mantle of snow, and the halls, with their roaring fires, were crowded with fierce mail-clad men who drank from curious horns, and made the rafters ring as they shouted "Skall!" to the chief whom they idolised above all else, and whom they were ready to follow through the wildest struggles, until they should fall covered with wounds and glory, and the Valkyries should bear them through the shrieking elements to the welcome halls of Valhalla.

The Museum contains an unrivalled collection of implements of the stone age, swords, lances, helmets, mail harness, drinking horns, ornaments and the like; and to better give an idea of the appearance of these dwellers of the stone and iron ages, life-size figures are dressed up in the identical garments worn at the time, which imparts an air of intense reality to them.

It is most interesting, however, when one is tired of museums and galleries, and the like, to idly watch the crowds that walk to and fro through the city. Soldiers, in their light blue uniforms, Russian bluejackets, Swedes, Germans, even Finns, mingle amongst the flaxen-haired townspeople, who come out to the brilliant shops that crowd such thoroughfares as the Östergade and the Gothersgade, to do their buying. Fine men and beautiful women appear to be the rule in Copenhagen, perhaps the cold, bracing breezes they get from the Baltic have something to do with it, and one

almost envies the happy, sturdy, healthy-looking women, some of whom walk about hatless, and with neck and shoulders almost bare in the most boisterous weather.

And how patriotic the Danes are is well exemplified in the following incident, vouched for by a gentleman who witnessed the affair.

Last summer the Dowager Empress of Russia had brought a naval band on her private yacht, and these men were playing on a Sunday afternoon in one of the parks.

Finally, they played the beautiful "Boje czaria hrani" the Russian national Anthem, which so delighted the crowd of people who were listening that they redemanded it. The band then courteously rendered that fiery, warlike song, which every Dane knows and is proud of:—

Kong Kristian stod vor hojer Mast.

(King Christian stood before the high mast.)

At this the enthusiasm of the Danes knew no bounds, and amidst a scene of great excitement, the band actually repeated the Danish and Russian anthems alternately some eight or ten times.

When the night comes, another institution makes itself apparent, and the streets are crowded with people hurrying past the tempting shops which display the curious old-time brooches, so frequently seen in Denmark (an industry much revived of late years), or the pretty and artistic porcelain and terra cotta ware, for which the town is noted.

Some are on their way to Tivoli, where every conceivable form of amusement is provided. Circuses, pantomimes, first class concerts, restaurants, bazaars, and even an old frigate rigged up as a concert-room on the small lake, are to be found in these much frequented gardens, patronised by the very best society of Copenhagen; and here one may see a survival of those strange dumb ballets, which were primarily originated, many years ago in Copenhagen, for the portrayal of the Ojinic myths.

The theatre is another great institution in Denmark, and is held in high repute by all classes, and the names of Oehlenschläger and Holberg, are known

and beloved by all, as being the two greatest of Denmark's dramatists.

On a great night, when the "Meistersingers" or "Tannhauser" or other similar works are being given, the Koninglike Theater in the Kongens Nytorv is the scene of a brilliant and intellectual concourse from the most refined circles of society, to say nothing of the ordinary townspeople, who are also capable of understanding and appreciating the works of the great modern masters.

And now after our flying visit across

the land of the Danes, we must perforce retrace our steps homewards; and accordingly, early in the morning, we find ourselves hurrying westwards again, back to Esbjerg, which we reach by nightfall, and as our vessel moves off from the quay amidst the hearty "Färvels" and "Auf Wiedersehns" of our friends, we leave behind us, with regret, a country the people of which, with their kindly, courteous, and generous disposition, will ever remain a pleasant and agreeable recollection to us.



## BALLADE

FROM THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT WHICH FRANÇOIS VILLON  
MADE IN 1461

SAY, whither have fled the saints of old,  
In sendal and taffeta, limp and sheer,  
Girdled about and richly stoled?

Such were their guise and spiritual  
gear

The very fiend had them in fear.

One law, alike, must all obey;

One course must serf and scion steer.

So goes the wind that blows to-day.

Where lurks the king with wrists of  
gold?—

His fame on earth grows yellow and  
sere—

Or he of France? of whom 'tis told:

"Equal he had not, far or near."

Chantries and churches used he rear

Ere to the unknown he went his way,

Leaving his state and honours here.

So goes the wind that blows to-day.

Vienna's bowmen overbold

In battle; in council sage and clear,  
Grenoble's captains; they who sold

War-service, whether of forge or  
spear;

Bowyer, fletcher, halbardeer;

They have warred no man knows  
whither; yet they

Loved what earth gave of feast and  
cheer.

So goes the wind that blows to-day.

### Envoi.

Death's summons shall echo in each  
man's ear,

Whether he whimper: "Yea," or  
"Nay,"

And be he pauper, or prince, or peer.

So goes the wind that blows to-day.

J. J. ELLIS.



ISA BOWMAN

*From a Photo by TABER, New Bond Street, W.*

## Miss Isa Bowman

WRITTEN

BY

H. F.

ILLUSTRATED

BY

PHOTOGRAPHS

**M**ISS ISA BOWMAN, though not long out of her teens, has been for fourteen years on the stage, and in those fourteen years has had experience of every branch of the dramatic art. "I had the advantage of beginning in one of the real, old-fashioned stock companies," she told me, "and I can never be thankful enough for it. Though I was only a child, I gained an experience of every variety of part that has been of immense service to me all through my career."

It was in the stock company organised by that fine actor of the old school, Charles Dillon, that Miss Bowman, a child of seven, first understood the life of an actress to mean playing six different parts every week. Sometimes there were more, for the audience at the old Stratford Theatre did not mind if the management presented them with two, or even three, pieces a night. The plays were of every kind, ranging from blood-curdling melodrama to the wildest of farce, and including, of course, as one of the stock attractions, "East Lynne," in which, also of course, Miss Bowman

played the seraphic child, Little Willie. She has been Little Willie in no less than seven different versions of the play.

"We had not many rehearsals," she told me, "for when we were not actually before the audience we had to be learning our parts, so that occasionally things did not go as smoothly as they might, and this circumstance was of the greatest value to me, for it taught me never to lose my presence of mind on the stage. One expected a stage wait or two as a matter of course, and was never taken aback."

Miss Bowman's first appearance at a West-End theatre was at the Olympic, in a harrowing drama called "The Sea of Ice," and shortly after that she had her first big chance, and was very successful as Alice in the stage version of "Alice in Wonderland," at the Globe Theatre.

Her long association with the author, Lewis Carroll, is one of her pleasantest memories. She used to stay with him both at Oxford and at his house at Eastbourne, and with him came into contact with a great variety of interesting people. She remembers being terribly frightened during a solitary walk with Ruskin. The great art critic had somewhat of an awesome presence, and though he was very kind, her lips refused to speak. "He could not understand children, like Lewis Carroll," she said, "but, then, no one could."

It was through Lewis Carroll that Ellen Terry took an interest in the little girl, and for some time she went regularly to the great actress, to be taught elocution. "The thing that first impressed me about Ellen Terry in private life," Miss Bowman told me, "was the extraordinary grace of her movements. I used to go home, and try for hours before the looking-glass to walk like she did."

However, it was from Lewis Carroll himself, I gathered, that she learned most about acting. "He was one of the best judges of acting that I ever met," she said. "He seemed to know at once exactly how a scene should be played, and though he would never consent to rehearse it himself, he

could so lucidly describe what he wanted in words that one could quickly translate his lesson into action. It was his extremely nervous disposition, I suppose, that would not let him act the scene himself; for when I was playing the Little Prince in "Richard the Third," and he was not altogether pleased with some of my work, I used to beg him to show me how one or two of the scenes ought to be done, but he never would. He hated impatience of any sort, for he was a man of extreme method in his life, and if ever I lost my temper, as I am afraid I often did, because I could not get a thing right, he would make me begin right at the beginning again, and go laboriously through the whole thing."

Miss Bowman has recently given the world a graceful little memento of this friendship in the shape of a short memoir of Lewis Carroll.

After "Alice" she joined the great American actor, Richard Mansfield, and after a season at the Globe theatre went with him to America. She remembers, on that tour, coming to Louisville just after the terrible cyclone, that left few large buildings standing save the theatre and the gaol, and Mr. Mansfield, seeing the misery of the people, was minded to take his players away at once. But the townsfolk would not hear of it, and compelled them to act. They wanted all the lightheartedness possible in that dreadful time, they said, so the company, whose special train was one of the few comfortable places to live in left in the town, stayed and played to the biggest business of the tour.

"The sight of that wrecked town, and the steadfast bearing of those people, whose city had been blown down like a castle of cards, gave me an admiration of the American character, and, incidentally, a respect for the vagaries of their weather, that I have never forgotten," said Miss Bowman.

In Chicago Mr. Mansfield's leading lady was suddenly ill, and there was no understudy. Miss Bowman had at the shortest of notice to put up her hair, get into long frocks, and go on to play the heroine—a little girl of thirteen as a woman supposed to be more than double that age—and the most critical audi-



ence in America on the other side of the footlights. The splendid press notices that she received for that *tour de force* are among her most treasured possessions.

When she came back to England she made her *début* in pantomime at Manchester, and has subsequently played principal girl in Dublin, Leeds, Glasgow, Bristol, Sheffield, and at Drury Lane, where she was the Cinderella of the last pantomime that the late Sir Augustus Harris ever produced. Meanwhile she achieved fame as a dancer, dancing both at the Lyric and the Prince of Wales theatres during the simultaneous runs of "Maid Marian" and "La Cigale," and she acted in one of Laurence Irving's first plays at the Criterion theatre. She was the unpleasant girl in the production of "The Little Squire" at the

Lyric, and she created the part of Connie in "All Abroad," one of the cleverest musical comedies that has ever been produced. At the Garrick Theatre she took up Ellaline Terriss' part when "My Girl" was transplanted from the Gaiety, and latterly she has been Arthur Roberts' leading lady, and very successful as Mary in "Dandy Dan," at the Lyric again. Quite recently Miss Bowman has devoted most of her time to a thorough study of music, and has not been able to act much. During the past Christmas season, however, she has been the principal girl in a rather original pantomime at Sheffield. Miss Bowman is *petite*, very pretty, and a clever talker. In her dainty Queen Anne's house in Bedford Park, where I interviewed her, she is an ideal hostess.

H. F.





# A MORTIMER BANTLING.

WRITTEN BY LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN MACGREGOR. Author of:  
"Through the Buffer State."

ILLUSTRATED BY E. FAIRHURST

HERE were no greater friends on the station than Captain Charles Mortimer and Mr. Joe Greenwood. They were much of an age, and though the one was a soldier and the other a civilian, yet the petty little jealousies, so frequently observed in India between the civil and military branches, found no resting place in the breasts of these two cronies. Mortimer forgot that his friend drew quite a bagful of depreciated rupees at the end of every month, while the latter never grudged his comrade his dashing uniform as an officer of a choice cavalry corps as well as aide-de-camp to the general officer commanding at Zulmsala.

But a change was to come over the spirit of their dreams, and I need not say that a woman was at the bottom of it.

"By the way, Greenie," said Mortimer, "Have you seen anything of our new arrival?"

"New arrival!" returned Greenwood pettishly: "I have no time to look after new arrivals in this confounded famine season. There's nothing left for me but the 'Song of the Shirt': work, work, work. I can scarcely snatch an hour or two a week for a bout of polo, let alone the pleasure of looking after new arrivals."

"But I tell you, she's a 'ripper'" said Mortimer, with an extra strong puff from his rank Trichinopoly cheeroot, followed by a draught of the stimulating beverage beside him.

Greenwood looked at him with surprise. It was not the habit of Charlie to be talking about "rippers" in this free and easy fashion.

"Whew!" he said at last, after a long provoking whistle. "So you're getting affected with 'rippers' then, eh?"

"Oh, I didn't say that, but we can't get on without them, you know."

"And that's the way the wind blows. You could get on well enough without them last week, if I rightly understand what you are driving at. And where have all your resolutions gone?"

"Haven't abandoned them yet, my boy. But you know the place that's paved with the best of good intentions?"

"I fancy I do since I came to Zulmsala, but did not expect that it was your broken resolutions, that would make the parallel complete. But who, pray, is this new arrival of yours?"

"No one less or more than Miss Minerva Millie Drummond."

"The old General's daughter? So she's come out at last, then?"

"Haven't you seen her yet?"

"Not I. But I fancy if she's at all like her dear old papa or mamma, she's



"BUT I TELL YOU, SHE'S A 'RIPPER,'" SAID MORTIMER "

likely enough to be good, but, I should fancy, not at all good-looking."

"Not a bit like either of them in looks. The General's Scotch carrot hair is toned down to a tinge of dark auburn; that colour of hair, you know, so charming to see but so difficult to describe. And as for Mrs. Drummond, she's only Minnie's stepmother. The General's first wife was murdered in the Mutiny."

Yes, Miss Minerva Drummond, the latest importation to Zulumsala, was beautiful both in mind and person, with that frankness of manner and freshness of colour that are the heritage of a healthy English girl as yet untarnished by the worries of the world, or the withering influence of an Indian climate.

Carefully nurtured as became the daughter of her gallant father, and heiress in due course to all his belong-

ings, Miss Drummond was no mean temptation for any man to break his benedict vows about, especially at that impressionable age when all womankind are fairies, and the fairest of them angels. She was not even intended for the hot and dry Indian Market. Her father's tenure of command would expire before the end of a year, when they all intended to return to Drummond Mole, as many an ancestral Drummond had done before them.

But Minnie, having now finished her education, was anxious to visit India, the land of her birth, as well as her father and stepmother, to whom she was deeply devoted.

Her wish was granted. Why not? It would extend her knowledge of the world, and when her curiosity would be satisfied, she would return within a twelve-months, more convinced than

ever, that there is "no place like home." Yet the Divinity that shapes our ends had already decreed that the beautiful Miss Minerva Drummond should see her English home no more.

"You may well say that she's a 'ripper,'" laughed Greenwood, as he greeted his friend at the gymkhana a day or two afterwards. But there was a slight hesitation in his voice, as he said so, the significance of which neither he nor anybody else was at that time capable of analysing. It was the first vague token of a sentiment that would almost wish she were not so beautiful, or that his bosom friend did not think her so, the one or the other, or perhaps an admixture of both, inasmuch as his thoughts were too confused to permit a precise definition.

"Heads or tails?" he cried, as he twirled his lawn-tennis bat on the ground to decide the choice of courts and partners.

"Tails!"

The bat after two or three turns fell flat on the ground with the Sealkote stamp uppermost.

"Heads, by Jove! It's my choice."

And so by the mere freak of a tennis-bat to fall on a certain side, it was decided that Miss Minerva Drummond and Mr. Joseph Greenwood were to play against Miss Freckles and Captain Mortimer, with choice of courts to the bargain.

Needless to say that Minnie, good player though she was, was no match for Miss Freckles, who made the game of lawn-tennis her special calling in life, and who was not only the garrison hack, but excelled all other lady-players in this particular form of amusement. Others played the game with a light heart, she with a serious purpose. Visit the gymkhana from seven to ten in the morning, or after five in the evening, even in the hottest weather, and you were sure to see Miss Freckles either playing or looking out for a partner.

On the other hand, Greenwood and Mortimer were pretty evenly balanced, so evenly, indeed, that they seldom played on the same side in this or in any other game, though personally the greatest friends imaginable. But with Mortimer and Miss Freckles paired, it was difficult

to find their equal, for strong though Mortimer was, Miss Freckles was even stronger as a lady-player.

"Now Captain Mortimer, brace up," said she in her familiar way. "They have got their choice of courts, but we mean to win the game."

Mortimer returned her appeal with a look of uncertainty. He was not quite so cocksure that they would win. Not because he did not intend to try. Yet, all the same, he should not feel so sorry if his lady opponent should have the pleasure of winning her first game on the station even at the expense of Miss Freckles and himself. However, though he had no braces, as Miss Freckles suggested, he braced himself up by tightening his *kummerbund* round his waist and tucking up his flannel shirt-sleeves.

Mortimer could not or, at any rate, did not, bring himself up to the pitch of his best form. Time after time he lost command of the ball and repeatedly failed to place it with the precision of yore. But in exact proportion as he yielded, Miss Freckles buckled to the fray with renewed energy. She effectively returned the hardest and fastest volleying from Greenwood with a coolness, that almost amounted to contempt; whereas it could not be asserted of her partner that he was equally energetic. True enough, when serving to Greenwood, he did so in his usual style, but when to Minnie, his hand seemed to lose its cunning, and the ball rolled slow and high and easy, as much as to say: "I am coming, come and take me."

Yet it was not an uninteresting game, for Mortimer, though not at his best, was by no means playing badly by comparison, and after all, the parties were not unevenly matched, the falling off on the part of Mortimer being almost more than counter-balanced by the very superior play of his partner.

"Four all!" shouted the marker.

It was a close game. They did not go in at Zulmsala for the extra rounds in case of a four tie, and the next point would decide the winners. It was Mortimer's serve to Miss Drummond, slow, high and easy, as already remarked. It was neatly enough taken, and the ball successfully passed from one side of the net to the other, till Greenwood got a



hold of it and placed it hard and sharp to the left of Mortimer who shied it completely out of court and thereby lost the game.

The spectators cheered the winners, and none the less so that Miss Drummond had won her maiden game on the station. Miss Freckles on the other hand, took her beating with rather a bad grace.

"Quite ashamed of myself," she muttered, as she stamped her heelless lawn-tennis shoe on the *chunam* court ground. "Quite ashamed, Captain Mortimer, to be beaten by such a slip of a girl," and she looked daggers at her partner, which were easy to interpret.

"I am sorry, Miss Freckles," he replied meekly. "It was really my fault, but we'll have our revenge later on, and we must encourage the young 'uns."

"Young 'uns indeed!" and Miss Freckles raised her *retroussé* nose and sniffed the air in great dudgeon at the thought of what that remark might secretly imply.

Joe Greenwood, it must be confessed, felt not a little satisfaction at having won his first game with Minnie, and (must it be said?) was at the bottom of his heart rather pleased that it was his friend Mortimer who had lost, so sadly imperfect are the ways and thoughts of humanity.

As for Minnie herself, it was her first flutter at Zulmsala in that capacity, and she could not conceal from herself (nor would she if she could) to whom she owed her victory.

There was always some amusement or other going on at this time at Zulmsala. It was the season of the south-west monsoon, when large patches of usually dry land are temporarily flooded with water, when railway embankments are undermined and washed away, when traffic of all kinds is suddenly and unexpectedly suspended, and when district officers betake themselves to the mud-walled thatch-roofed bungalows in lieu of the tents wherein they pass the greater portion of their Indian pilgrimage.

Yet in many respects it is the pleasantest season of the year. It is the only relief from the burnished sun of the tropics. The eternal drill ceases for a time to be eternal, the route-marching

relaxes, the green grass once more reasserts its supremacy over the grey landscape; and when at last comes an inter-diluvian "break," it is particularly the season of high jinks in such mofussil stations as Zulmsala.

But the silly season cannot always last, and the "Week" must end it with a final burst, after which the sky will dry up once more, the sun will shrivel the verdure, and the jogtrot of duty will go on as before.

It was a gay "Week" at Zulmsala, as became the headquarters of the Province, and crowds flocked from far and near to do honour to the occasion. A dance at this mess, a guest-night at another one, amateur theatricals at the *gymkhana*, with races and tournaments of all sorts, combined to make it the complete success that the periodic "Weeks" at Zulmsala had always been, since first a British garrison took paternal possession of the place.

And now it was Saturday, the last and, on that account, the most important day of the entertainment. Among other events it was to witness the final match of the polo tournament between the Rajpoot Lancers, to whom Mortimer belonged, and the crack team supplied by the civilians of the Rohilkund Province, of which Greenwood, unfortunately, was the most important representative.

The other teams had been beaten one after another till only these two remained to cross sticks and finish off the final, which was to decide the fate of the Rohilkund Challenge Cup for the current year. It was to be the conclusion of the athletic tournaments, and by far the most important event of them all, to be followed later on in the evening by a fancy-dress ball, which would wind up the whole affair.

The polo ground was conveniently placed in the middle of the rate-course enclosure, and crowds of all castes and colours gathered round to witness the contest.

"I fancy, Charlie will give a good account of himself on *Shillalah*," said Lieut. Gubbins to his friend the Major.

"He has his match in Greenwood. The Civilians would not be in the finals at all, were it not for Greenie's play on



Thursday. *Shabash*, that new pony of his, is as nippy on the twist as he is fast on the straight."

"Yes, and moreover, *Shabash* beat *Shillalah* in the half-mile on Tuesday, but I doubt, if he is as sure upon his pins in a hard and fast game."

"By the way" said the Major, "ain't it strange that these two Johnnies never play on the same side?"

"Not at all strange, I think, but strange if it were otherwise," put in Gubbins, "for then there would be no match for them in the whole of the Rohilkund command."

And true enough the contest was a long and hard one, and it was evident that it was anybody's victory, so evenly matched were the two teams.

"Played!" was suddenly the universal shout from the spectators, as Greenwood at that moment ran straight away with the ball and after a couple of "drives" landed it safely between the posts of the enemy. There was immense applause. The ball had been so cleverly manoeuvred, out of a rather awkward scrimmage, and run away with in spite of what Mortimer and *Shillalah* could do to the contrary. The fortunes of war were now equally divided, as the darkness was giving the first indication of its approach, for the twilight is but of short duration in these tropical climes. What was to be done, then, must be done quickly, if the teams were not to be satisfied with a drawn game, which found favour with no one. The combatants showed remarkably fair play, a feature so essential in such a violent and dangerous game as polo. But there was now a considerable amount of excitement on both sides, as the next try would probably decide the Rohilkund Cup, the most prized trophy of the whole tournament.

The rivalry between Greenwood and Mortimer became more pronounced than ever, so as even to attract the attention of the spectators. They had ceased indeed some little time before to be as free and frank with one another as they were wont to be, and though the cause of the estrangement was unknown to others, it was painfully present to themselves, for they had both been smitten

by the same girl, and that girl was none else than the new arrival.

She was watching them, they knew, from the front seat of the Grand Stand. Their exploits during the previous portion of the week were as nothing when compared to this encounter. Other fair eyes might be looking on the contest with equally keen interest; but these players heeded not. They were sensible to only two, and these two, they fancied were following them about in every hit and in every movement.

Once and again did the energetic Greenwood shoot away with the ball to the enemy's grounds, and once and again was he foiled by Mortimer. And then the moment came when the tables were to be turned, when Mortimer, wrenching the ball from his friend, got a fair run for his opponent's goal, and away, away he stretched for it. Another hit like that, straight and fair, and the goal and the trophy are yours, my boy.

But it was not to be. Greenwood rode to the rescue as if his very life depended on it, which, sad to say, it really did. From right, from left, the rivals converge on the ball at a terrific pace. There was a violent collision. In a flash of lightning both the ponies and their riders turned topsy-turvy on the ground head foremost. They picked up Mortimer insensible from concussion of the brain, while Greenwood was picked up—dead!

A sensation of horror passed through that vast assembly. It was a sad parting of so joyous a meeting. The fancy-dress ball to which people were so keenly looking forward, and for which such various costumes and ample preparations had been made, did not conclude the festivities of that "Week" at Zulmsala. People lamented the young promising life, so early and so unexpectedly taken away.

There was only one redeeming point in the whole of that sad catastrophe. Mrs. Bumble is only too fond of ascribing foul play to fatal accidents of this nature, but on this occasion the slattern was dumb. Had Mortimer been killed instead of Greenwood, she would have plenty to talk about. But even her slanderous tongue could not deny that the ball was Mortimer's, and that if there was any



"GREENWOOD RODE TO THE RESCUE, AS IF HIS VERY LIFE DEPENDED ON IT"

fault to be found at all, it was with Greenwood's impetuosity to save the goal by hustling off his opponent. Yet had the relation of these two friends remained the same as it was six months ago, had the new arrival never arrived, would the fatal accident have really happened? Who can say?

Even Miss Drummond herself at this time knew but little of the state of affairs, which had not yet reached the stage of open demonstration of any kind. Gradually, however, it became apparent that Mortimer was getting hopelessly attached to her. He went off his feed, became melancholy and lonely in his habits, a pathognomonic sign of some secret corrosion. The usually gay and lively youth became dull, moping and despondent, a state of mind charitably ascribed to the loss of his friend, to which, indeed, it was partly but not at all altogether due.

It was not till towards the end of the year, that he recovered a fair share of his former spirits. He became more companionable, more self confident. He became, in short, the affianced suitor for the hand of Miss Minerva Drummond.

"Am I not the happiest woman in the world?" she said, on first meeting after their engagement.

"And I, the happiest man, darling?" and he gently bent over and reverently kissed the forehead of his future bride.

"How pleased Joseph Greenwood would have been, had he lived to see us engaged!"

He did not reply, but it was evident from her remark that poor Minnie suspected nothing of the rivalry that had sprung up between them.

A day or two afterwards he was writing home to his widowed mother about his engagement to his "inimitable girl," as he was pleased to call her, describing all the charms she possessed, and some she didn't, in glowing crayons. Charlie was his mother's only child, since she lost the other in the mutiny, and she doted on him dearly, as he richly deserved. The happy day was to be on such and such a date, and would she not go out to grace the ceremony? Yes, painful as it necessarily would be, she would once more visit India, and see the famous monument over the fateful *Bhaori*, or Well of Cawnpore, where her young child Marie, with many others, was ruthlessly tossed during the Indian Mutiny of 1857.

It was a brilliant assembly that foregathered to grace the marriage of Captain Charles Vernon Mortimer of the

Rajpoot Lancers, with Minerva Sophie, only child of General Drummond of the Rohilkund command. Old Mrs. Mortimer was there, having arrived from England a couple of days before. The Bishop of Lahore pronounced Charles and Minnie man and wife, and the succeeding banquet was going on merrily. The health of the bride and bridegroom had already been duly proposed, and the moment of slippers and rice-throwing was approaching fast when a strange incident occurred that had such far-reaching issues.

"What a lovely necklace Minnie is wearing?" remarked Mrs. Mortimer, suddenly attracted by the brilliant diamonds sparkling on the young bride's neck.

"It is, indeed," replied the General beside her, "and what is more, it is a necklace with a history, or rather, I should say, with a mystery."

"How interesting!" cried Mrs. Mortimer.

"You remember about the Mutiny, when——"

"Remember about the Mutiny!" interrupted Mrs. Mortimer. "Have I not lost my husband, my child, my all by it, except poor Charlie whom we had left at home?"

"Well, as I was going to say," said the General——

"I beg your pardon, yes, yes. Do tell me, though it always excites me, the mere mention of that horrible Mutiny."

"I was then a young captain, like your own son, Charlie, and I may now almost say my own son also."

Mrs. Mortimer looked up with a pleasant smile.

"My regiment, the 45th Lorallais, was stationed at Cawnpore."

Mrs. Mortimer pricked up her ears. "Cawnpore!" she repeated with evident emotion.

"My wife was on her way out to join me, with Minnie, our only child, when the Mutiny suddenly broke out, and we were ordered to march on Kammulpore to suppress the first outbreak there."

"My wife," continued the General, "meantime reached Cawnpore, which then showed no sign of disturbance. Strange rumours, however, went flying

about that disaffection spread there also, and the right wing of the regiment was countermanded to return by forced marches in order to prevent further developments. Alas! we were too late. The day before we arrived, the fearful massacre at Chowra Ghat took place, followed by the thrilling tragedy of the Cawnpore Well, when almost all the rest of the British garrison, mostly women and children, were hurled into that awful abyss, one hundred and fifty feet deep, to perish in the water, heap upon heap. My first wife, like many other ladies, was among the victims. But Minnie was found under a spreading tamarind tree, with her faithful *ayah* wounded in the back and lying dead beside her. She had obviously run away to save the child and was fatally wounded in the effort. But we have never been able to find out about the necklace on Minnie's neck at that time, and the circumstance has always been more or less of a puzzle to me."

By the time the General had finished his simple tale, Mrs. Mortimer's gaze was fixed on the beautiful bride—her daughter-in-law, as if she had been a basilisk.

"My child! my child!" she suddenly shrieked. "'Tis my own Marie!" and off she went into violent hysterics.

The incident naturally threw a cloud of gloom over the happy merry-makers. People were quite amazed, and did not know what to make of the matter. Hysteria, however, is not so serious as it is sometimes violent. Besides, Mrs. Mortimer had only just reached India from a cold climate, and perhaps the heat and excitement over her son's wedding had proved too much for her old nerves. At any rate people said so, and whatever they thought they kept to themselves, and made as light of the case as possible.

They gently soothed her and removed her to her own room, where she rapidly recovered her self-possession, and promptly desired a private conversation with the General.

"Are you quite sure, General," she said, in deep anguish, "that Minnie is your very own child? The necklace is wonderfully like the one worn by mine

on that horrible day when I could not find our little child, nor yet the *ayah*, and when I was captured myself by Khulu Khan."

"I never doubted it," replied the General kindly, thinking that Mrs. Mortimer was actually going out of her mind, for she had always been subject to nervous attacks since that dreadful day.

"My infant Marie," she related, "was presented with a necklace exactly like that one, on her second birthday, by the friendly Rajah of Chotagaum, to whom my husband had previously been tutor during his minority. Her photograph had been taken the same day with her necklace on, and is the only reminiscence I possess of my poor lost child. And here," she said, as she rushed to a drawer, "here it is for you, General, for I have never parted with it since that awful day."

It was the turn of the General to be startled this time. The photograph looked like the very image of the child he had picked up years before, and only too fondly accepted as his own.

"Did you ever happen to open the pendant of the necklace?" continued the poor excited lady.

"No, never. It does not seem to have anything to open."

"Ah, then it cannot be yours," she cried, somewhat relieved, "for the pendant opened up and Marie's name was engraved inside it. Besides, Marie had a slight blemish on the right foot. Charlie has it, their father had it, and almost all the Mortimers from which they sprung, for many generations."

The General by this time was truly startled. He was aware of the slight blemish, if blemish it could be called, on Minerva's foot, but did not know his son-in-law had the same. He was indeed getting very anxious, and it was now near time for the young couple to start for their honeymoon, the first part of which was to be spent at the Residency twelve miles away. He was, naturally, averse to create a scene on such an occasion, yet the conversation greatly affected him.

"Be calm, Mrs. Mortimer," he pleaded at last, "and we will solve this riddle down to the bottom while there

is yet time. The young couple must part in peace as pre-arranged, but we both will overtake them before they reach the Residency."

And so it was decided; the young bride being particularly requested not to forget to take the necklace with her.

As the bridal carriage was approaching their temporary destination, Minnie happened to look behind.

"Dear me, Charlie," she cried, "here's papa and your mother driving at such a pace as if they wished to overtake us."

It was, sure enough, General Drummond, driving his own special mail phaeton with two spanking Walers, the fastest trotters in the whole of the Province.

The tale-telling necklace was brought forth at the Residency. The ruby jewel at the foot of the pendant was firmly pressed, when the pendant sprang open with a snap, and there, to be sure, engraved inside, was the significant legend of:

"MARIE MORTIMER."

As if any further doubt could exist, there was also that very same mother's mark on both bride and bridegroom that had distinguished many a fine Mortimer before them.

The young people belonged to an historic family whose hearts could break, but could never bend, and their's broke down rapidly under the terrible strain to which fate had so strangely subjected them. They returned to Zulmsala broken-hearted in the truest sense of the term.

Young Mortimer in his dire extremity, applied at once for furlough. But before it could be granted, indeed, almost before it was asked, he had got too ill to be removed. And before the month was over which they intended to spend on their happy honeymoon, two graves were dug side by side, not far from that of Greenwood in the Zulmsala cemetery, where rest for ever the remains of this hapless pair, adding one more mystery (till now revealed) to the many mysteries of mysterious Hindustan.

The whole Province mourned with genuine sorrow. Mortimer's brother officers and other friends raised a hand-



some monument over their graves as husband and wife. But with the exception of the nuptial ceremony, husband and wife they never were, but brother and sister.

Even the doughty General Drummond, who shortly afterwards retired, never properly recovered from the shock of this painful calamity, while Mrs. Mortimer is still living in England in the care of friends, as a harmless, demented old lady, whose pathetic wail is never forgotten:

"My children, oh, my children."

On account of the rapid development

of railway lines of communication in India, Zulmsala was found to be useless as a military station, and has long since been abandoned. There is not a single white face now to be seen within miles and miles of that once important station, and when I visited, not long ago, the neglected resting place of so many gallant warriors, the very hummocks seemed to cry: "They have all gone their way and left us. 'Tis only we, we only, that abide here for ever,"—for nowhere sighs the wind so sadly as through the yew trees of an Anglo-Indian graveyard.



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ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. BATE

"**B**RAVO, Derrick! A most enthralling story! So enthralling that I am fain to think that you have drawn a good bit on your imagination, old chap. Remember, all of you, that we are only to give true accounts of any interesting adventures or experiences that we ourselves have undergone."

"Right," said the first speaker; "but whose turn is it now?"

"Old Colson has never divulged what caused his hair to turn grey," interrupted a dark man at the end of the table; "and I am sure it must have been owing to some fright or thrilling incident, as he is too young a man to possess white hair naturally."

"Yes, he is a sly dog," said another; "he looks so quiet, but I daresay has plenty of queer stories to tell if he chose."

"Indeed, I have not," cried Colson, the man with the white hair referred to. "My hobby is not very likely to lead me into the way of much excitement."

"No; I suppose in archaeology you have to stoop so much that you can't rise to the occasion—eh, old man?"

"Don't worry the poor chap, Briggs," said the first speaker, joining in again. "You haven't obliged us yet, you know."

"Well, but let him say what bleached his hair," replied Briggs, ignoring the latter portion of his friend's remark.

"Yes, come on, Colson," cried Derrick, banging on the table. "Strict attention, please, to Mr. Colson's story."

"I suppose, as you insist, then," replied Colson, unwillingly, "I must tell you what happened to me three years ago, when I went away for my holiday."

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried the men seated round the table. "Fire away!"

It was a bachelor's dinner, and, the repast over, the friends were amusing themselves by the rehearsal of any curious episodes in their several lives.

"I have never referred to the subject before," commenced Colson, "as it is rather a sore one to me, the adventure, if you like to call it so, having nearly cost me my life."

"Well, to begin at the beginning, I must tell you that September had already commenced, and I had not yet made up my mind where I should go for my vacation, when I read in the evening paper of an interesting discovery of several bits of antique pottery made by some workmen whilst digging outside the old fortifications near Paris. I was very fond of the gay capital, so this decided me, as I saw an opportunity of combining my hobby with the enjoyment of a little of that Bohemian



WAS A BACHELOR'S DINNER

life that I knew so well as a youth, when I studied for two years in Paris. A few nights later I found myself crossing the Channel from Newhaven to Dieppe, and not at all enjoying a very choppy passage. On my arrival in Paris I established myself in a small hotel in the vicinity of the Barrière D'Enfer, so as to be near the site of my future labours. However, for the first half of my fortnight's stay I was fully occupied every day, and even up to late at night, with the investigation of historical and other less serious places of interest in the city. I found these of so interesting a description that it was with reluctance that I bethought me of the real object of my visit, viz., archaeological research; and, hunting in my portmanteau, I found a letter of introduction to a French *savant*, a member of the Institute, which a friend of mine,

a Professor of Archæology at the British Museum, had given me. Monsieur Bourdin resided on the other side of the river, not far from the Institute, and as I did not wish to lose time, I hailed a *fiacre* and told the man where to drive to.

"We stopped at a dull-looking house situated in a small turning off the Boulevard St. Michel — 'Boul. Mich,' as it is familiarly termed by the Parisians, and in answer to the bell a trim *bonne* appeared.

"Yes, Monsieur Bourdin was *chez lui*. Would Monsieur step this way?"

"I was ushered into a sunny apartment on the *entresol*, where a venerable looking old gentleman, with a long, white beard, sat writing. He received me courteously, and, after reading the letter which I presented to him, said he would be delighted to do all in his

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power to serve any friend of his *cher confrère*, the Professor. He then enquired in what direction he could be useful to me, and whether I had any special scientific aim in view; and on my telling him of what I had read about the Roman remains, and how anxious I was to prosecute a further and more thorough search, he said certainly he would get me a signed permit, allowing me to excavate in the cause of science. 'Or, better still,' he added, 'I myself will go with you tomorrow, and set you in the right way; for though I must confess I cannot myself believe that there still remain many buried *objets d'arts* in Paris, yet who knows? And I am always pleased to encourage a young *confrère*.'

"Of course, I held this as a great honour, and told him so, and after a little conversation concerning our mutual friend, the Professor, I took my leave with the understanding that I was to call for Monsieur Bourdin the next morning at ten o'clock. However, when the next day dawned a *petit bleu* came for me from the kind-hearted *savant*, saying that he was sorry he would be unable to go with me as arranged, for he had been summoned to an important meeting, but he enclosed the permit, so that I might prosecute my researches when I liked, and would simply have to produce the document if called upon. It was no use wasting a day, as time was precious, so, armed with the permit, a packet of sandwiches, a flask, and the case containing my portable spade, I sallied forth alone, determined to devote an entire day to the glorious cause of science. Turning my steps in the direction of the disused fortifications, I selected a likely spot some little way off, and was soon hard at work.

"It was a beautiful morning, the deep-blue sky just flecked here and there with light fleecy clouds, and the glorious sun, unveiled, was smiling upon the world. I laboured all the morning, and, with an interval for much-needed refreshment, well on into the afternoon; but my search was fruitless, and after digging, scooping and grubbing, and finding nothing but a set of false teeth and a

few small skeletons, presumably the bones of that domesticated quadruped the cat, I prepared to return to Paris, as the occasion seemed unpropitious. I was putting up my spade, when a bit of bright colour caught my eye, and hastily brushing aside the loose earth I resuscitated a morsel of pottery, probably the remains of an ancient cup or vase. Excited with my discovery, I recommenced digging, hoping to come upon further relics.

"Whilst I was pausing to take breath I heard a voice not far off, and looked around to see to whom it belonged, as I did not wish to be disturbed; but no one was in sight, so, thinking I had deceived myself, I resumed my occupation, and after a few more strokes my spade hit with a clang on what resounded like metal. Is it possible, I thought, that I have come upon a coffer containing a hidden treasure? I dug away furiously, and had uncovered a surface of iron, when I was interrupted again by a voice; this time it sounded much nearer, and seemed to proceed from the very ground at my feet.

"'Let him once enter Paris, and he is a dead man,' it continued in a distinct but muffled tone; but as there was not a soul to be seen, I concluded, unwillingly, that my imagination was at work, owing perhaps to a touch of sunstroke, and that I must return to my hotel immediately. But I could not desist from taking it as a bad omen, and, feeling quite unnerved, mopped my forehead and sat down to rest for a minute, when — crash! — the iron gave way, and I fell into what seemed to me the bowels of the earth, losing consciousness as I went.

"I opened my eyes to find myself on my back, surrounded by a group of men of all types and most of them possessed of villainous countenances. I tried to rise, but was powerless, being securely bound hand and foot.

"'What is the meaning of this usage, gentlemen?' I asked, in a mild and conciliating tone; 'I assure you that it was quite by inadvertence that I entered thus unceremoniously.'

"'Oh, we don't suppose that you fell in on purpose,' answered one of the men fiercely. 'We were expecting you, how-



MY SEARCH WAS FRUITLESS

ever, as when we heard you digging we knew you had dogged our footsteps again; and, waiting until we heard the clang of your spade on the iron, just undid the trap-door, and — here you are, you see.

"So you won't spy on us any more, you cur, and worm out our secrets, gloating over the prospects of selling us to perdition," growled another; 'the game is in our hands now, and we shall know how to conclude it!' he added significantly.

"But who and what do you take me for?" I cried, bewildered.

"For what you are, a spy, a mean-white-livered hound!" he hissed rather than spoke.

"What an absurd mistake," I said, trying to appear unconcerned, but my teeth rattling with terror; 'I am an archæologist, and was hunting for Roman relics, quite by chance happening to be over this spot.'

"A likely story," he replied; 'a precious lot of Roman relics there are about here. No! you were after other game, my man, and it is useless denying it,' as

I began protesting the truth of my statement. 'Your soul must be dark with lies already, and if you wish to repent you should be quick about it, as you have only a short time to live.'

"I was so dumbfounded at this that I could not find tongue to speak, and the men retired to the other side of the vault and seemed to be deliberating, occasionally casting glances in my direction. I followed them with my eyes and presently remarked that each one displayed, protruding from his breast-pocket, a scarlet silk handkerchief embroidered in one corner with a skull in black and yellow.


"On seeing this, I recognised that I was in the power of some secret society, probably Anarchists, and was in the most deadly peril, being evidently mistaken by them for a Government spy.

"Well, that is settled then," cried the chief of the Brotherhood, coming towards me, and standing over me with a diabolical expression on his face.

"Perhaps you have guessed," he continued, 'that we have been debating the manner of your exit from this trouble-



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some world, and as we think this place no longer safe for us to meet in, the secret of it probably being known to others through your agency, we have decided to do away with it, and with you at the same time. I must inform you that this tunnel is a disused drain pipe, which has been blocked up at some time or other and the current diverted, thus, we have only to loosen a few bricks from the wall you see at that end, and by the flooding of the place to effect our double object; but," he added, as I gave a gasp of horror, "this will not happen until the early hours of morning, when the sluices are turned on, so you will have a long night in which to prepare for your demise. We shall shortly leave you to your reflections, having nearly finished the business that brought us here," he concluded sarcastically.

"I broke into tears and lamentations, beseeching them to release me, but to no avail; and after adding every argument I could think of, I relapsed into silence, on the threat of being gagged if I spoke again.

"The villains then proceeded to read out some papers, and from the contents thereof and their conversation, I gathered that they were concocting an infamous plot to make away with the Grand Duke when he visited Paris. The sentence I had overheard had evidently then referred to him, and I thought it my imagination. Good God! there was not much imagination about the plight I was in. Their fiendish words, alas! would before long be applicable to my own person. The Anarchists now prepared to leave, one of them in the meantime having effected a fair-sized opening in the partition with my own spade. 'Farewell! or rather *au revoir*! I have no doubt we shall meet again—down below!' said the chief to me grimly as they filed out by a door at the other end, and I heard it bang behind them, and the sound of heavy iron bolts being shot into their sockets.

"So I was left alone, and hopelessly caged in that dismal hole, with the prospect of a revolting death before me. At this thought I gave way, and wept impotent tears, cursing the ruffians who had left me thus to die.

"But presently the future dawned

upon me more and more, and I began to picture what would happen when the weary night dragged to its close—whether wild floods would pour in, in tumultuous torrents, choking me in a grimy liquid, or would it ooze in slowly, but—ah! it was too nauseating to dwell upon, and I endeavoured to turn my thoughts in other directions, repeating pieces of Holy Writ, and thinking over my past life.

"Thus the slow hours dragged by, each one seeming a lifetime, interspersed with fitful snatches of sleep, for I was very weary after my long day and all that I had gone through, but I awoke each time with a start, fancying the horror was on me!

"The last time I dosed, a sharp pain at the ankle roused me, and with a shriek of terror I remembered the rats. Sewer rats! which always abound underground. It was pitch dark, as the torch left by the Anarchists had long since gone out. I could neither see nor move, and I lay hardly breathing for a few seconds, listening for the slightest sounds of movement. But I heard nothing, and came to the conclusion that it was the tight rope cutting into the flesh that caused me such agony. However, the rats were almost sure to come sooner or later, and the thought of lying there, bound and helpless, to be gnawed and eaten, was so horrible that it awoke in me a spark of courage, the courage born of despair, I would make an effort to free my limbs, and then at least I could face death standing, I thought; and after what seemed to me several hours, I at length succeeded, by dint of wriggling, struggling and pulling, in freeing one hand and arm, tearing the skin away in the excess of my zeal.

The rest was easy, and I was soon standing up trying to pierce the gloom and straining my ears to catch first the sound of my doom. At last it came. I heard a sound of liquid trickling, at first slowly, then quicker; and as I realised that the end was near, and that the black and loathsome torrents were on me, my heart seemed to stop beating, and I sank fainting on the ground, hoping to meet death during unconsciousness. But it was not to be; and

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presently I found myself battling for my life on the face of the water, which was rising so quickly that I only had time to notice, in a vague and confused manner, that it was fresh, pure liquid, instead of what I had been dreading, and at any rate would afford me a more pleasant end, when my head struck against something hard, and it flashed across my mind that in a few seconds I should be a flat and battered corpse, sandwiched between the water and the top of the vault; but as I touched the trap-door a faint hope rose in my breast. I groped frantically for the bolt, found it, and had succeeded in wrenching it back, and the door falling open, when I sank gasping into the water.

"It was lucky for me that I did so, otherwise I must assuredly have been instantly killed by the heavy plate of iron. When I once more rose spluttering to the top, I managed to catch hold of the frame-work, and hung on painfully, feeling every second that I must let go and drop into the abyss; but the pure air of heaven revived me and gave me strength, and, clenching my teeth, with a last and mighty effort I drew myself up through the opening and then fell exhausted on the ground outside.

\* \* \* \* \*

"When I regained my senses, I was lying in the *Bureau de Police*, wrapped in blankets, and on questioning the *commissaire* seated at the desk, learned that I had been rescued just in time by some *gendarmes* and brought there in a half-drowned condition, the flood having

risen after me, as if it were loth to quit its intended victim, and that the Anarchists had deceived themselves and let loose, not sewage, but clear water, on its way to the inhabitants of Paris.

"So I was saved. But I remembered what I had heard, and as I wished no time to be lost, I desired the sergeant to despatch a messenger for the *Préfet de Police*, and on his arrival told him my story, laying special stress on the part concerning the Russian Duke. The official heard me with attention, incredulity, astonishment, and anxiety showing on his face, and finally he said he must take immediate steps to frustrate the Anarchists' scheme, as the Grand Duke was expected hourly to arrive in Paris; and whilst thanking me for the information I had given him, expressed sorrow at the unpleasant experience I had undergone, more especially as I was the friend of the great and learned Monsieur Bourdin.

"By this time I felt sufficiently recovered to drive to my hotel, and on catching sight of my face in a looking-glass, I was horrified to find that my hair was quite white, turned by the long-drawn agony of those dreadful hours in a single night. I prolonged my stay in Paris for a few days to recruit my strength, and before returning to England, I learned with satisfaction that, owing to the information I had supplied, added to some knowledge they already possessed of the secret society, the police were on the track of the Anarchists, and in all probability I should be fully avenged."



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Of those loved ones is known. The hearts that break  
When certainty kills hope, now trembling ask  
For strength to bear—of all the hardest task—  
And bravely yield their best—FOR ENGLAND'S SAKE!

God help you! You who wait and you who fight.  
You who give up your lives, and you whose sun goes down  
With that same giving; you who just missed earth's crown  
For brave deeds done, because life's flick'ring light  
Faded so fast. God bless you! May He take  
The sacrifice, the sorrow, and the fears;  
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**A DAILY LUXURY!**

Numerous are the uses for BIRD'S Custard Powder. Dainties in  
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IS THE FINEST TONIC &  
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A SAMPLE BOTTLE sent FREE on  
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VOL. IX. (NEW SERIES) No. 51. JANUARY, 1900.

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**STOMACH, LIVER, AND KIDNEYS,**

There is no remedy known to Science to compare with

**LAMPLOUGH'S  
PYRETIC SALINE!**

IT searches the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys,  
Eradicates Noxious Elements, Cools and Sweetens the  
System, Acts on the Biliary and Digestive Organs, assists  
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Sold everywhere, Tins 134d. each.  
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PEPSINE AND PORT WINE.  
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**Wine**  
ABSOLUTELY THE FINEST  
TONIC PHOSPHORUS - WINE  
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**VOL. IX. (NEW SERIES) No. 52. FEBRUARY, 1900.**

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PRICE

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